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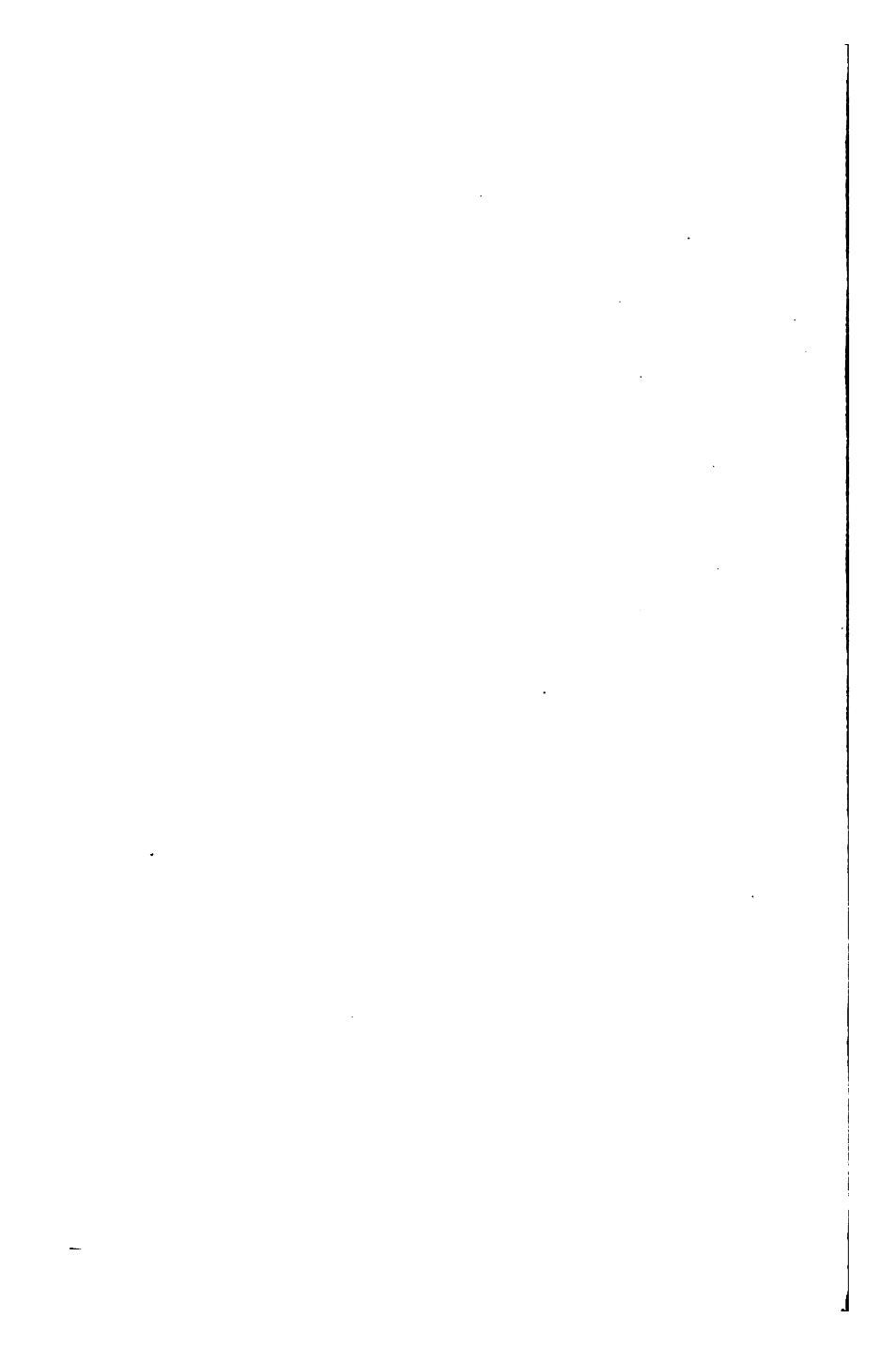










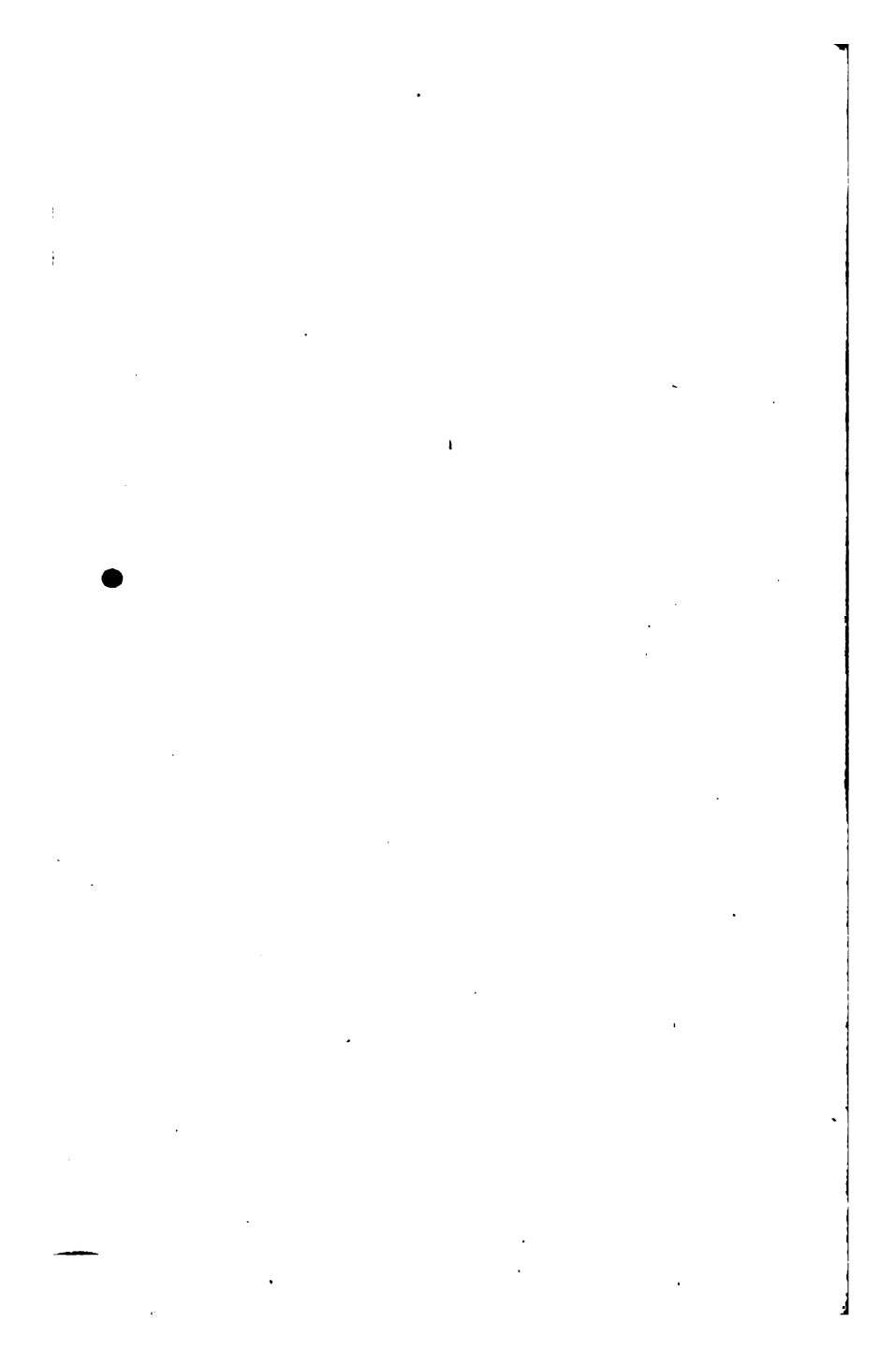


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BUBBLES.





# BUBBLES

FROM THE

BRUNNEN OF NASSAU.

[Charles Roddick]

BY AN OLD MAN:

[i.e. Thomas Roddick]

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BUBBLE (*bobbel*, *Dutch*).

Anything which wants solidity and firmness

*Johnson's Dictionary.*

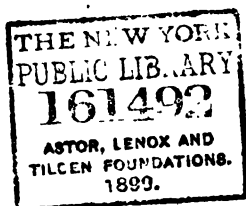
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## PREFACE.

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THE writer of this trifling Volume was suddenly sentenced, in the cold evening of his life, to drink the mineral waters of one of the bubbling springs, or brunnen, of Nassau. In his own opinion, his constitution was not worth so troublesome a repair ; but, being outvoted, he bowed and departed.

On reaching the point of his destination, he found not only water-bibbing—bathing—and ambulation to be the orders of the day, but it was moreover insisted upon, that the mind was to be relaxed inversely as the body was to be strengthened. During this severe regimen, he was driven to amuse himself in his old age by blowing, as he tottled about, a few literary Bubbles. His hasty sketches of whatever chanced for the moment to please either his eyes, or his mind, were only made—*because he had nothing else in the world to do* ; and he now offers them to that vast and highly respectable class of people who read from exactly the self-same motive.

The critic must, of course, declare this production to be vain—empty—light—hollow—superficial . . . but it is the nature of Bubbles to be so.

“ The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
And these are of them.”

*Macbeth*, Act I., Scene 3.

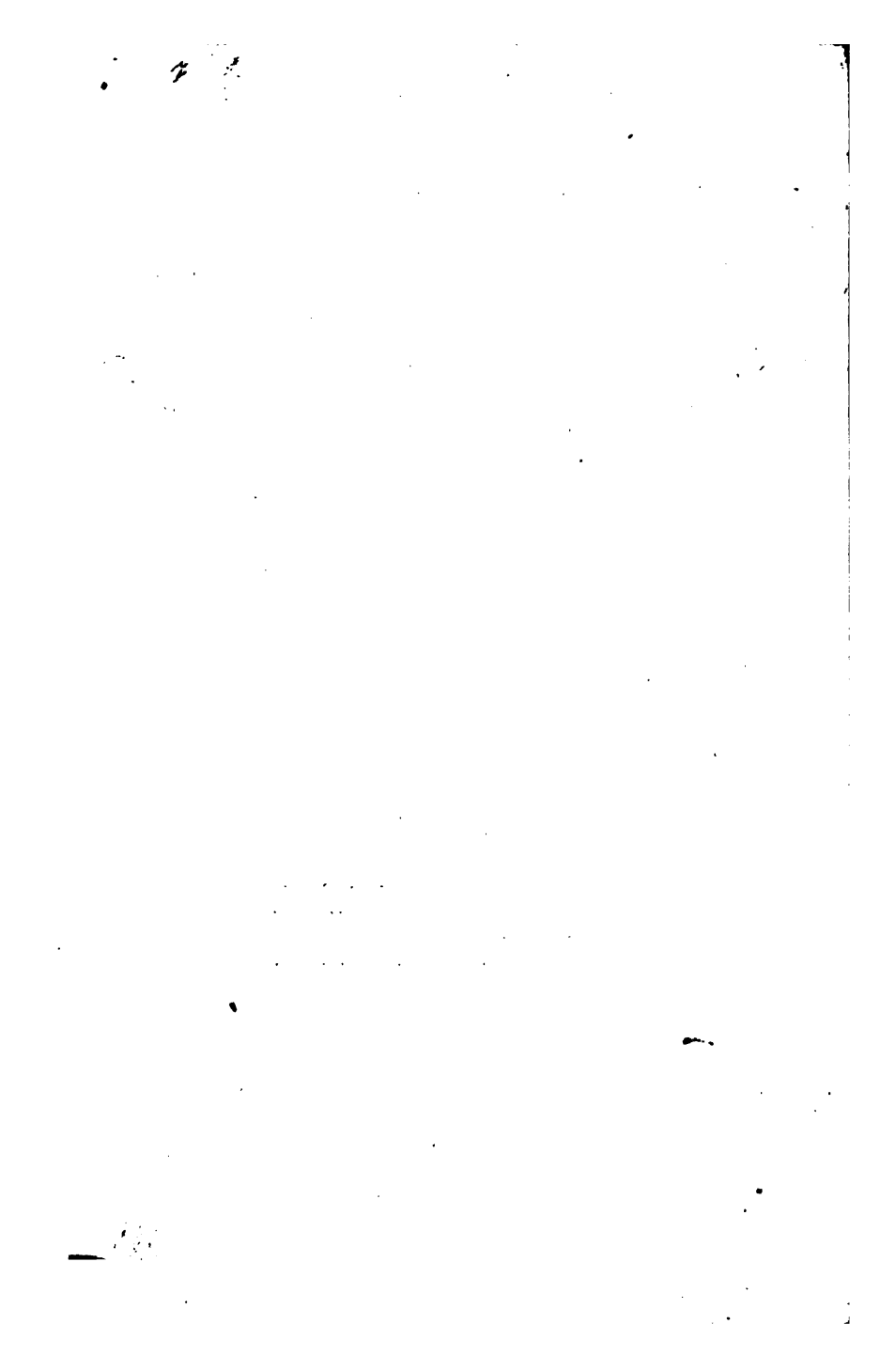
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# BUBBLES.

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## THE VOYAGE.

By the time I reached the Custom-house Stairs, the paddles of the Rotterdam steamboat were actually in motion, and I had scarcely hurried across a plank, when I heard it fall splash into the muddy water which separated me farther and farther from the wharf. Still later than myself, passengers were now seen chasing the vessel in boats, and there was a confusion on deck, which I gladly availed myself of, by securing, close to the helmsman, a corner, where, muffled in the ample folds of an old boat-cloak, I felt I might quietly enjoy an incognito ; for, as the sole object of my expedition was to do myself as much good and as little harm as possible, I considered it would be a pity to wear out my constitution by any travelling exclamations in the Thames.

The hatches being now opened, the huge pile of trunks, black portmanteaus, and gaudy carpet-bags, which had threatened at first to obstruct my prospect, was rapidly stowed away ; and, as the vessel, hissing and smoking, glided, or rather scuffed, by Deptford, Greenwich, Woolwich, &c., a very motley group of fellow-passengers were all occupied in making remarks of more or less importance. Some justly prided themselves on being able to read aloud inscriptions on shore, which others had declared, from their immense distance, to be illegible ;—some, bending forward, modestly asked for information ; some, standing particularly upright, pompously imparted it. At times, wondering eyes, both male and female, were seen radiating in all directions ; then all were concentrated on an approaching sister steamboat, which, steering an opposite course, soon rapidly passed us ; the gilt figure at her head, the splashing of the paddles, and the name

written over her stern, occasioning observations which burst into existence nearly as simultaneously as the thunder and lightning of heaven ;—handkerchiefs were waved, and bipeds of both sexes seemed to be delighted, save and except one mild, gloomy, inquisitive little man, who went bleating like a lamb from one fellow-passenger to another, without getting even from me any answer to this harmless question, “ whether we had or had not passed yet the men hanging in chains ? ”

As soon as we got below Gravesend, the small volume of life, which, with feelings of good fellowship to all men, I had thus been calmly reviewing, began to assume a graver tone ; and, as page after page presented itself to my notice, I observed that notes of interrogation and marks of admiration were types not so often to be met with as the comma, the colon . . . and, above all, . . . the full stop.

The wind, as it freshened with the sun, seemed to check all exuberance of fancy ; and, as the puny river-wave rose, conversation around me lulled and lulled into a dead calm. A few people, particularly some ladies, suddenly at last broke silence, giving utterance to a mass of heavy matter-of-fact ejaculation, directed rather to fishes than to men. Certain colors in the picture now began rapidly to alter—the red rose gradually looked like the lily—brown skin changed itself into dirty yellow, and I observed two heavy cheeks of warm, comfortable, fat flesh gradually assume the appearance of cold wrinkled tallow.

Off Margate, a sort of hole-and-corner system very soon began to prevail, and one human being after another, slowly descending heels foremost, vanished from deck into a substratum, or infernal region, where there was moaning and groaning, and gnashing of teeth ; and, as head after head thus solemnly sank from my view, I gradually threw aside the folds of my ægis, until, finding myself alone, I hailed and inhaled with pleasure the cool fresh breeze which had thus caused me to be left, as I wished to be, by myself.

The gale now delightfully increased—(ages ago I had been too often exposed to it to suffer from its effect) ;—and, as wave after wave became tipped with white, there flitted before my mind a hundred recollections chasing one another, which I never thought

to have re-enjoyed ;—occasionally they were interrupted by the salt spray, and as it dashed into my face, I felt my lank grizzled eyebrows curl themselves up as if they wished me once again to view the world in the lovely prismatic colors of “Auld lang syne.” Already was my cure half effected, and the soot of London, being thus washed from my brow, I felt a re-animation of mind and a vigor of frame which made me long for the moment when, like the sun bursting from behind a cloud, I might cast aside my shadowy mantle ; however, I never moved from my nook, until the darkness of night at last encouraging me, without fear of observation, to walk the deck, “I paced along upon the giddy footing of the hatches,” till, tired of these vibrations, I stood for a few moments at the gangway.

There was no moon—a star only here and there was to be seen ; yet, as the fire-propelled vessel cut her way, the paddles, by shivering in succession each wave to atoms, produced a phosphoric sparkling, resembling immense lanthorns at her side ; and while these beacons distinctly proclaimed where the vessel actually *was*, a pale shining stream of light issued from her keel, which, for a ship’s length or two, told fainter and fainter where *she had been*.

The ideas which rush into the mind, on contemplating by night, out of sight of land, the sea, are as dark, as mysterious, as unfathomable, and as indescribable, as the vast ocean itself. One sees but little—yet that little, caught here and there, so much resembles some of the attributes of the Great Power which created us, that the mind, trembling under the immensity of the conceptions it engenders, is lost in feelings which human beings cannot impart to each other. In the hurricane which one meets with in southern latitudes, most of us probably have looked in vain for the waves which have been described to be “mountain-high ;” but though the outline has been exaggerated, is there not a terror in the filling in of the picture which no human artist can delineate ? and in the raging of the tempest—in the darkness which the lightning makes visible—who is there among us that has not fancied he has caught a shadow of the wrath, and a momentary glimmering of the mercy, of the Almighty ?

Impressed with these hackneyed feelings, I slowly returned to

my nook, and all being obscure, except just the red, rough countenance of the helmsman, feebly illuminated by the light in the binnacle, I laid myself down, and sometimes nodding a little, and sometimes dozing, I enjoyed for many hours a sort of half-sleep, of which I stood in no little need.

As soon as we had crossed the Brill, the vessel being at once in smooth water, the passengers successively emerged from their graves below, until, in a couple of hours, their ghastly countenances all were on deck.

A bell, as if in hysterics, now rung most violently, as a signal to the town of Rotterdam. The word of command, "STOP HER!" was loudly vociferated by a bluff, short, Dirk Hatteraick-looking pilot, who had come on board off the Brill. "Stop her!" was just heard faintly echoed from below, by the invisible, exhausted sallow being, who had had, during the voyage, charge of the engine. The paddles, in obedience to the mandate, ceased—then gave two turns—ceased,—turned once again—paused,—gave one last struggle, when, our voyage being over, the vessel's side slightly bumped against the pier.

With a noise like one of Congreve's rockets, the now useless steam was immediately exploded by the pale being below; and, in a few seconds, half the passengers were seen on shore, hurrying in different directions about a town full of canals and spirit-shops.

"Compared with Greece and Italy—Holland is but a platter-faced, cold gin-and-water country after all!" said I to myself as I entered the great gate of the *Hotel des Pays Bas*; "and a heavy, barge-built, web-footed race are its inhabitants," I added, as I passed a huge amphibious wench on the stairs, who, with her stern towards me, was sluicing the windows with water: "however, there is fresh air, and that, with solitude, is all I here desire!" This frail sentimental sentence was hardly concluded, when a Dutch waiter (whose figure I will not misrepresent by calling him "garçon") popped a long carte, or bill of fare, into my hands, which severely reproved me for having many other wants besides those so simply expressed in my soliloquy.

As I did not feel equal to appearing in public, I had dinner apart in my own room; and, as soon as I came to that part of the cere-

mony called dessert, I gradually raised my eyes from the field of battle, until, leaning backwards in my chair to ruminate, I could not help first admiring, for a few moments, the height and immense size of an apartment, in which there seemed to be elbow-room for a giant.

Close before the window was the great river upon whose glassy surface I had often and often been a traveller ; and, flowing beneath me, it occurred to me, as I sipped my wine, that in its transit, or course of existence, it had attained at Rotterdam, as nearly as possible, the same period in its life as my own. Its birth, its froward infancy, and its wayward youth, were remote distances to which even fancy could now scarcely re-transport us. In its full vigor, the Rhine had been doomed turbulently to struggle with difficulties and obstructions which had seemed almost capable of arresting it in its course ; and if there was now nothing left in its existence worth admiring—if its best scenery had vanished—if its boundaries had become flat and its banks insipid, still there was an expansion in its broader surface, and a deep settled stillness in its course, which seemed to offer tranquillity instead of ecstasy, and perfect contentment instead of imperfect joy. I felt that in the whole course of the river there was no part of it I desired to exchange for the water slowly flowing before me ; and though it must very shortly, I knew, be lost in the ocean, that great emblem of eternity, yet in every yard of its existence that fate had been foretold to it.

Not feeling disposed again so immediately to endure the confinement of a vessel, I walked out, and succeeded in hiring a carriage, which, in two days, took me to Cologne, and the following morning I embarked, at six o'clock, in another steamboat, which was to reach Coblenz in eleven hours.

As everybody, now-a-days, has been up the Rhine, I will only say, that I started in a fog, and, for a couple of hours, was very coolly enveloped in it. My *compagnons de voyage* were tri-colored—Dutch, German, and French ; and, excepting always myself, there was nothing English—nothing, at least, but a board, which sufficiently explained the hungry, insatiable inquisitiveness of our travellers. The black speechless thing hung near the tiller, and

upon it there was painted, in white letters, the following sentence, which I copied literatim :—

“ Enfering any conversation with the Steersner and  
Pilotes is desired to be forborn.”

On account of the fog, we could see nothing, yet, once or twice, we steered towards the tinkling invitation of a bell ; stopped for a moment—took in passengers, and proceeded. The manner in which these Rhine steam-vessels receive and deliver passengers, carriages, and horses, is most admirable ; at each little village, the birth of a new traveller, or the death or departure of an old one, does not detain the vessel ten seconds ; but the little ceremony being over, on it instantly proceeds, worming and winding its way towards its destination.

Formerly, and until lately, a few barges, towed by horses, were occasionally seen toiling against the torrent of the Rhine, while immense rafts of timber, curiously connected together, floated indolently downwards to their market ; in history, therefore, this uncommercial river was known principally for its violence, its difficulties, and its dangers. Excepting to the painter, its points most distinguished were those where armies had succeeded in crossing, or where soldiers had perished in vainly attempting to do so ; but the power of steam, bringing its real character into existence, has lately developed peaceful properties which it was not known to have possessed. The stream which once relentlessly destroyed mankind, now gives to thousands their bread ;—that which once separated nations, now brings them together ;—national prejudices, which, it was once impiously argued, this river was wisely intended to maintain, are, by its waters, now softened and decomposed : in short, the Rhine affords another proof that there is nothing really barren in creation but man's conceptions—nothing defective but his own judgment, and that what he looked upon as a barrier in Europe, was created to become one of the great pavés of the world.

As the vessel proceeded towards Coblenz, it continually paused in its fairy course, apparently to barter and traffic in the prisoners it contained—sometimes stopping off one little village, it ex-

changed an infirm old man for two country girls ; and then, as if laughing at its bargain, gaily proceeding, it paused before another picturesque hamlet, to give three Prussian soldiers of the 36th regiment for a husband, a mother, and a child ; once it delivered an old woman, and got nothing ;—then, luckily, it received two carriages for a horse, and next it stopped a second to take up a tall, thin, itinerant poet, who, as soon as he had collected from every passenger a small contribution, for having recited two or three little pieces, was dropped at the next village, ready to board the steam vessel coming down from Mainz.

In one of these cartels, or exchanges of prisoners, we received on board Sir —— and Lady——, a young fashionable English couple, who having had occasion, a fortnight before, to go together to St. George's Church, had (like dogs suffering from hydrophobia or tin canisters) been running straight forwards ever since. As hard as they could drive, they had posted to Dover—hurried across to Calais—thence to Brussels—snapped a glance at the ripe corn waving on the field of Waterloo—stared at the relics of that great *Saint*, old Charlemagne, on the high altar of Aix-la-Chapelle, and at last sought for rest and connubial refuge at Cöln ; but the celebrated water of that town, having in its manufacture evidently abstracted all perfume from the atmosphere, they could not endure the dirt and smell of the place, and therefore had proceeded by land towards Coblenz ; but, as they were changing horses at a small village, seeing our steam-boat in view, they ordered a party of peasants to draw their carriage to the banks of the river, and as soon as our vessel, which came smoking alongside, began to hiss, they, their rosy, flesh-colored French maid, their dark, chocolate-colored chariot, and their brown, ill-looking Italian courier, came on board.

As soon as this young London couple lightly stepped on deck, I saw, at one glance, that without at all priding themselves on their abilities, they fancied, and indeed justly fancied, that they belonged to that class of society which, in England, so modestly calls itself—*good*. That it was not healthy society—that its victims were exposed to late hours, crowded rooms, and impure air, was evident enough from the contrast which existed between their complexions, and that of their healthy country attendant ; how-



ever, they seemed not only to be perfectly satisfied with themselves, and the clique which they had left behind them, but to have a distaste for everything else they saw. Towards some German ladies, who had slightly bowed to them as they passed, they looked with a vacant haughty stare, as if they conceived there must be some mistake, and as if, at all events, it would be necessary to keep such people off. Yet, after all, there was no great harm in these two young persons: that, in the countries which they were about to visit, they would be fitted only for each other, was sadly evident; however, on the other hand, it was also evidently their wish not to extend their acquaintance. Their heads were lanterns, illuminated with no more brains than barely sufficient to light them on their way; and so, like the babes in the wood, they sat together, hand-in-hand, regardless of everything in creation but themselves.

For running their carriage down to the shore, the brown confidential courier, whose maxim was, of course, to pay little and charge much, offered the gang of peasants some kreuzers, which amounted, in English currency, to about sixpence. This they refused, and the captain of the party, while arguing with the flint-skinning courier, was actually carried off by our steamboat, which, like time and tide, waited for no man. The poor fellow, finding that the Italian was immoveable, came aft to the elegant English couple, who were still leaning towards each other like the Siamese boys. He pleaded his case, stated his services, declared his poverty, and, in a manly voice, prayed for redress. The dandy listened—looked at his boots, which were evidently pinching him,—listened—passed four white fingers through the curls of his jet-black hair—showed the point of a pink tongue gently playing with a front tooth, and when the vulgar story was at an end, without moving a muscle in his countenance, in a sickly tone of voice, he pronounced his verdict as follows . . . . .

“ *Allez !* ”

The creditor tried again, but the debtor sat as silent and as inanimate as a corpse. However, all this time the steamboat dragging the poor peasant out of his way, he protested in a few angry exclamations against the injustice with which he had been treated (a sentiment I was very sorry to hear more than once

mildly whispered by many a quiet-looking German), and descending the vessel's side into a small boat, which had just brought us a new captive, he landed at a village from which he had about eight miles to walk, to join his comrades.

It is with no satirical feeling that I have related this little occurrence. To hurt the feelings of "gay beings born to flutter but a day"—to break such a pair of young, flimsy butterflies upon the wheel, affords me neither amusement nor delight; but the everyday occurrence of English travellers committing our well-earned national character for justice and liberality to the base, slave-driving hand of a courier, is a practice which, as well as the bad taste of acting the part of a London dandy on the great theatre of Europe, ought to be checked.

As we proceeded up the Rhine, there issued from one of the old romantic castles we were passing a party of young English lads, whose appearance (as soon as they came on board), did ample justice to their country; and, comparing them, while they walked the deck, with the rest of their fellow-prisoners, I could not help more than once fancying that I saw a determination in their step, a latent character in their attitudes, and a vigor in their young frames, which being interpreted, said—

"We dare do all that doth become a man,  
He who dares more—is none!"

Besides these young collegians, an English gentleman came on board, who appeared quite delighted to join their party. He was a stout man, of about fifty, tall, well-dressed, evidently wealthy, and as ruddy as our mild wholesome air could make him. Not only had he a high color, but there was a net-work of red veins in his cheeks, which seemed as if not even death could drive it away: his face shone from excessive cleanliness, and though his nose certainly was not long, there was a sort of round bull-dog honesty in his face, which it was quite delightful to gaze upon. I overheard this good man inform his countrymen, who had surrounded him in a group, that he had never before been out of England—and that, to tell the truth, he never wished to quit it again! "It's surely beautiful scenery!" observed one of his au-

ditors, pointing to the outline of a ruin which, with the rock upon which it stood, seemed flying away behind us. "Yes, yes!" replied the florid traveller. "But, Sir! it's the dirtiness of the people I complain of. Their cookery is dirty—they are dirty in their persons—dirty in their habits—that shocking trick of smoking (pointing to a fat German who was enjoying this pleasure close by his side, and who I rather suspect perfectly understood English) is dirty—depend upon it, they are what we should call, Sir, a very dirty race!" "Do you speak the language?" said one of the young listeners with a smile which was very awkwardly repressed. "Oh, no!" replied the well-fed gentleman, laughing good-naturedly; "I know nothing of their language. I pay for all I eat, and I find, by paying, I can get anything I want. '*Mangez! changez!*' is quite foreign language enough, Sir, for me;" and having to the first word suited his action, by pointing with his fore-finger to his mouth, and to explain the second, having rubbed his thumb against the self-same finger, as if it were counting out money, he joined the roar of laughter which his two French words had caused, and then very good-naturedly paced the deck by himself.

The jagged spires of Coblenz now came in sight, and every Englishman walked to the head of the vessel to see them, while several of the inhabitants of the city, with less curiosity, occupied themselves in leisurely getting together their luggage. For a moment, as we glided by the Moselle on our right, we looked up the course of that lovely river, which here delivers up its waters to the Rhine; in a few minutes the bell on board rang, and continued to ring, until we found ourselves firmly moored to the pier of Coblenz. Most of the passengers went into the town. I, however, crossing the bridge of boats, took up my quarters at the Cheval Blanc, a large hotel, standing immediately beneath that towering rock so magnificently crowned by the celebrated fortress of Ehrenbreitstein.

## THE JOURNEY.

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THE next day, starting from Coblenz while the morning air was still pure and fresh, I bade adieu to the picturesque river behind me, and travelling on a capital macadamized road which cuts across the duchy of Nassau from Coblenz to Mainz, I immediately began to ascend the mountains, which on all sides were beautifully covered with wood. In about two hours, descending into a narrow valley, I passed through Bad-Ems, a small village, which composed of hovels for its inhabitants, and, comparatively speaking, palaces for its guests, is pleasantly enough situated on the bank of a stream of water (the Lahn), imprisoned on every side by mountains which I should think very few of its visitors would be disposed to scale; and, from the little I saw of this place, I must own I felt no great disposition to remain in it. Its outline, though much admired, gives a cramped, contracted picture of the resources and amusements of the place, and as I drove through it (my postilion, with huge orange-colored worsted tassels at his back, proudly playing a discordant voluntary on his horn), I particularly remarked some stiff, formal little walks, up and down which many well-dressed strangers were slowly promenading; but the truth is, that Ems is a regular, fashionable watering-place.

Many people, I fully admit, go there to drink the waters only because they are salutary, but a very great many more visit it from different motives; and it is sad, as well as odd enough, that young ladies who are in a consumption, and old ladies who have a number of gaudy bonnets to display, find it equally desirable to come to Bad-Ems. This mixture of sickness and finery—this confusion between the hectic flush and red and white ribands—in

short, the dance of death is not the particular sort of folly I am fond of; and, though I wish to deprive no human being of his hobby-horse, yet I must repeat I was glad enough to leave dukes and duchesses, princes and ambassadors (whose carriages I saw standing in one single narrow street), to be cooped up together in the hot expensive little valley of Ems,—an existence to my humble taste, not altogether unlike that which the foul witch Sycorax inflicted upon Ariel, when, “in her most unmitigable rage,” she left him “hitched in a cloven pine.”

On leaving Ems, the road passing through the old mouldering town of Nassau, and under the beautiful ruins of the ducal Stamm-Schloß in its neighborhood, by a very steep acclivity, continues to ascend until it mounts at last into a sort of upper country, from various points of which are to be seen extensive views of the exalted duchy of Nassau, the features of which are on a very large scale.

No one, I think, can breathe this dry, fresh air for a single moment, or gaze for an instant on the peculiar color of the sky, without both smelling and seeing that he is in a country very considerably above the level of the sea; yet this upper story, when it be once attained, is by no means what can be termed a mountainous country. On the contrary, the province is composed either of flat table-land abruptly intersected by valleys, or rather of an undulation of hills and dales on an immense scale. In the great tract thus displayed to view, scarcely a habitation is to be seen, and for a considerable time I could not help wondering what had become of the people who had sown the crops (as far as I could see they were in solitude waving around me), and who of course were somewhere or other lurking in ambush for the harvest: however, their humble abodes are almost all concealed in steep ravines, or watercourses, which in every direction intersect the whole of the region I have described. A bird's-eye view would, of course, detect these little villages, but from any one point, as the eye roams over the surface, they are not to be seen. The duchy, which is completely unenclosed, for there is not even a fence to the orchards, appears like a royal park on a gigantic scale, about one-half being in corn-fields or uncultivated land, and the remainder in patches of woods and forests, which in

shape and position resemble artificial plantations. The province, as far as one can see, thus seems to declare that it has but one lord and master, and the various views it presents are really very grand and imposing. A considerable portion of the wood grows among crags and rocks ; and among the open land there is a great deal of what is evidently a mining country, with much indicating the existence of both iron and silver. The crops of wheat, oats, and barley are rather light, yet they are very much better than one would expect from the ground from which they grow ; but this is the effect of the extraordinarily heavy dews which, during the whole summer, may be said, once in twenty-four hours, to irrigate the land.

The small steep ravines I have mentioned are the most romantic little spots that can well be conceived. The rugged sides of the hills which contain them are generally clothed with oak or beech trees, feathering to the very bottom, where a strip of green, rich, grassy land full of springs, scarcely broader than, and very much resembling, the moat of an old castle, is all that divides the one wooded eminence from the other ; and it is into these secluded gardens, these smiling happy valleys, that the inhabitants of Nassau have humbly crept for shelter. These valleys are often scarcely broad enough to contain the single street which forms the village, and from such little abodes, looking upwards, one would fancy that one were living in a mountainous country ; but, climb the hill—break the little petty barrier that imprisons you, and from the height, gently undulating before you, is the vast magnificent country I have described. In short, in the two prospects, one reads the old story—one sees the common picture of human life. Beneath lies the little contracted nook in which we were born, studded with trifling objects, each of which we once fancied to be highly important ; every little rock has its name, and every inch of ground belongs to one man, and therefore does not belong to another ; but, lying prostrate before us, is a great picture of the world, and until he has seen it, no one born and bred below could fancy how vast are its dimensions, or how truly insignificant are the billows of that puddle in a storm from which he has somehow or other managed to escape. But without metaphor, nothing can be more striking than the contrast which exists

between the little valleys of this duchy, and the great country which soars above them!

With respect to the climate of Nassau, without presuming to dictate upon that subject, I will, while my postilion is jolting me along, request the reader to decipher for himself hieroglyphics which I think sufficiently explain it. In short, I beg leave to offer him the milk of information—warm as I suck it from the cow.

At this moment, everything, see! is smiling; the trees are in full leaf; the crop in full bearing. In no part of Devonshire or Herefordshire have I ever seen such rich crops of apples, the trees being here surrounded with a scaffolding of poles, which after all seem scarcely sufficient to save the boughs from breaking under their load; but I ask—How comes the vine to be absent from this gay scene? the low country and even the lower part of Nassau, we all know, teems with vineyards, and for some way have they crawled up the sides of the mountain; the reason, therefore, for their not appearing in the high ground is surely one very legible character of the climate.

Again, at all the bendings of the valleys, why do the trees appear so stunted in their growth and why are so many of them stagheaded? They must surely have some sad serious reasons for wearing this appearance, and surely any one may guess what it is that in the winter rushes by them with such violence, that, instinctively, they seem more anxious to grow beneath the soil than above it. Again, under that hot, oppressive sun which is now hurrying every crop to maturity, why do not the inhabitants look like Neapolitans and other indolent Lazzaroni-living people?—how comes it that their features are so hard? Can the *sun* have beaten them into that shape?

Why are the houses they live in huddled together in the valleys, instead of enjoying the magnificent prospect before me? Why do the wealthiest habitations look to the south, and why are the roofs of the houses built or pitched so perpendicularly that it seems as if nothing could rest upon their surface? Why are the windows so small and the walls so thick? I might torment my reader with many other questions, such as why, in this large country, is there scarcely a bird to be seen? but I dare say he

has already determined for himself, whether the lofty province of Nassau, during the winter, be hot or cold ; in short, what must be its climate at the moment when the Rhine and the expanse of low country, lying about 1200 feet beneath it, is frozen and covered with snow ?

Yet whatever may be the climate of the upper country of Nassau, the duchy, taken altogether, may fairly be said to contribute more than an average share towards the luxuries and comforts of mankind. Besides fine timber-trees of oak, beech, birch, and fir, there are crops of corn of every sort, as well as potatoes which would not be despised in England ; several of the wines (for instance, those on the estates of Hochheim, Eberbach, Rudesheim, and Johannisburg) are the finest on the Rhine, while there are fruits, such as apples, pears, cherries, apricots, strawberries, raspberries (the two latter growing wild), &c., &c., in the greatest abundance.

Not only are there mines of the precious metals and of iron, but there is also coal, which we all know will, when the gigantic powers of steam are developed, become the nucleus of every nation's wealth. In addition to all this, the duchy is celebrated over the whole of Germany for its mineral waters ; and certainly if they be at all equal to the reputation they have acquired, Nassau may be said to contribute to mankind what is infinitely better than all wealth, namely—health.

From its hills burst mineral streams of various descriptions, and besides the Selters or Seltzer water, which is drunk as a luxury in every quarter of the globe, there are bright, sparkling remedies prescribed for almost every disorder under the sun : for instance, should the reader be consumptive, or, what is much more probable, be dyspeptic, let him hurry to Ems ; if he wishes to instil iron into his jaded system, and brace up his muscles, let him go to Langen-Schwalbach ; if his brain should require calming, his nerves soothing, and his skin softening, let him glide onwards to Schlangenbad—the serpent's bath ; but if he should be rheumatic in his limbs, or if mercury should be running riot in his system, let him hasten, “ body and bones,” to Wiesbaden, where, they say, by being parboiled in the Kochbrunnen (boiling spring), all his troubles will evaporate.



To these different waters of Nassau flock annually thousands and thousands of people from all parts of Germany; and so celebrated are they for the cures which they have effected, that not only do people come even from Russia, Poland, Denmark, &c., but a vast quantity of the waters, in stone bottles, is annually sent to these remote countries. Yet it is odd enough, that the number of English, who have visited the mineral springs of Nassau, bears no proportion to that of any other nation of Europe, although Spa, and some other continental watering-places, have been much deserted by foreigners, on account of the quantity of the British who have thronged there; but somehow or other, our country people are like locusts, for they not only fly in myriads to distant countries, but, as they travel, they congregate in clouds, and, therefore, either are they found absolutely eating up a foreign country, or not one of them is to be seen there! How many thousands and hundreds of thousands of English, with their mouths, eyes, and purses wide open, have followed each other, in mournful succession, up and down the Rhine; and yet, though Nassau has stood absolutely in their path, I believe I may assert that not twenty families have taken up their abode at Langen-Schwalbach or Schlangenbad in the course of the last twenty years; and yet there is no country on earth that could turn out annually more consumptive, rheumatic, and dyspeptic patients than old England! In process of time, the little duchy will, no doubt, be as well known as Cheltenham, Malvern, &c.; however, until fashion, that painted direction-post, points her finger towards it, it will continue (so far as we are concerned) to exist, as it really does, *in nubibus*.

There are 56,712 human habitations in the duchy of Nassau, and 355,815 human beings to live in them. Of these, 188,244 are Protestants, 161,535 are Catholics; there are 191 Mennonites or dissenters; and scattered among these bleak hills, just as their race is mysteriously scattered over the face of the globe, there are 5845 Jews. The Duke of Nassau is the cacique, king, emperor, or commander-in-chief of the province; and people here are everlastingly talking of ~~THE~~ Duke, as in England they talk of *the* sun, *the* moon, or any other luminary of which there exists only one in our system. He is certainly the sovereign lord

of this lofty country ; and travelling along, I have just observed a certain little bough sticking out of every tenth sheaf of corn, the meaning of which is, no doubt, perfectly well understood both by him and the peasant : in short, in all the principal villages there are barns built on purpose for receiving this tribute, with a man, paid by the Duke, for collecting it.

In approaching Langen-Schwalbach, being of course anxious, as early as possible, to get a glimpse of a town which I had already determined to inhabit for a few days, I did all in my power to explain this feeling to the dull, gaudy fellow who drove me ; but whenever I inquired for Langen-Schwalbach, so often did the mute creature point with a long German whip to the open country, as if it existed directly before him ; but, no, not a human habitation could I discover ! However, as I proceeded onwards, the whip, in reply to my repeated interrogatories to its dumb owner, began to show a sort of magnetical dip, until, at last, it pointed almost perpendicularly downwards into a ravine, which was now immediately beneath me ; yet though I could see, as I thought, almost to the bottom of it, still not a vestige of a town was to be seen. However, the whip was quite right, for, in a very few seconds, peeping up from the very bottom of the valley, I perceived, like poplar trees, a couple of church steeples ; then suddenly came in sight a long narrow village of slated roofs, and, in a very few seconds, I found my carriage rattling and trumpeting along a street, until it stopped at the Goldene Kette, or, as we should call it, the Golden Chain.

The master of this hotel appeared to be a most civil, obliging person ; and though his house was nearly full, yet he suddenly felt so much respect either for me or for the contents of my wallet—which, in descending from the carriage, I had placed, for a moment, in his hands—that he used many arguments to persuade us both to become noble appendages to his fine Golden Chain : yet there were certain noises, uncertain smells, and a degree of bustle in his house which did not at all suit me ; and, therefore, at once, mercifully annihilating his hopes by a grave bow which could not be misinterpreted, I slowly walked into the street to select for myself a private lodging, and, for a considerable time, experienced very great difficulty. With hands clasped behind

me, in vain did I slowly stroll about, looking out for anything at all like a paper or a board in a window ; and I was beginning to fear that there were no lodging-houses in the town, when I at last found out that there were very few which were not. I therefore selected a clean, quiet-looking dwelling ; and, finding the inside equal to the out, I at once engaged apartments.

The next morning (having been refreshed by a good night's rest), I put a small note-book into my pocket, and having learnt that in the whole valley there was no English blood, except the little that was within my own black silk waistcoat, I felt that, without fear of interruption, I might go where I liked, do what I liked, and sketch the outline of whatever either pleased my eye or amused my fancy. My first duty, however, evidently was to understand the geography of the town, or rather village, of Langen-Schwalbach, which I found to be in the shape of the letter Y, or (throwing, as I wish to do, literature aside) of a long-handled two-pronged fork. The village is 1500 paces in length—that is to say, the prongs are each about 500 yards, and the lower street, or handle of the fork, is about 1000 yards.

On the first glimpse of the buildings from the heights, my eyes had been particularly attracted by high, irregular slated roofs, many of which were fantastically ornamented with little spires, about two feet high, but it now appeared that the buildings themselves were constructed even more irregularly than their roofs. The village is composed of houses of all sizes, shapes, and colors ; some, having been lately plastered, and painted yellow, white, or pale green, have a modern appearance, while others wear a dress about as old as the hills which surround them. Of these latter, some are standing with their sides towards the streets, others look at you with their gables ; some overhang the passenger, as if they intended to crush him ; some shrink backwards, as if, like misanthropes, they loathed him, or, like maidens, they feared him ; some lean sideways, as if they were suffering from a painful disorder in their hips ; many, apparently from curiosity, have advanced, while a few, in disgust, have retired a step or two.

All the best dwellings in the town are " hofs," or lodging-houses, having jealousies, or Venetian blinds, to the windows ; and I must own I did not expect to find in so remote a situation houses

of such large dimensions. For instance, the Allee Saal has nineteen windows in front; the great "Indien Hof" is three stories high, with sixteen windows in each; the "Pariser Hof" has twelve, and several others have eight and ten.

Of late years a number of the largest houses have been plastered on the outside, but the appearance of the rest is highly picturesque. They are built of wood and unburnt bricks, but the immense quantity of timber which has been consumed would clearly indicate the vicinity of a large forest, even if one could not see its dark foliage towering on every side above the town. Wood having been of so little value, it has been crammed into the houses, as if the builder's object had been to hide away as much of it as possible. The whole fabric is a network of timber of all lengths, shapes, and sizes; and these limbs, sometimes rudely sculptured, often bent into every possible contortion, form a confused picture of rustic architecture, which, amid such wild mountain scenery, one cannot refuse to admire. The interstices between all this woodwork are filled up with brown, unburnt bricks, so soft and porous, that in our moist climate they would in one winter be decomposed, while a very few seasons would also rot the timbers which they connect: however, such is evidently the dryness of mountain air, that buildings can exist here in this rude state, and indeed have existed, for several hundred years, with the woodwork unpainted.

In rambling about the three streets, one is surprised, at first, at observing that apparently there is scarcely a shop in the town! Before three or four windows, carcasses of sheep, or of young calves but a few days old, are seen hanging by their heels; and loaves of bread are placed for sale before a very few doors; but, generally speaking, the dwellings are either "Hofs" for lodgers, or they appear to be a set of nondescript private-houses; nevertheless, by patiently probing, the little shop is at last discovered. In one of these secluded dens one can buy coffee, sugar, butter, nails, cotton, chocolate, ribands, brandy, etc. Still, however, there is no external display of any such articles, for the crowd of rich people who, like the swallows, visit during the summer weeks the sparkling water of Langen-Schwalbach, live at "hofs," whose proprietors well enough know where to search

for what they want. During so short a residence these fashionable visitors require no new clothes, nails, brimstone, or coarse linen. It is, therefore, useless for the little shopkeeper to attempt to gain *their* custom; and as, during the rest of the year, the village exists in simplicity, quietness, and obscurity, the inhabitants knowing each other, require neither signs nor inscriptions. Peasants coming to Langen-Schwalbach from other villages, inquire for the sort of shop which will suit them; or if they want (as they generally do) tobacco, oil, or some rancid commodity, their noses are quite intelligent enough to lead them to the doors they ought to enter; indeed, I myself very soon found that it was quite possible thus to hunt for my own game.

I have already stated that Langen-Schwalbach is like a kitchen fork, the handle of which is the lower or old part of the town; the prongs representing two streets built in ravines, down each of which a small stream of water descends. The Stahl brunnen (steel spring) is at the head of the town, at the upper extremity of the right prong. Close to the point of the other prong is the Wein brunnen (wine spring), and about 600 yards up the same valley is situated the fashionable brunnen of Pauline. Between these three points, brunnens, or wells, the visitors at Langen-Schwalbach, with proper intervals for rest and food, are everlastingly vibrating. Backwards and forwards, "down the middle and up again," the strangers are seen walking, or rather crawling, with a constancy that is really quite astonishing. Among the number there may be here and there a Coelebs in search of a wife, and a very few *sets* of much smaller feet may, *impari passu*, be occasionally seen pursuing nothing but their mammas; however, generally speaking, the whole troop is chasing one and the same game: they are all searching for the same treasure—in short, they are seeking for health: but it is now necessary that the reader should be informed by what means they hope to attain it.

In the time of the Romans, Schwalbach, which means literally the swallow's stream, was a forest containing an immense sulphurous fountain famed for its medicinal effects. In proportion as it rose into notice, hovels, huts, and houses were erected; until a small street or village was thus gradually established on the north and south of the well. There was little to offer to the

stranger but its waters ; yet, health being a commodity which people have always been willing enough to purchase, the medicine was abundantly drunk, and in the same proportion the little hamlet continued to grow, until it justly attained and claimed for itself the appellation of Langen (long) Schwalbach.

About sixty years ago the Stahl and Wein brunnen were discovered. The springs were found to be quite different from the old one, inasmuch as, instead of being only sulphurous, they were both strongly impregnated with iron and carbonic acid gas. Instead, therefore, of merely purifying the blood, they boldly undertook to strengthen the human frame ; and, in proportion as they attracted notice, so the old original brunnen became neglected. About three years ago a new spring was discovered in the valley above the Wein brunnen ; this did not contain quite so much iron as the Stahl or Wein brunnen ; but possessing other ingredients (among them that of novelty) which were declared to be more salutary, it was patronized by Dr. Fenner, as being preferable to the brimstone as well as other brunnen in the country. It was accordingly called Pauline, after the present Duchess of Nassau, and is now the fashionable brunnen, or well of Langen-Schwalbach.

The village doctors, however, disagree on the subject ; and Dr. Stritter, a very mild, sensible man, recommends his patients to the strong Stahl brunnen, almost as positively as Dr. Fenner sentences his victims to the Pauline. Which is right, and which is wrong, is one of the mysteries of this world ; but as the cunning Jews all go to the Stahl brunnen, I strongly suspect that they have some good reason for this departure from the fashion.

As I observed people of all shapes, ages, and constitutions swallowing the waters of Langen-Schwalbach, I felt that, being absolutely on the brink of the brunnen, I might, at least as an experiment, join this awkward squad—that it would be quite time enough to desert if I should find reason to do so—in short, that by trying the waters I should have a surer proof whether they agreed with me or not, than by listening to the conflicting opinions of all the doctors in the universe. However, not knowing exactly in what quantities to take them,—having learnt that Dr. Fenner himself had the greatest number of patients, and that moreover

being a one-eyed man he was much the easiest to be found, I walked towards the shady walk near the Allee Saal, resolving eventually to consult him; however, in turning a sharp corner, happening almost to run against a gentleman in black, "*cui lumen ademptum*," I gravely accosted him, and finding, as I did in one moment, that I was right, in the middle of the street I began to explain that he saw before him a wheel that wanted a new tire,—a shoe which required a new sole—a worn-out vessel seeking the hand of the tinker; in short, that feeling very old, I merely wanted to become young again.

Dr. Fenner is what would be called in England "a regular character," and being a shrewd, clever fellow, he evidently finds it answer, and endeavors to maintain a singularity of manner, which with his one eye (the other having been extinguished in a college duel) serves to bring him into general notice. As soon as my gloomy tale was concluded, the Doctor, who had been patiently walking at my side, stopped dead short, and when I turned round to look for him, there I saw him with his right arm extended, its fore-finger and thumb clenched, as if holding snuff, while its other three digits horizontally extended like the hand of a direction-post. With his heels close together, he stood as lean and as erect as a ramrod, the black patch which like a hatchment hung over the window of his departed eye being supported by a riband wound diagonally round his head. "Monsieur!" said he (for he speaks a little French), "Monsieur!" he repeated, "*à six heures du matin vous prendrez à la Pauline trois verres! trois verres à la Pauline!*" he repeated. "*A dix heures vous prendrez un bain—en sortant du bain vous prendrez . . .* (he paused, and after several seconds of deep thought, he added) . . . *encore deux verres, et à cinq heures du soir, Monsieur, vous prendrez . . .* (another long pause) . . . *encore trois verres! Monsieur! ces eaux vous feront beaucoup de bien!*"

The arm of the sibyl now fell to his side, like the limb of a telegraph which had just concluded its intelligence. The Doctor made me a low bow, spun round upon his heel, "and so he vanished."

I had not exactly bargained for bathing in, as well as drinking, the waters; however, feeling in great good-humor with the little

world I was inhabiting, I was willing to go with (i. e. *into*) its stream, and as I found that almost every visitor was daily soaked for an hour or two, I could not but admit that what was prescribed for such geese, might also be very good sauce for the gander; and that at all events a bath would at least have the advantage of drowning for me one hour per day, in case I should find four-and-twenty of such visitors more than I wanted.

In a very few days I got quite accustomed to what a sailor would call the "fresh water life" which had been prescribed for me; and as no clock in the universe could be more regular than my behavior, an account of one day's performances, multiplied by the number I remained, will give the reader, very nearly, the history or picture of an existence at Langen-Schwalbach.



## THE REVEILLÉ.

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At a quarter-past five I arose, and as soon after as possible left the "hof." Every house was open, the streets already swept, the inhabitants all up, the living world appeared broad awake, and there was nothing to denote the earliness of the hour, but the delicious freshness of the cool mountain air, which as yet, unenfeebled by the sun, just beaming above the hill, was in that pure state in which it had been all night long slumbering in the valley. The face of nature seemed beaming with health, and though there were no larks at Schwalbach gently "to carol at the morn," yet immense red German slugs were everywhere in my path, looking wetter, colder, fatter, and happier than they or I have words to express. They had evidently been gorging themselves during the night, and were now crawling into shelter to sleep away the day.

As soon as, getting from beneath the shaded walk of the Allee Saal, I reached the green valley leading to the Pauline brunnen, it was quite delightful to look at the grass, as it sparkled in the sun, every green blade being laden with dew in such heavy particles, that there seemed to be quite as much water as grass; indeed the crop was actually bending under the weight of nourishment which, during the deep silence of night, Nature had liberally imparted to it; and it was evident that the sun would have to rise high in the heavens before it could attain strength enough to rob the turf of this fertilizing and delicious treasure.

At this early hour, I found but few people on the walks, and on reaching the brunnen, the first agreeable thing I received there was a smile from a very honest, homely, healthy, old woman, who having seen me approaching, had selected from her table my glass, the handle of which she had marked by a piece of tape.

"Guten morgen!" she muttered, and then, without at all deranging the hospitality of her smile, stooping down, she dashed the vessel into the brunnen beneath her feet, and in a sort of civil hurry (lest any of its spirit should escape), she presented me with a glass of her eau médicinale. Clear as crystal, sparkling with carbonic acid gas, and effervescing quite as much as champagne, it was nevertheless miserably cold; and the first morning, what with the gas, and what with the cold temperature of this cold iron water, it was about as much as I could do to swallow it; and, for a few seconds, feeling as if it had sluiced my stomach completely by surprise, I stood hardly knowing what was about to happen, when, instead of my teeth chattering, as I expected, I felt the water suddenly grow warm within my waistcoat, and a slight intoxication, or rather exhilaration succeeded.

As I have always had an unconquerable aversion to walking backwards and forwards on a formal parade, as soon as I had drunk my first glass I at once commenced ascending the hill which rises immediately from the brunnen. Paths in zigzags are cut in various directions through the wood, but so steep, that very few of the water-drinkers like to encounter them. I found the trees to be oak and beech, the ground beneath being covered with grass and heather, among which were, growing wild, quantities of ripe strawberries and raspberries. The large red snails were in great abundance, and immense black beetles were also in the paths, heaving at, and pushing upwards, round balls of dung, &c., very much bigger than themselves; the grass and heather were soaked with dew, and even the strawberries looked much too wet to be eaten. However, I may observe, that while drinking mineral waters, all fruit, wet or dry, is forbidden. Smothered up in wood, there was, of course, nothing to be seen; but as soon as I gained the summit of the hill, a very pretty hexagonal rustic hut, built of trees with the bark on, and thatched with heather, presented itself. The sides were open, excepting two, which were built up of sticks and moss. A rough circular table was in the middle, upon which two or three young people had cut their names; and round the inner circumference of the hut there was a bench, on which I was glad enough to rest, while I enjoyed the extensive prospect.

The features of this picture, so different from anything to be seen in England, were exceedingly large, and the round rolling clouds seemed bigger even than the distant mountains upon which they rested. Not a fence was to be seen, but dark patches of wood, of various shapes and sizes, were apparently dropped down upon the cultivated surface of the country, which, as far as the eye could reach, looked like the fairy park of some huge giant. In the foreground, however, small fields, and little narrow strips of land, denoted the existence of a great number of poor proprietors; and even if Langen-Schwalbach had not been seen crouching at the bottom of its deep valley, it would have been quite evident that, in the immediate neighborhood, there must be, somewhere or other, a town; for, in many places, the divisions of land were so small, that one could plainly distinguish provender growing for the poor man's cow,—the little patch of rye which was to become bread for his children,—and the half-acre of potatoes which was to help them through the winter. Close to the town these divisions and sub-divisions were exceedingly small; but when every little family had been provided for, the fields grew larger; and, at a short distance from where I sat, there were crops, ripe and waving, which were evidently intended for a larger and more distant market.

As soon as I had sufficiently enjoyed the freshness and the freedom of this interesting landscape, it was curious to look down from the hut upon the walk which leads from the Allee Saal to the brunnen or well of Pauline; for, by this time, all ranks of people had arisen from their beds, and the sun being now warm, the *beau monde* of Langen-Schwalbach was seen slowly loitering up and down the promenade.

At the rate of about a mile and a half an hour, I observed several hundred quiet people crawling through and fretting away that narrow portion of their existence which lay between one glass of cold iron water and another. If an individual were to be sentenced to such a life, which in fact has all the fatigue without the pleasing sociability of the tread-mill, he would call it melancholy beyond endurance; yet there is no pill which fashion cannot gild, or which habit cannot sweeten. I remarked that the men were dressed, generally, in loose, ill-made, snuff-colored great

coats, with awkward travelling caps, of various shapes, instead of hats. The picture, therefore, taking it altogether, was a homely one; but, although there were no particularly elegant or fashionable-looking people, although their gait was by no means attractive, yet even, from the lofty distant hut, I felt it was impossible to help admiring the good sense and good feeling with which all the elements of this German community appeared to be harmonizing one with the other. There was no jostling, or crowding; no apparent competition; no turning round to stare at strangers. There was no "martial look nor lordly stride," but real genuine good breeding seemed natural to all: it is true there was nothing which bore a very high aristocratic polish: yet it was equally evident that the substance of their society was intrinsically good enough not to require it.

The behavior of such a motley assemblage of people, who belonged, of course, to all ranks and conditions of life, in my humble opinion, did them and their country very great credit. It was quite evident that every man on the promenade, whatever might have been his birth, was desirous to behave like a gentleman; and that there was no one, however exalted might be his station, who wished to do any more.

That young lady, rather more quietly dressed than the rest of her sex, is the Princess Leuenstein; her countenance (could it but be seen from the hut) is as unassuming as her dress, and her manners as quiet as her bonnet. Her husband, who is one of the group of gentlemen behind her, is mild, gentleman-like, and (if in these days such a title may, without offence, be given to a young man), I would add—he is modest.

There are one or two other princes on the promenade, with a very fair sprinkling of dukes, counts, barons, &c.

"There they go, all together in a row!"

● but though they congregate,—though like birds of a feather they flock together, is there, I ask, anything arrogant in their behavior? and that respect which they meet with from every one, does it not seem to be honestly their due? That uncommonly awkward, short, little couple who walk holding each other by the hand, and who, apropos to nothing, occasionally break playfully into a trot,

are a Jew and Jewess lately married ; and, as it is whispered that they have some mysterious reason for drinking the waters, the uxorious anxiety with which the little man presents the glass of cold comfort to his herring-made partner does not pass completely unobserved. That slow gentleman, with such an immense body, who seems to be acquainted with the most select people on the walk, is an ambassador, who goes nowhere—no, not even to mineral waters, without his French cook,—a circumstance quite enough to make everybody speak well of him—a very honest, good-natured man he seems to be ; but as he walks, can anything be more evident than that his own cook is killing him, and what possible benefit can a few glasses of cold water do to a corporation which Falstaff's belt would be too short to encircle ?

Often and often have I pitied Diogenes for having lived in a tub ; but this poor ambassador is infinitely worse off, for the tub, it is too evident, lives in *him*, and carry it about with him he must wherever he goes ; but, without smiling at any more of my water companions, it is time I should descend to drink my second and third glass. One would think that this deluge of cold water would leave little room for tea and sugar ; but miraculous as it may sound, by the time I got to my "Hof," there was as much stowage in the vessel as when she sailed ; besides this, the steel created a rebellious appetite which it was very difficult to govern.

As soon as breakfast was over, I generally enjoyed the luxury of idling about the town ; and, in passing the shop of a blacksmith, who lived opposite to the Goldene Kette, the manner in which he tackled and shod the vicious horse always amused me. On the outside wall of the house, two rings were firmly fixed ; to one of which the head of the patient was lashed close to the ground ; the hind foot, to be shod, stretched out to the utmost extent of the leg, was then secured to the other ring about five feet high, by a cord which passed through a cloven hitch, fixed to the root of the poor creature's tail.

The hind foot was consequently very much higher than the head ; indeed, it was so exalted, and pulled so heavily at the tail, that the animal seemed to be quite anxious to keep his other feet on *terra firma*. With one hoof in the heavens, it did not suit him to kick ; with his nose pointing to the infernal regions, he could

not conveniently rear ; and as the devil himself was apparently pulling at his tail, the horse at last gave up the point, and quietly submitted to be shod.

Nearly opposite to this blacksmith, sitting under the projecting eaves of the Goldene Kette, there were to be seen, every day, a row of women with immense baskets of fruit, which they had brought over the hills, on their heads. The cherries were of the largest and finest description, while the quantity of their stones lying on the paved street, was quite sufficient to show at what a cheap rate they were sold. Plums, apricots, greengages, apples, and pears, were also in the greatest profusion ; however, in passing these baskets, strangers were strictly ordered to avert their eyes. In short, whenever raw fruit and mineral water unexpectedly meet each other in the human stomach, a sort of bubble-and-squeak contest invariably takes place—the one always endeavoring to turn the other out of the house.

The crowd of idle boys, who like wasps were always hovering round these fruit-selling women, I often observed very amusingly dispersed by the arrival of some German grandee in his huge travelling carriage. For at least a couple of minutes before the thing appeared, the postilion, as he descended the mountain, was heard attempting to notify to the town the vast importance of his cargo, by playing on his trumpet a tune which, in tone and flourish, exactly resembled that which, in London, announces the approach of Punch. There is something always particularly harsh and discordant in the notes of a trumpet badly blown ; but when placed to the lips of a great lumbering German postilion, who, half smothered in his big boots and tawdry finery, has, besides this crooked instrument, to hold the reins of two wheel horses, as well as of two leaders, his attempt, in such deep affliction, to be musical, is comic in the extreme ; and, when the fellow at last arrived at the Goldene Kette, playing a tune which I expected every moment would make the head of Judy pop out of the carriage, one could not help feeling that, if the money which that trumpet must have cost had been spent in a pair of better spurs, it would have been of much more advantage and comfort to the traveller ; but German posting always reminds me of that well-known

remark which the Black Prince was one day heard to utter, as he was struggling with all his might to shave a pig.

However, though I most willingly join my fellow-countrymen in ridiculing the tawdry heavy equipment of the German postilion, one's nose always feeling disposed to turn itself upwards at the sight of a horseman awkwardly encumbered with great, unmeaning, yellow worsted tassels, and other broad ornaments, which seem better adapted to our four-post bedsteads than to a rider, yet I reluctantly acknowledged that I do verily believe their horses are much more scientifically harnessed, for slow heavy draught, than ours are in England.

Many years have now elapsed since I first observed that, somehow or other, the horses on the Continent manage to pull a heavy carriage up a steep hill, or along a dead level, with greater ease to themselves than our English horses. Let any unprejudiced person attentively observe with what little apparent fatigue three small ill-conditioned animals will draw not only his own carriage, but very often that huge overgrown vehicle, the French diligence, or the German eil-wagen, and I think he must admit that, somewhere or other, there exists a mystery.

But the whole equipment is so unsightly—the rope harness is so rude—the horses without blinkers look so wild—there is so much bluster and noise in the postilion, that, far from paying any compliment to the turn-out, one is very much disposed at once to condemn the whole thing, and not caring a straw whether such horses be fatigued or not, to make no other remark than that, in England, we should have travelled at nearly twice the rate, with one-tenth of the noise.

But neither the rate nor the noise is the question which I wish to consider, for our superiority in the former, and our inferiority in the latter, cannot be doubted. The thing I want, if possible, to account for, is, how such small weak horses *do* manage to draw one's carriage up hill, with so much unaccountable ease to themselves.

Now, in English, French, and German harness, there exist, as it were, three degrees of comparison, in the manner in which the head of the horse is treated; for, in England, it is elevated, or borne up, by what we call the bearing-rein; in France it is left

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as nature placed it (there being to common French harness no bearing-rein); while, in Germany, the head is tied down to the lower extremity of the collar, or else the collar is so made that the animal is by it deprived of the power of raising his head.

Now, it is undeniable that the English extreme and the German extreme cannot both be right; and passing over for a moment the French method, which is, in fact, the state of nature, let us for a moment consider which is best, to bear a horse's head *up*, as in England, or to pull it *downwards*, as in Germany. In my humble opinion, both are wrong: still there is some science in the German error; whereas in our treatment of the poor animal, we go directly against all mechanical calculation.

In a state of nature, the wild horse (as everybody knows) has two distinct gaits or attitudes. If man, or any still wilder beast, come suddenly upon him, up goes his head; and as he first stalks and then trots gently away, with ears erect, snorting with his nose, and proudly snuffing up the air, as if exulting in his freedom; as each fore-leg darts before the other, one sees before one a picture of doubt, astonishment, and hesitation,—all of which feelings seem to rein him, like a troop-horse, on his haunches; but attempt to pursue him, and the moment he defies you—the moment, determining to escape, he shakes his head, and lays himself to his work, how completely does he alter his attitude!—for then down goes his head, and from his ears to the tip of his tail, there is in his vertebræ an undulating action which seems to propel him, which works him along, and which, it is evident, you could not deprive him of, without materially diminishing his speed.

Now, in harness, the horse has naturally the same two gaits or attitudes; and it is quite true that he can start away with a carriage, either in the one or the other; but the means by which he succeeds in this effort, the physical powers which, in each case, he calls into action, are essentially different: for in the one attitude he works by his muscles, and in the other by his own dead, or rather living, weight. In order to grind corn, if any man were to erect a steam-engine over a fine, strong, running stream, we should all say to him, "Why do you not allow your wheel to be turned by cold water instead of by hot? Why do



you not avail yourself of the *weight* of the water, instead of expending your capital in converting it into the power of steam? In short, why do you not use the simple resource which nature has presented ready made to your hand?" In the same way, the Germans might say to us, "We acknowledge that a horse *can* drag a carriage by the power of his muscles, but why do you not allow them to drag it by his *weight*?"

In France, and particularly in Germany, horses do draw by their weight; and it is to encourage them to raise up their backs, and lean downwards with their heads, that the German collars are made in the way I have described; that with a certain degree of rude science, the horse's nose is tied to the bottom of his collar, and that the postilion at starting, speaking gently to him, allows him to get himself into a proper attitude for his draught.

The horse thus treated, leans against the resistance which he meets with, and his weight being infinitely greater than his draught (I mean the balance being in his favor), the carriage follows him without much more strain or effort on his part, than if he were idly leaning his chest against his manger. It is true the flesh of his shoulder may become sore from severe pressure, but his sinews and muscles are comparatively at rest.

Now, as a contrast to this picture of the German horse, let any one observe a pair of English post-horses dragging a heavy weight up a hill, and he will at once see that the poor creatures are working by their muscles, and that it is by sinews and main strength the resistance is overcome; but how can it be otherwise? for their heads are considerably higher than nature intended them to be even in *walking*, in a state of liberty, carrying nothing but themselves. The balance of their bodies is, therefore, absolutely turned *against*, instead of leaning in favor of, their draught, and thus cruelly deprived of the mechanical advantage of weight which everywhere else in the universe is duly appreciated, the noble spirit of our high-fed horses induces them to strain and drag the carriage forwards by their muscles; and, if the reader will but pass his hands down the back sinews of any of our stage-coach or post-chaise horses, he will soon feel (though not so keenly as they do) what is the fatal consequence. It is true that, in ascending a very steep hill, an English postilion will

occasionally unhook the bearing-reins of his horses ; but the poor jaded creatures, trained for years to work in a false attitude, cannot, in one moment, get themselves into the scientific position which the German horses are habitually encouraged to adopt ; besides this, we are so sharp with our horses—we keep them so constantly on the *qui vive*, or, as we term it, in hand—that we are always driving them from the use of their weight to the application of their sinews.

That the figure and attitude of a horse, working by his sinews, are infinitely prouder than when he is working by his weight (there may exist, however, false pride among horses as well as among men), I most readily admit, and, therefore, for carriages of luxury, when the weight bears little proportion to the powers of the two noble animals, I acknowledge that the sinews are more than sufficient for the slight labor required ; but to bear up the head of a poor horse at plough, or at any slow, heavy work, is, I humbly submit, a barbarous error, which ought not to be persisted in.

I may be quite wrong in the way in which I have just endeavored to account for the fact that horses on the Continent draw heavy weights with apparently greater ease to themselves than our horses, and I almost hope that I am wrong ; for laughing, as we all do at the German and French harness ; sneering, as we do, at their ropes, and wondering out loud, as we always do, why they do not copy us, it would not be a little provoking were we, in spite of our fine harness, to find out, that for slow, heavy draught, it is better to tie a horse's nose *downwards*, like the German, than *upwards*, like the English, and that the French way of leaving them at liberty is better than both.

## THE BATH.

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THE eager step with which I always walked towards the strong steel bath is almost indescribable. Health is such an inestimable blessing ; it colors so highly the little picture of life ; it sweetens so exquisitely the small cup of our existence ; it is so like sunshine, in the absence of which the world, with all its beauties, would be, as it once was, "without form and void," that I can conceive nothing which a man ought more eagerly to do than get between the stones of that mill which is to grind him young again, particularly when, as in my case, the operation was to be attended with no pain. When, therefore, I had once left my Hof to walk to the bath, I felt as if no power on earth could arrest my progress.

The oblong slated building, which contains the famous waters of Langen-Schwalbach, is plain and unassuming in its elevation, and very sensibly adapted to its purpose. The outside walls are plastered, and colored a very light red. There are five-and-twenty windows in front with an arcade or covered walk beneath them, supported by an equal number of pilasters, connected together by Saxon arches. On entering the main door, which is in the centre, the great staircase is immediately in front ; and close to it, on the left, there sits a man, from whom the person about to bathe purchases his ticket, for which he pays forty-eight kreuzers, about sixteen pence.

The Pauline spring is conducted to the baths on the upper story ; the Wein brunnen supplies those below on the left of the staircase ; the strong Stahl, or steel brunnen, those on the right ; all these baths opening into passages, which, in both stories, extend the whole length of the building. At the commencement of

each hour, there was always a great bustle between the people about to be washed and those who had just undergone the operation. A man and woman attend above and below, and, quite regardless of their sex, every person was trying to prevail upon either of these attendants to let the old water out of the bath, and to turn the hot and cold cocks which were to replenish it. Restlessness and anxiety were depicted in every countenance; however, in a few minutes, a calm having ensued, the water was heard rushing into fifteen or sixteen baths on each floor. Soon again the poor pair were badgered and tormented by various voices, from trebles down to contrabasso, all calling them to stop the cocks. With a thermometer in one hand, a great wooden shovel in the other, and a face as wet as if it had just emerged from the water, each servant hurried from one bath to another, adjusting them all to about 25° of Reaumur. Door after door was then heard to shut, and in a few minutes the passage became once again silent. A sort of wicker basket, containing a pan of burning embers, was afterwards given to any person who, for the sake of enjoying warm towels, was willing to breathe poisonous carbonic acid gas.

As soon as the patient was ready to enter his bath, the first feeling which crossed his naked mind, as he stood shivering on the brink, was a disinclination to dip even his foot into a mixture which looked about as thick as a horse-pond, and about the color of mullagitawny soap. However, having come as far as Langenschwalbach, there was nothing to say, but "*en avant*;" and so, descending the steps, I got into stuff so deeply colored with the red oxide of iron, that the body, when a couple of inches below the surface, was invisible. The temperature of the water felt neither hot nor cold; but I was no sooner immersed in it than I felt it was evidently of a strengthening, bracing nature, and I could almost have fancied myself lying with a set of hides in a tan-pit. The half-hour which every day I was sentenced to spend in this red decoction was by far the longest in the twenty-four hours; and I was always very glad when my chronometer, which I regularly hung on a nail before my eyes, pointed permission to me to extricate myself from the mess. While the body was floating, hardly knowing whether to sink or swim, I found it was

very difficult for the mind to enjoy any sort of recreation, or to reflect for two minutes on any one subject ; and as, half shivering, I lay watching the minute-hand of my dial, it appeared the slowest traveller in existence.

These baths are said to be very apt to produce head-ache, sleepiness, and other slightly apoplectic symptoms ; but surely such effects must proceed from the silly habit of not immersing the head. The frame of man has beneficently been made capable of existing under the line, or near either of the poles of the earth. We know it can even live in an oven in which meat is baking ; but surely, if it were possible to send one-half of the body to Iceland, while the other was reclining on the banks of Fernando Po, the trial would be exceedingly severe ; inasmuch as nature, never having contemplated such a vagary, has not thought it necessary to provide against it. In a less degree, the same argument applies to bathing, particularly in mineral waters ; for even the common pressure of water on the portion of the body which is immersed in it, tends mechanically to push or force the blood towards that part (the head) enjoying a rarer medium ; but when it is taken into calculation that the mineral mixture of Schwalbach acts on the body not only mechanically, by pressure, but medicinally, being a very strong astringent, there needs no wizard to account for the unpleasant sensations so often complained of.

For the above reason, I resolved that my head should fare alike with the rest of my system ; in short, that it deserved to be strengthened as much as my limbs. It was equally old—had accompanied them in all their little troubles ; and, moreover, often and often, when *they* had sunk down to rest, had it been forced to contemplate and provide for the dangers and vicissitudes of the next day. I therefore applied no half remedy—submitted to no partial operation—but resolved that if the waters of Langen-Schwalbach were to make me invulnerable, the box which held my brains should lumbly, but equally, partake of the blessing.

The way in which I bathed, with the reasons which induced me to do so, were mentioned to Dr. Fenner. He made no objection, but in silence shrugged up his shoulders. However, the fact is, in this instance as well as in many others, he is obliged to pre-

scribe no more than human nature is willing to comply with. And as Germans are not much in the habit of washing their heads,—and even if they were, as they would certainly refuse to dip their skulls into a mixture that stains the hair a deep red color, upon which common soap has not the slightest detergent effect,—the doctor probably feels that he would only lose his influence were he publicly to undergo the defeat of being driven from a system which all his patients would agree to abominate ; indeed, one has only to look at the ladies' flannel dresses which hang in the yard to dry, to read the truth of the above assertion.

These garments having been several times immersed in the bath, are stained as deep a red as if they had been rubbed with ochre or brickdust ; yet the upper part of the flannel is quite as white, and indeed, by comparison, appears infinitely whiter than ever ; in short, without asking to see the owners, it is quite evident that, at Schwalbach, young ladies, and even old ones, cannot make up their minds to stain any part of their mysterious fabric which towers above their evening gowns ; and, though the rest of their lovely persons are as red as the limbs of the American Indian, yet their faces and cheeks bloom like the roses of York and Lancaster ; but laying all flannel arguments aside, the effect of these waters on the skin is so singular, that one has only to witness it to understand that it would be useless for the poor village doctor to prescribe to ladies more than a pie-bald application of the remedy.

Although, of course, in coming out of the bath, the patient rubs himself dry, and apparently perfectly clean, yet the rust, by exercise, comes out so profusely, that not only is the linen of those people who bathe stained, but even their sheets are similarly discolored ; the dandy's neckcloth becomes red ; and when the head has been immersed, the pillow in the morning looks as if a rusty thirteen-inch shell had been reposing on it.

To the servant who has cleaned the bath, filled it, and supplied it with towels, it is customary to give each day six kreuzers, amounting to twopence ; and as another example of the cheapness of German luxuries, I may observe, that if a person chooses, instead of walking, to be carried in a sedan-chair, and brought

back to his Hof, the price fixed for the two journeys is three-pence.

Having now taken my bath, the next part of my daily sentence was, "to return to the place from whence I came, and there" to drink two more glasses of water from the Pauline. The weather having been unusually hot, in walking to the bath, I was generally very much overpowered by the heat of the sun; but on leaving the mixture to walk to the Pauline, I always felt as if his rays were not as strong as myself; I really fancied that they glanced from my frame as from a polished cuirass; and, far from suffering, I enjoyed the walk, always remarking that the cold evaporation proceeding from wet hair formed an additional reason for preventing the blood from rushing upwards. The glass of cold sparkling water which, under the mid-day sun, I received after quitting the bath, from the healthy looking old goddess of the Pauline, was delicious beyond the powers of description. It was infinitely more refreshing than iced soda water, and the idea that it was doing good instead of harm—that it was medicine, not luxury, added to it a flavor which the mind, as well as the body, seemed to enjoy.

What with the iron in my skin, the rust in my hair, and the warmth which this strengthening mixture imparted to my waistcoat, I always felt an unconquerable inclination to face the hill; and, selecting a different path from the one I had taken in the morning, I seldom stopped until I had reached the tip-top of one of the many eminences which overhang the promenade and its *beau monde*.

The climate of this high table-land was always invigorating; and although the sun was the same planet which was scorching the saunterers in the valley beneath, yet its rays did not take the same hold upon the rare, subtle mountain air.

At this hour the peasants had descended into the town to dine. The fields were, consequently, deserted; yet it was pleasing to see where they had been toiling, and how much of the corn they had cut since yesterday. I derived pleasure from looking at the large heap of potatoes they had been extracting, and from observing that they had already begun to plough the stubble which only two days ago had been standing corn. Though neither man, wo-

man, nor child were to be seen, it was, nevertheless, quite evident that they could only just have vanished; and though I had no fellow-creature to converse with, yet I enjoyed an old-fashioned pleasure in tracing on the ground marks where at least human beings had been.

Quite by myself I was loitering on these heights, when I heard the troop of Langen-Schwalbach cows coming through the great wood on my left; and wanting, at the moment, something to do, diving into the forest I soon succeeded in joining the gang. They were driven by a man and a woman, who received for every cow under their care forty-two kreuzers, or fourteen pence, for the six summer months: for this humble remuneration they drove the cows of Schwalbach every morning into the great woods, to enjoy air and a very little food; three times a-day they conducted them home to be milked, and in the evening as often re-ascended to the forest. At the hours of assembling, the man blew a long, crooked, tin horn, which the cows and their proprietors equally well understood. Everybody must be aware, that it is not a very easy job to keep a set of cows together in a forest, as the young ones, especially, are always endeavoring to go astray; however, the two guides had each a curious sort of instrument by which they managed to keep them in excellent subjection. It consisted of a heavy stick about two feet long, with six iron rings, so placed that they could be shaken up and down; and, certainly, if it were to be exhibited at Smithfield, no being there, human or inhuman, would ever guess that it was invented for driving cows; and were he even to be told so, he would not conceive how it could possibly be used for that purpose. Yet, in Nassau, it is the regular engine for propelling cattle of every description.

In driving the cowsthrough the wood, I observed that the man and woman each kept on one flank, the herd leisurely proceeding before them; but if any of the cows attempted to stray—if any of them presumed to lie down—or if any of them appeared to be in too earnest conversation with a great lumbering creature of her own species, distinguished by a ring through his nose, and a bright iron chain round his neck, the man, and especially the woman, gave two or three shakes with the rings, and if that lecture was not sufficient, the stick, rings and all, flew through the air, inflict-



ing a blow which really appeared sufficient to break a rib, and certainly much more than sufficient to dislodge an eye.

It was easy to calculate the force of this uncouth weapon, by the fear the poor animals entertained of it; and I observed, that no sooner did the woman shake it at an erring, disobedient cow, than the creature at once gave up the point, and hurried forwards.

In the stillness of the forest, nothing could sound wilder than the sudden rattling of these rings, and almost could one fancy that beings in chains were running between the trees. A less severe discipline would, probably, not be sufficient. However, I must record that the severity was exercised with a considerable proportion of discretion; for I particularly remarked that, when cows were in a certain interesting situation, their rude drivers, with unerring aim, always pelted them on the hooks.

Leaving the cows, and descending the mountain's side, I strolled through the little mountain hamlet of Wambach. In the middle of this simple retreat, there stood, overtopping most of the other dwellings, a tall slender hut, on the thatched roof of which was a wooden pent-house, containing a bell, which, three times a-day, tolled for reveille, noon-tide meal, and curfew. As the human tongue speaks by the impulse of the mind, so did this humble clapper move in obedience to the dictates of a *village watch*, which, when out of order, the parish was bound to repair.

From the upper windows of the principal house, I saw suspended festoons or strings of apples cut in slices, and exposed to the sun to dry. A lad, smoking his pipe, was driving his mother's cow to fetch grass from the valley. Women, with pails in their hands, were proceeding towards the spring for water; others were returning to their homes heavily laden with fagots, while several of their idle children were loitering about before their doors.

But, as I had still another dose of water to drink from the Pauline, I hastened to the brunnen, and having emptied my glass (which, like the outside of a bottle of iced water, was instantaneously covered by condensation with dew), I found that it was time to prepare myself (as I beg leave to prepare my reader) for that very lengthy ceremony—a German dinner.

## THE DINNER.

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DURING the fashionable season at Langen-Schwalbach, the dinner hour at all the Saals is one o'clock. From about noon scarcely a stranger is to be seen ; but a few minutes before the bell strikes one, the town exhibits a picture curious enough, when it is contrasted with the simple costume of the villagers, and the wild-looking country which surrounds them. From all the hofs and lodging houses, a set of demure, quiet-looking, well-dressed people are suddenly disgorged, who, at a sort of funeral pace, slowly advance towards the Allee Saal, the Goldene Kette, the Kaiser Saal, and one or two other houses, *où l'on dîne*. The ladies are not dressed in bonnets, but in caps, most of which are quiet, the rest being of those indescribable shapes which are to be seen in London or Paris. Whether the stiff-stand-up frippery of bright-red ribands was meant to represent a house on fire, or purgatory itself—whether those immense white ornaments were intended for reefs of coral or not—it is out of my department even to guess—ladies' caps being riddles only to be explained by themselves.

With no one to affront them—with no fine powdered footman to attend them—with nothing but their appetites to direct them—and with their own quiet conduct to protect them—old ladies, young ladies, elderly gentlemen, and young ones, were seen slowly and silently picking their way over the rough pavement. There was no greediness in their looks ; nor, as they proceeded, did they lick their lips, or show any other signs of possessing any appetite at all ; they looked much more as if they were coming from a meal, than going to one : in short, they seemed to be thinking of anything in the dictionary but the word *dinner*. And when one contrasted or weighed the quietness of their demeanor against the

enormous quantity of provisions they were placidly about to consume, one could not help admitting that these Germans had certainly more self-possession, and could better muzzle their feelings, than many of the best-behaved people in the universe.

Seated at the table of the Allee Saal, I counted a hundred and eighty people at dinner in one room. To say, in a single word, whether the fare was good or bad, would be quite impossible, it being so completely different to anything ever met with in England.

To my simple taste, the cooking is most horrid; still there were now and then some dishes, particularly sweet ones, which I thought excellent. With respect to the made-dishes, of which there was a great variety, I beg to offer to the reader a formula I invented, which will teach him (should he ever come to Germany) what to expect. The simple rule is this:—Let him taste the dish, and if it be not sour, he may be quite certain that it is greasy;—again, if it be not greasy, let him not eat thereof, for then it is sure to be sour. With regard to the order of the dishes, that, too, is unlike anything which Mrs. Glasse ever thought of. After soup, which all over the world is the alpha of the gourmand's alphabet, the barren meat from which the said soup has been extracted is produced. Of course it is dry, tasteless, withered-looking stuff, which a Grosvenor-square cat would not touch with its whisker; but this dish is always attended by a couple of satellites—the one a quantity of cucumbers dressed in vinegar, the other a black greasy sauce: and if you dare to accept a piece of this flaccid beef, you are instantly thrown between Scylla and Charybdis; for so sure as you decline the indigestible cucumber, souse comes into your plate a deluge of the greasy sauce! After the company have eaten heavily of messes which it would be impossible to describe, in comes some nice salmon—then fowls—then puddings—then meat again—then stewed fruit; and after the English stranger has fallen back in his chair quite beaten, a leg of mutton majestically makes its appearance!

I dined just two days at the Saals, and then bade adieu to them for ever. Nothing which this world affords could induce me to feed in this gross manner. The pig who lives in his sty would have some excuse; but it is really quite shocking to see any other

animal overpowering himself at mid-day with such a mixture and superabundance of food. Yet only think what a compliment all this is to the mineral waters of Langen-Schwalbach ; for if people who come here, and live in this way morning, noon, and night, can, as I really believe they do, return to their homes in better health than they departed, how much more benefit ought any one to derive, who, maintaining a life of simplicity and temperance, would resolve to give them a fair trial? In short, if the cold iron waters of the Pauline can be of real service to a stomach full of vinegar and grease, how much more effectually ought they to tinker up and repair the inside of him who has sense enough to sue them *in forma pauperis* !

Dr. Fenner was told that I had given up dining in public, as I preferred a single dish at home ; and he was then asked, with a scrutinizing look, whether eating so much was not surely very bad for those who were drinking the waters? The poor doctor quietly shrugged up his shoulders,—silently looking at his shoes,—and what else could he have done? Himself an inhabitant of Langen-Schwalbach, of course he was obliged to feel the pulse of his own fellow-citizens, as well as that of the stranger ; and into what a fever would he have thrown all the innkeepers—what a convulsion would he have occasioned in the village itself—were he to have presumed to prescribe temperance to those wealthy visitors by whose gross intemperance the community hoped to prosper! He might as well have gone into the fields to burn the crops, as thus wickedly to blight the golden harvest which Langen-Schwalbach had calculated on reaping during the short visit of its consumptive guests.

Our dinner is now over ; but I must not rise from the table of the Allee Saal, until I have made an '*amende honorable*' to those against whose vile cooking I have been railing, for it is only common justice to German society to offer an humble testimony that nothing can be more creditable to any nation : one can scarcely imagine a more pleasing picture of civilized life, than the mode in which society is conducted at these watering-places.

The company which comes to the brunnens for health, and which daily assembles at dinner, is of a most heterogeneous description, being composed of Princes, Dukes, Barons, Counts, &c.,

down to the petty shopkeeper, and even the Jew of Frankfort, Mainz, and other neighboring towns; in short, all the most jarring elements of society, at the same moment, enter the same room, to partake together the same one shilling and eight-penny dinner.

Even to a stranger like myself, it was easy to perceive that the company, as they seated themselves round the table, had herded together in parties and coteries, neither acquainted with each other, nor with much disposition to be acquainted—still, all those invaluable forms of society which connect the guests of any private individual were most strictly observed; and, from the natural good sense and breeding in the country, this happy combination was apparently effected without any effort. No one seemed to be under any restraint, yet there was no freezing formality at one end of the table, nor rude boisterous mirth at the other. With as honest good appetites as could belong to any set of people under the sun, I particularly remarked that there was no scrambling for favorite dishes;—to be sure, here and there an eye was seen twinkling a little brighter than usual, as it watched the progress of any approaching dish which appeared to be unusually sour or greasy, but there was no greediness, no impatience, and nothing which seemed for a single moment to interrupt the general harmony of the scene; and, though I scarcely heard a syllable of the buzz of conversation which surrounded me; although every moment I felt less and less disposed to attempt to eat what for some time had gradually been coagulating in my plate; yet, leaning back in my chair, I certainly did derive very great pleasure, and I hope a very rational enjoyment, in looking upon so pleasing a picture of civilized life.

In England we are too apt to designate, by the general term "society," the particular class, clan, or clique in which we ourselves may happen to move, and if that little speck be sufficiently polished, people are generally quite satisfied with what they term "the present state of society;" yet there exists a very important difference between this ideal civilisation of a part or parts of a community, and the actual civilisation of the community as a whole; and surely no country can justly claim for itself that title, until not only can its various members move separately among each other, but until, if necessary, they can all meet and act

together. Now, if this assertion be admitted, I fear it cannot be denied that we islanders are very far from being as highly polished as our continental neighbors, and that we but too often mistake odd provincial habits of our own invention, for the broad, useful current manners of the world.

In England, each class of society, like our different bands of trades, is governed by its own particular rules. There is a class of society which has very gravely, and for aught I care very properly, settled that certain food is to be eaten with a fork—that others are to be launched into the mouth with a spoon; and that to act against these rules (or whims), shows “that the man has not lived in *the world*.” At the other end of society there are, one has heard, also rules of honor, prescribing the sum to be put into a tin money-box, so often as the pipe shall be filled with tobacco, with various other laws of the same dark caste or complexion. These conventions, however, having been firmly established among each of the many classes into which our country people are subdivided, a very considerable degree of order is everywhere maintained; and, therefore, let a foreigner go into any sort of society in England, and he will find it is apparently living in happy obedience to its own laws; but if any chance or convulsion brings these various classes of society each laden with its own laws, into general contact, a sort of Babel confusion instantly takes place, each class loudly calling its neighbor to order in a language it cannot comprehend. Like the followers of different religions, the one has been taught a creed which has not even been heard of by the other; there is no sound bond of union—no reasonable understanding between the parties: in short, they resemble a set of regiments, each of which having been drilled according to the caprice or fancy of its colonel, appears in very high order on its own parade, yet, when all are brought together, form an unorganized and undisciplined army: and in support of this theory, is it not undeniably true, that it is practically impossible for all ranks of society to associate together in England with the same ease and inoffensive freedom which characterize similar meetings on the continent? And yet a German duke or a German baron is as proud of his rank, and rank is as much respected in his country as it is in our country.

There *must*, therefore, in England exist somewhere or other a radical fault. The upper classes will of course lay the blame on the lowest—the lowest will abuse the highest—but may not the error lie between the two? Does it not rather rest upon both? and is it not caused by the laws which regulate our small island society being odd, unmeaning, imaginary, and often fictitious, instead of being stamped with those large intelligible characters which make them at once legible to all the inhabitants of the globe?

For instance, on the continent, every child, almost before he learns his alphabet, before he is able even to crack a whip, is taught what is termed in Europe civility, a trifling example of which I witnessed this very morning. At nearly a league from Langen-Schwalbach, I walked up to a little boy who was flying a kite on the top of a hill, in the middle of a field of oat stubble. I said not a word to the child—scarcely looked at him—but as soon as I got close to him, the little village clod, who had never breathed anything thicker than his own mountain air, actually almost lost string, kite and all, in an effort quite irresistible which he made to bow to me, and take off his hat. Again, in the middle of the forest, I saw the other day three laboring boys laughing together, each of their mouths being, if possible, wider open than the others; however, as they separated, off went their caps, and they really took leave of each other in the very same sort of manner with which I yesterday saw the Landgrave of Hesse Homburg return a bow to a common postilion.

It is this general, well-founded, and acknowledged system which binds together all classes of society. It is this useful, sensible system which enables the master of the Allee Saal, as he walks about the room during dinner-time, occasionally to converse with the various descriptions of guests who have honored his table with their presence; for, however people in England would be shocked at such an idea, on the continent, so long as a person speaks and behaves correctly, he need not fear to give any one offence.

Now in England, as we all know, we have all sorts of manners, and a man actually scarcely dares to say which is the true idol to be worshipped. We have very noble aristocratic man-

ners ; we have the short, stumpy manners of the old-fashioned English country gentleman ; we have sick, dandified manners ; black-stock military manners ; "your free and easy manners" (which, by-the-bye, on the continent, would be translated "*no manners at all*)." We have the ledger, calf-skin manners of a steady man of business ; the last imported monkey or ultra-Parisian manners ; manners not only of a school-boy, but of the particular school to which he belongs ; and lastly, we have the particular colored manners of the mobility, who, until they were taught the contrary, very falsely flattered themselves that on the throne they would find the "ship, a-hoy !" manners of a "true British sailor."

Now, with respect to these motley manners, these "black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey," which are about as different from each other as the manners of the various beasts collected by Noah in his ark, it may at once be observed, that (however we ourselves may admire them) there are very few of them indeed which are suited to the continent ; and, consequently, though Russians, Prussians, Austrians, French and Italians, to a certain degree, can anywhere assimilate together, yet, somehow or other, our manners—(never mind whether better or worse)—are different. Which, therefore, I am seriously disposed to ask of myself, are the most likely to be right ? the manners of "the right little, tight little island," or those of the inhabitants of the vast continent of Europe ?

The reader will, I fear, think that my dinner reflections have partaken of the acidity of the German mess which lay so long before me untouched in my plate ; and at my observations I fully expect he will shake his head, as I did when, afterwards, expecting to get something sweet, I found my mouth nearly filled with a substance very nearly related to sourcrout. Should the old man's remarks be unpalatable, they are not more so than was his meal ; and he begs to apologize for them by saying, that had he, as he much wished, been able to eat, he would not, against his will, have been driven to reflect.



## THE PROMENADE.

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A FEW minutes after the dessert had been placed on the table of the Allee Saal, one or two people from different chairs rose and glided away ; then up got as many more, until, in about a quarter of an hour, the whole company had quietly vanished, excepting here and there, around the vast circumference of the table, a couple, who, not having yet finished their phlegmatic, long-winded argument, sat like pairs of oxen, with their heads yoked together.

It being only three o'clock in the day, and as people did not begin to drink the waters again till about six, there was a long, heavy interval, which was spent very much in the way in which English cows pass their time when quite full of fine red clover,—bending their fore knees, they lie down on the grass to ruminate.

As it was very hot at this hour, the ladies, in groups of two, three and four, with coffee before them on small square tables, sat out together in the open air, under the shade of the trees. Most of them commenced knitting ; but, at this plethoric hour, I could not help observing that they made several hundred times as many stitches as remarks. A few of the young men, with cigars in their mouths, meandered, in dandified silence, through these parties of ladies ; but almost all the German lords of the creation had hidden themselves in holes and corners, to enjoy smoking their pipes ; and surely nothing can be more filthy—nothing can be a greater waste of time and intellect than this horrid habit. If tobacco were even a fragrant perfume, instead of stinking as it does, still the habit which makes it necessary to a human being to carry a large bag in one of his coat-pockets, and an unwieldy crooked pipe in the other, would be unmanly ; inasmuch as, besides creating an artificial want, it encumbers him with a real

burden, which, both on horseback and on foot, impedes his activity and his progress ; but when it turns out that this said artificial want is a nasty, vicious habit—when it is impossible to be clean if you indulge in it—when it makes your hair and clothes smell most loathsomely—when you absolutely pollute the fresh air as you pass through it ; when, besides all this, it corrodes the teeth, injures the stomach, and fills with red inflammatory particles the naturally cool, clear, white brain of man, it is quite astonishing that these Germans, who can act so sensibly during so many hours of the day, should not have strength of mind enough to trample their tobacco-bags under their feet—throwing their reeking, sooty pipes behind them, and learn (I will not say from the English, but from every bird and animal in a state of nature) to be clean : and certainly whatever faults there may be in our manners, our cleanliness is a virtue which above every nation I have ever visited, pre-eminently distinguishes us in the world.

During the time which was spent in this stinking vice, I observed that people neither interrupted each other, nor did they very much like to be interrupted ; in short, it was a sort of siesta with the eyes open, and with smoke coming out of the mouth. Sometimes gazing out of the window of his Hof, I saw a German baron, in a tawdry dressing-gown and scull-cap (with an immense ring on his dirty forefinger), smoking, and pretending to be thinking ; sometimes I winded a creature, who, in a similar attitude, was seated on the shady benches near the Stahl brunnens ; but these were only exceptions to the general rule, for most of the males had vanished, one knew not where, to convert themselves into automatons, which had all the smoky nuisance of the steam-engine—without its power.

At about half-past five or six o'clock, "the world" began to come to life again ; the ladies with their knitting needles lying in their laps, gradually began to talk to each other, some even attempting to laugh. Group rising after group, left the small white painted tables and empty coffee-cups round which they had been sitting, and in a short time, the walks to the three brunnens in general, and to the Pauline in particular, were once again thronged with people ; and as slowly, and very slowly, they

walked backwards and forwards, one again saw German society in its most amiable and delightful point of view.

A few of the ladies, particularly those who had young children, were occasionally accompanied through the day by a nice steady, healthy-looking young woman, whose dress (being without cap or bonnet, with a plain cloth shawl thrown over a dark cotton gown) at once denoted that she was a servant. The distinction in her dress was marked in the extreme, yet it was pleasing to see that there was no necessity to carry it farther, the woman appearing to be so well behaved, that there was little fear of her giving offence. Whenever her mistress stopped to talk to any of her friends, this attendant became a harmless listener to the conversation, and when a couple of families, seated on a bank, were amusing each other with jokes and anecdotes, one saw by the countenances of these quiet-looking young people, who were also permitted to sit down, that they were enjoying the story quite as much as the rest.

In England, people would of course be shocked at the idea of thus associating with, or rather sitting in society with their servants, and on account of the manners of our servants it certainly would not be agreeable; however, if we had but one code, instead of having one hundred and fifty thousand (for I quite forgot to insert in my long list the manners of a fashionable lady's maid), this would not be the case; for then English servants, like German servants, would learn to sit in the presence of their superiors without giving any offence at all. But besides observing how harmlessly these German menials conducted themselves, I must own I could not help reflecting what an advantage it was, not only to them, but to the humble hovel to which, when they married, they would probably return—in short, to society, that they should have had an opportunity of witnessing the conduct, and of listening to the conversation of quiet, sensible, moral people, who had had the advantages of a good education.

Of course, if these young people were placed on high wages—tricked out with all the cast-off finery of their mistresses—and if laden with these elements of corruption, and hopelessly banished from the presence of their superiors, they were day after day, and night after night, to be stewed up together with stewards, butlers,

&c., in the devil's frying-pan—I mean, that den of narrow-minded iniquity, a house-keeper's room—of course, these strong, bony, useful servants would very soon dress as finely, and give themselves all those airs for which an English lady's maid is so celebrated even in her own country; but in Germany, good sense and poverty have as yet firmly and rigidly prescribed, not only the dress which is to distinguish servants from their masters, but that, with every rational indulgence, with every liberal opportunity of raising themselves in their own estimation, they shall be fed and treated in a manner and according to a scale, which, though superior, still bears a due relation to the humble station and habits in which they were born and bred. Of course, servants trained in this manner cost very little, yet if they are not naturally ill-disposed, there is everything to encourage them in good behavior, with little to lead them astray. They are certainly not, like our servants, clothed in satin, fine linen, and superfine cloth; nor, like Dives himself, do they fare sumptuously every day; but I believe they are all the happier, and infinitely more at their ease, for being kept to their natural station in life, instead of being permitted to ape an appearance for which their education has not fitted them, or repeat fine slip-slop sentiments which they do not understand.

However, it is not our servants who deserve to be blamed; they are quite right to receive high wages, wear veils, kid gloves, superfine cloth, give themselves airs, mock the manners of their lords and ladies, and to farcify below stairs the "comedy of errors" which they catch an occasional glimpse of above; in short, to do as little, consume as much, and be as expensive and troublesome as possible. No liberal person can blame *them*, but it is, I fear, on *our* heads that all their follies must rest; we have no one but ourselves to blame, and until a few of the principal families in England, for the credit and welfare of the country, agree together to lower the style and habits of their servants, and by a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, to break the horrid system which at present prevails,—the distinction between the honest ploughman, who whistles along the fallow, and his white-faced, powdered-headed, silver-laced, scarlet-breeched, golden-gartered brother in London, must be as strikingly ridiculous as

ever : the one must remain an honor, the other a discredit, to the wealth of a country which (we all say unjustly) has been called by its enemy a "nation of shopkeepers."

If once the system were to be blown up, thousands of honest, well-meaning servants would, I believe, rejoice ; and while the aristocracy and wealthier classes would in fact be served at least as well as ever, the middle ranks, and especially all people of small incomes, would be relieved beyond description from an unnatural and unnecessary burden which but too often embitters all their little domestic arrangements. There can be no points of contrast between Germany and England more remarkable than that, in the one country, people of all incomes are supported and relieved in proportion to the number of their servants, while in the other they are tormented and oppressed. Again, that in the one country, servants humbly dressed, and humbly fed, live in a sort of exalted and honorable intercourse with their masters ; while, in the other, servants highly powdered and grossly fed, are treated *de haut en bas*, in a manner which is not to be seen on the Continent.

The enormous wealth of England is the commercial wonder of the world, yet every reflecting man who looks at our debt, at the immense fortunes of individuals, and at the levelling, unprincipled, radical spirit of the age, must see that there exists among us elements which may possibly some day or other furiously appear in collision. The great country may yet live to see distress ; and in the storm, our commercial integrity, like an overweighted vessel, may, for aught we know, founder and go down, stern foremost. I therefore most earnestly say, should this calamity ever befall us, let not foreigners be entitled, in preaching over our graves, to pronounce, "that we were a people who did not know how to enjoy prosperity—that our money, like our blood, flew to our heads—that our riches corrupted our minds—and that it was absolutely our enormous wealth which sunk us."

Without saying one other word, I will only again ask, is it or is it not the interest of our upper classes to countenance this island system ?

Should it be argued, that they ought not to be blamed because vulgar, narrow-minded people are foolish enough to ruin them-

selves in a vain attempt to copy them, I reply, that they must take human nature, good and bad, not as it ought to be, but as it is ; and that, after all, it is no bad compliment to the high station they hold, that the middle and lower classes will absolutely ruin themselves in overfeeding and overdressing their servants—in short, in following any bad example which such high authority may irrationally decree to be fashionable. But to return to the Promenade.

From everlastingly vibrating backwards and forwards on this walk, one gets so well acquainted with the faces of one's comrades, that it is easy to note the arrival of any stranger, who, however, after having made two or three turns, is considered as received into, and belonging to, the ambulatory community.

In constantly passing the people on the promenade, I occasionally heard a party talking French. During the military dominion of Napoleon, that language, of course, flooded the whole of the high duchy of Nassau as completely as almost the rest of Europe : a strong ebb of reaction, however, has of late years taken place ; and in Prussia, for instance, the common people do not now like even to hear the language pronounced. On the other hand, thanks to Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, and other worn-out literary laborers, now resting in their graves, our language is beginning to make an honest progress ; and even in France it is becoming fashionable to display in society a literary flower or two culled from that North border, the Jardin Anglais.

As a passing stranger, the word I heard pronounced on the promenade the oftenest was "Ja ! Ja !" and it really seemed to me that German women to all questions invariably answer in the affirmative, for "Ja ! Ja !" was repeated by them, I know, from morning till night, and, for aught I know, from night till morning.

As almost every stranger at Langen-Schwalbach, as well as several of its inhabitants, were at this hour on the Promenade, the three brunnens were often surrounded by more open mouths than the women in attendance could supply. The old mother at the Pauline was therefore always assisted in the evening by her daughter, who, without being at all handsome, was, like her parent, a picture of robust, ruddy health ; and to poor withered people, who came to them to drink, it was very satisfactory indeed to see

the practical effect which swallowing and baling out this water from morning till night had had on these two females ; and as they stood in the burning sun bending downwards into the brunnén, to fill the glasses which in all directions converged towards them, it was curious to observe the different description of people who from every point of Europe (except England) had surrounded one little well. As I earnestly looked at their various figures and faces, I could not help feeling that it was quite impossible for the goddess Pauline to cure them all : for I saw a tall, gaunt, brown, hard-featured, lantern-jawed officer, *à demi soldé*, the sort of fellow that the French call "*un gros maigre*," drinking by the side of a red-faced, stuffy, stumpy, stunted little man, who seemed made on purpose to demonstrate that the human figure, like the telescope, could be made portable. "What in the world (I mumbled to myself) can be the matter with that very nice, fresh, comfortable, healthy-looking widow ? Or what does that huge, unwieldy man in the broad-brimmed hat require from the Pauline ?—Surely he is already about as full as he can hold ? And that poor sick girl, who has just borrowed the glass from her withered, wrinkled, skinny, little aunt ? Can the same prescription be good for them both ? A couple of nicely-dressed children are extending their little glasses to drink water with milk : and see ! that gang of countrymen, who have stopped their carts on the upper road, are racing and chasing each other down the bank to crowd round the brunnén ! Is it not curious to observe that in such a state of perspiration they can drink such deadly cold water with impunity ? But this really is the case ; and whether it is burning hot, or raining a deluge, this simple medicine is always agreeable, and no sooner is it swallowed, than, like the fire in the grate, it begins to warm its new mansion."

Such was the scene, and such was the effect, daily witnessed round one of nature's simplest and most beneficent remedies. All the drinkers seemed to be satisfied with the water, which, I believe, has only one virtue, that of strengthening the stomach ; yet it is this solitary quality which has made it cure almost every possible disorder of body and mind : for though people with an ankle resting on a knee sometimes mysteriously pointed to their toes, and sometimes as solemnly laid their hands upon their foreheads,

yet I rather believe that almost every malady to which the human frame is subject, is either by highways or byways connected with the stomach; and I must own I never see a fashionable physician mysteriously counting the pulse of a plethoric patient, or, with a silver spoon on his tongue, importantly looking down his red, inflamed gullet (so properly termed by Johnson "the meat-pipe"), but I feel a desire to exclaim, "Why not tell the poor gentleman at once—*Sir! you've eaten too much, you've drunk too much, and you've not taken exercise enough!*" That these are the main causes of almost every one's illness, there can be no greater proof, than that those savage nations which live actively and temperately have only one great disorder—death. The human frame was not created imperfect—it is we ourselves who have made it so; there exists no donkey in creation so overladen as our stomachs, and it is because they groan under the weight so cruelly imposed upon them, that we see people driving them before them in herds to drink at one little brunnen.

A list of the strangers visiting Bad-Ems, Langen-Schwalbach, and Schlangenbad, is published twice a week, and circulated on all the promenades. From it, I find that there are 1200 visitors at Schwalbach alone—an immense number for so small a place. Still, the habits of the people are so quiet, that it does not at all bear the appearance of an English watering-place, and certainly I never before existed in a society where people are left so completely to go their own ways. Whether I stroll up and down the Promenade or about the town, whether I mount the hill or ramble into distant villages, no one seems to notice me any more than if I had been born there; and yet out of the 1200 strangers, I happened to be the only specimen to be seen of Old England. No one knows that I have given up feasting in public, for it is not the custom to dine always at the same house, but when one o'clock comes, people go to the Allee Saal, Goldene Kette, &c., just as they feel disposed at the moment.

There are no horses to be hired at Schwalbach, but a profusion of donkeys and mules. It is a pretty, gaudy sight to witness a group of these animals carrying ladies in their parti-colored bonnets, &c., descending one of the hills. The saddles are covered with coarse scarlet, or bright blue cloth, and the donkey



always wears a fine red brow-band ; nevertheless, under these brilliant colors, to the eye of a cognoscent, it is too easy to perceive that the poor creatures are sick in their hearts of their finery, and that they are tired, almost unto death, of carrying one large curious lady after another to see Hohenstein, Adolfseck, and other lions, which without metaphor are actually consuming the carcasses of these unhappy asses. The other day I myself hired one, but not being allowed to have the animal alone, I was obliged to submit to be followed by the owner, who, by order of the Duke, was dressed in a blue smock-frock, girded by a buff belt.

I found I could not produce the slightest effect on the animal's pace, but that if the man behind me only shook his stick, down went the creature's long ears, and on we trotted. By this arrangement, I was hurried by objects which I wished to look at, and obliged to crawl before what I was exceedingly anxious to leave behind ; and altogether it was travelling so very much like a bag of sand, that ever since I have much preferred propelling myself.

## THE SCHWEIN-GENERAL.

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EVERY morning, at half-past five o'clock, I hear, as I am dressing, the sudden blast of an immense long wooden horn, from which always proceed the same four notes. I have got quite accustomed to this wild réveille, and the vibration has scarcely subsided, it is still ringing among the distant hills, when, leisurely proceeding from almost every door in the street, behold a pig! Some, from their jaded, careworn, dragged appearance, are evidently leaving behind them a numerous litter; others are great, tall, monastic, melancholy-looking creatures, which seem to have no other object left in this wretched world than to become bacon; while others are thin, tiny, light-hearted, brisk, petulant piglings, with the world and all its loves and sorrows before them. Of their own accord these creatures proceed down the street to join the herdsman, who occasionally continues to repeat the sorrowful blast from his horn.

Gregarious, or naturally fond of society, with one curl in their tails, and with their noses almost touching the ground, the pigs trot on, grunting to themselves and to their comrades, halting only whenever they come to anything they can manage to swallow.

I have observed that the old ones pass all the carcasses, which, trailing to the ground, are hanging before the butchers' shops, as if they were on a sort of *parole d'honneur* not to touch them; the middle-aged ones wistfully eye this meat, yet jog on also, while the piglings, who (so like mankind) have more appetite than judgment, can rarely resist taking a nibble; yet, no sooner does the dead calf begin again to move, than from the window immediately above out pops the head of a butcher, who, drinking his coffee,

whip in hand, inflicts a prompt punishment, sounding quite equal to the offence.

As I have stated, the pigs, generally speaking, proceed of their own accord; but shortly after they have passed, there comes down our street a little bareheaded, barefooted, stunted dab of a child, about eleven years old,—a Flibbertigibbet sort of a creature, which, in a drawing, one would express by a couple of blots, the small one for her head, and the other for her body; while, streaming from the latter, there would be a long line ending in a flourish, to express the immense whip which the child carries in its hand. This little goblin page, the whipper-in, attendant, or aide-de-camp of the old pig-driver, facetiously called, at Langen-Schwalbach, the "Schwein-general," is a being no one looks at, and who looks at nobody. Whether the Hofs of Schwalbach are full of strangers or empty—whether the promenades are occupied by princes or peasants—whether the weather be good or bad, hot or rainy, she apparently never stops to consider; upon these insignificant subjects it is evident she never for a moment has reflected. But such a pair of eyes for a pig have perhaps seldom beamed from human sockets! The little intelligent urchin knows every house from which a pig ought to have proceeded; she can tell by the door being open or shut, and even by footmarks, whether the creature has joined the herd, or whether, having overslept itself, it is still snoring in its sty—a single glance determines whether she shall pass a yard or enter it; and if a pig, from indolence or greediness, be loitering on the road, the sting of the wasp cannot be sharper or more spiteful than the cut she gives it. As soon as, finishing with one street, she joins her General in the main road, the herd slowly proceed down the town.

On meeting them this morning they really appeared to have no hams at all; their bodies were as flat as if they had been squeezed in a vice; and when they turned sideways, their long sharp noses, and tucked-up bellies, gave to their profile the appearance of starved greyhounds.

As I gravely followed this grunting unearthly-looking herd of unclean spirits, through that low part of Langen-Schwalbach which is solely inhabited by Jews, I could not help fancying that I observed them holding their very breaths, as if a loathsome pea-

silence were passing ; for though fat pork be a wicked luxury—a forbidden pleasure which the Jew has been supposed occasionally in secret to indulge in—yet one may easily imagine that such very lean ugly pigs have not charms enough to lead them astray.

Besides the little girl who brought up the rear, the herd was preceded by a boy of about fourteen, whose duty it was not to let the foremost, the more enterprising, or, in other words, the most empty pigs, advance too fast. In the middle of the drove, surrounded like a shepherd by his flock, slowly stalked the "SCHWEIN-GENERAL," a wan, spectre-looking old man, worn out, or nearly so, by the arduous and every-day duty of conducting, against their wills, a gang of exactly the most obstinate animals in creation. A single glance at his jaundiced, ill-natured countenance was sufficient to satisfy one that his temper had been soured by the vexatious contrarieties and "untoward events" it had met with. In his left hand he held a staff to help himself onwards, while round his right shoulder hung one of the most terrific whips that could possibly be constructed. At the end of a short handle, turning upon a swivel, there was a lash about nine feet long, formed like the vertebræ of a snake, each joint being an iron ring, which, decreasing in size, was closely connected with its neighbor, by a band of hard greasy leather. The pliability, the weight, and the force of this iron whip rendered it an argument which the obstinacy even of the pig was unable to resist ; yet, as the old man proceeded down the town, he endeavored to speak kindly to the herd, and as the bulk of them preceded him, jostling each other, grumbling and grunting on their way, he occasionally exclaimed in a low, hollow, worn-out tone of encouragement, "Nina, Anina" (drawing of course very long on the last syllable).

If any little savory morsel caused a contention, stoppage, or constipation on the march, the old fellow slowly unwound his dreadful whip, and by merely whirling it round his head, like reading the Riot Act, he generally succeeded in dispersing the crowd ; but if they neglected this solemn warning, if their stomachs proved stronger than their judgment, and if the group of greedy pigs still continued to stagnate—"ARRIFF!" the old fellow exclaimed, and rushing forwards, the lash whirling round his head, he inflicted, with strength which no one could have fan-

cied he possessed, a smack that seemed absolutely to electrify the leader. As lightning shoots across the heavens, I observed the culprit fly forwards, and for many yards, continued to sidle towards the left, it was quite evident that the thorn was still smarting in his side; and no wonder, poor fellow! for the blow he received would almost have cut a piece out of a door.

As soon as the herd got out of the town they began gradually to ascend the rocky, barren mountain which appeared towering above them; and then the labors of the Schwein-general and his staff became greater than ever: for as the animals from their solid column began to extend or deploy themselves into line, it was necessary constantly to ascend and descend the slippery hill, in order to outflank them. "ARRIFF!" vociferated the old man, striding after one of his rebellious subjects; "Arriff!" in a shrill tone of voice, was re-echoed by the lad, as he ran after another: however, in due time, the drove reached the ground which was devoted for that day's exercise, the whole mountain being thus taken in regular succession.

The Schwein-general now halted, and the pigs being no longer called upon to advance, but being left entirely to their own notions, I became exceedingly anxious attentively to observe them.

No wonder, poor reflecting creatures! that they had come unwillingly to such a spot—for there appeared to be literally nothing for them to eat but hot stones and dust: however, making the best of the bargain, they all very vigorously set themselves to work. Looking up the hill, they dexterously began to lift up with their snouts the largest of the loose stones, and then grubbing their noses into the cool ground, I watched their proceedings for a very long time. Their tough wet snouts seemed to be sensible of the quality of everything they touched; and thus out of the apparently barren ground they managed to get fibres of roots, to say nothing of worms, beetles, or any other travelling insects they met with. As they slowly advanced working up the hill, their ears most philosophically shading their eyes from the hot sun, I could not help feeling how little we appreciate the delicacy of several of their senses, and the extreme acuteness of their instinct.

There exists perhaps in creation no animal which has less justice and more injustice done to him by man than the pig.

Gifted with every faculty of supplying himself, and of providing even against the approaching storm, which no creature is better capable of foretelling than a pig, we begin by putting an iron ring through the cartilage of the nose, and having thus barbarously deprived him of the power of searching for, and analyzing, his food, we generally condemn him for the rest of his life to solitary confinement in a sty.

While his faculties are still his own, only observe how, with a bark or snort, he starts if you approach him, and mark what shrewd intelligence there is in his bright twinkling little eye: but with pigs, as with mankind, idleness is the root of all evil. The poor animal finding that he has absolutely nothing to do—having no enjoyment,—nothing to look forward to but the pail which feeds him, naturally, most eagerly, or as we accuse him, most greedily, greets its arrival. Having no natural business or diversion—nothing to occupy his brain—the whole powers of his system are directed in the digestion of a superabundance of food. To encourage this, Nature assists him with sleep, which lulling his better faculties, leads his stomach to become the ruling power of his system—a tyrant that can bear no one's presence but his own. The poor pig, thus treated, gorges himself—sleeps—eats again—sleeps—awakens in a fright—screams—struggles against the blue apron—screams fainter and fainter—turns up the whites of his little eyes—and . . . . . dies!

It is probably from abhorring this picture, that I know of nothing which is more distressing to me than to witness an indolent man eating his own home-fed pork.

There is something so horribly similar between the life of the human being and that of his victim—their notions on all subjects are so unnaturally contracted—there is such a melancholy resemblance between the strutting residence in the village, and the stalking confinement of the sty—between the sound of the dinner-bell and the rattling of the pail—between snoring in the arm-chair and grunting in clean straw—that, when I contrast the “pig’s countenance” in the dish with that of his lord and master, who, with outstretched elbows, sits leaning over it, I own I always feel it is so hard the one should have killed the other—in short, there

is a sort of "Tu quoque, BEUTE!" moral in the picture, which to my mind is most painfully distressing.

But to return to the Schwein-general, whom, with his horn and whip, I have left on the steep side of a barren mountain.

In this situation do the pigs remain every morning for four hours, enjoying little else than air and exercise. At about nine or ten o'clock, they begin their march homewards, and nothing can form a greater contrast than their entry into their native town does to their exit from it.

Their eager anxiety to get to the dinner trough that awaits them is almost ungovernable; and they no sooner reach the first houses of the town, than a sort of "sauve qui peut" motion takes place: away each then starts towards his dulce domum; and it is really curious to stand still and watch how very quickly they canter by, greedily grunting and snuffling, as if they could smell with their stomachs, as well as their noses, the savory food which is awaiting them.

At half-past four, the same four notes of the same horn are heard again; the pigs once more assemble—once more tumble over the hot stones on the mountain—once more remain there for four hours—and in the evening once again return to their styes.

Such is the life of the pigs, not only of Langen-Schwalbach, but those of every village throughout a great part of Germany: every day of their existence, summer and winter, is spent in the way I have described. The squad consists here of about a hundred and fifty, and for each pig the poor old Schwein-general receives forty kreuzers (about 13d.) for six months' drilling of each recruit. His income, therefore, is about £20 a year, out of which he has to pay the board, lodging and clothing of his two aides-de-camp; and when one considers how unremittingly this poor fellow-creature has to contend with the gross appetites, sulky tempers, and pig-headed dispositions of the swinish multitude, surely not even the most niggardly reformer would wish to curtail his emoluments.

## THE LUTHERAN CHAPEL.

I HAVE just come from the little Lutheran chapel, and while the picture is fresh before my mind, I will endeavor to describe it.

On entering the church, the service I found had begun, and the first thing that struck me was, that the pulpit was empty, there being no minister of any sort or kind to be seen! The congregation was chanting a psalm to very much the same sort of drawling tune which one hears in England; yet the difference in their performance is very remarkable. As all were singing about as loud as they could, the chorus was certainly too much for the church: indeed, the sound had not only filled its walls, but streaming out of the doors and every aperture, it had rolled down the main street, where I had met it long before I reached the church. Yet, though it was certainly administered in too strong a dose, it was impossible to help acknowledging that it proceeded from a peasantry who had a gift or natural notion of music, quite superior to anything one meets with in an English village, or even in a London church. The song was simple, and the lungs from which it proceeded were too stout; yet there was nothing to offend the ear; in short, there were no bad faults to eradicate—no nasal whine—no vulgar tremulous mixture of two notes—no awkward attempts at musical finery—but in every bar there was tune and melody, and, with apparently no one to guide them, these native musicians proceeded with their psalm in perfect harmony and concert.

As this singing lasted nearly twenty minutes, I had plenty of time to look about me. The church, which, with its little spire, stands on a gentle eminence above the houses of the main street, is a small oblong building of four windows in length by two in



breadth; the glass in those recesses being composed of round, plain, unpainted panes, about the size of a common tea-saucer. The inside of the building is white-washed: a gallery of unpainted wood, supported by posts very rudely hewn, going nearly round three sides of it. There were no pews, but rows of benches occupied about three-fourths of the body of the church: the remaining quarter (which was opposite to the principal entrance-door) being elevated three steps above the rest. At the back of this little platform, leaning against the wall, there was a pulpit containing only one reading-desk, and above it a sounding-board, surmounted by a gilt image of the sun—the only ornament in the church. In front of the pulpit, between it and the congregation, I observed a small, high, oblong table, covered with a plain white table-cloth, and on the right and left of the pulpit there existed an odd-looking pew, latticed so closely that no one could see at all perfectly through it.

The three galleries were occupied by men dressed all alike in the common blue cloth Sunday clothes of the country. The benches beneath were filled with women; and as I glanced an eye from one row to another, it was impossible to help regretting the sad progress, or rather devastation, which fashion is making in the national costume even of the little village of Langen-Schwalbach. Three benches nearest to the door were filled with women all dressed in the old genuine "buy a broom" costume of this country—their odd little white caps—their open stays—and their fully-plaited short petticoats seeming to have been cast in one model; in short, they were clad in the native livery of their hills. Next to these were seated four rows of women and girls, who, nibbling at novelty, had ventured to exchange the caps of their female ancestors for plain horn combs; over their stays some had put cotton gowns, the colored patterns of which seemed to be vulgarly quarrelling among each other for precedence. Next came a row of women in caps, frilled and bedizened.

The Langen-Schwalbach ladies, who occupied the other two benches, and who were seated behind a row of boys immediately before the white table, had absolutely ventured to put on their heads bonnets with artificial flowers, &c.; in short, they had rigged themselves out as fine ladies—wore gloves—tight shoes—

blew their noses with handkerchiefs, evidently conceiving themselves (as indeed they were) fit for London, Paris, or any other brilliant speck in the fashionable world.

As soon as the singing was over, a dead pause ensued, which lasted for many seconds, and I was wondering from what part of the chapel the next human voice would proceed, when very indistinctly I saw something moving in one of the latticed pews—slowly it glided towards the stair of the pulpit, until, mounting above the lattice-work, the uncertain vision changed into a remarkably tall, portly gentleman in black, who was now clearly seen leisurely ascending towards the pulpit, on the right of which hung a large black slate, on which were written, in white chalk, the numbers 414 and 309.

As soon as the clergyman had very gravely glanced his eyes round the whole church, as if to recognize his congregation, he slowly, syllable by syllable, began an extempore address; and the first words had scarcely left his lips when I could not help feeling that I was listening to the deepest, the gravest, and the most impressive voice I ever remember to have heard. But the whole appearance and manner of the man quite surprised me, so completely superior was he to anything I had at all expected to have met with. Indeed, for many minutes, I had given up all hopes of hearing any clergyman at all; certainly not one whose every look, word and action seemed to proceed from the deepest thought and reflection. Dressed in a suit of common black clothes, he had apparently nothing to distinguish his holy vocation but the two white bands which are worn by our clergymen, and which appeared to be the only neckcloth he wore. In a loud calm tone of voice, which, perfectly devoid of energy, seemed to be directed not to the hearts but to the understanding of his hearers, he advocated a cause in which he evidently felt that he was triumphant; and the stillness of his attitude, the deep calmness of his voice, and the icy cold deliberation with which he spoke, proved that he was master not only of his subject, but of himself.

Every word he said was apparently visible in his eyes, as if reflected there from his brain. He stood neither entreating, commanding, nor forbidding; but like a man mathematically demonstrating a problem, he was, step by step, steadily laying before the

judgment of his readers truths and arguments which he well knew it was out of their power to deny. When he had reached his climax he suddenly changed his voice, and, apparently conscious of the victory he had gained, in a sort of half-deep tone he began to ask a series of questions, each of which was followed by a long pause ; and in these solemn moments, when his argument had gained its victory—when the fabric he had been raising was crowned with success—there was a benignity in the triumph of his unexpected smile, which I could not but admire, as the momentary joy seemed to arise more for the sake of others than for his own.

Occasionally during the discourse he raised a hand towards heaven—occasionally he firmly placed it on the bosom of his own dark cloth waistcoat, and then, slowly extending it towards his congregation, it fell again lifeless to his side ; yet these actions, trifling as they were, became very remarkable when contrasted with the motionless attention of the congregation.

At times, an old woman, with the knuckle of her shrivelled finger, would wipe an eye, as if the subject were stealing from her head to her heart ; but no show of feeling was apparent in the minister who was addressing her ; with apostolic dignity, he coldly proceeded with his argument, and amidst the storm, the tempest of her feelings, he calmly walked upon the wave ! Never did I before see a human being listened to with such statue-like attention.

As soon as the discourse was concluded, the psalm was given out—a general rustling of leaves was heard, and in a few moments the whole congregation began, with open barn-door mouths, to sing. During this operation the preacher did not sit up in his pulpit to be stared at, but his presence not being required there, he descended into his pew, where I could just faintly trace him through the lattice-work. Whether he sang or not I do not know ; he was probably resting after his fatigue.

The singing lasted a long time ; the tune and performance were much what I have already described, and when the psalm came to an end, the same dead pause ensued. It continued rather longer than before ; at last the front door of the lattice pew opened, and out walked the tall self-same clergyman in black.

As he slowly advanced along the little platform, there was a general rustling of the congregation shutting their books, until he stood directly in front of the little high table covered with the white cloth.

With the same pale, placid dignity of manner he pronounced a short blessing on the congregation, who all leant forwards, as if anxious to receive it, and then dropping his two arms, which, during this short ceremony, had been extended before him, he turned round, and as he slowly walked towards his latticed cell, the people all shuffled out the other way—until, in a few seconds, the small Lutheran chapel of Langen-Schwalbach was empty.

## THE NEW SCHOOL.

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ONE morning, during breakfast, I observed several little children passing my window in their best clothes. The boys wore a sort of green sash of oak-leaves, which, coming over the right shoulder, crossed the back and breast, and then winding once round the waist, hung in two ends on the left side. The girls, dressed in common white frocks, had roses in their hair, and held green garlands in their hands. On inquiring the reason of the children being dressed in this way, I found out, with some difficulty, that there was to be a great festival and procession, to celebrate the taking possession of a new school, which, built by the town, was only just completed. Accordingly, following some of the little ones down the main street, I passed this village seminary, whose first birth-day was thus about to be commemorated. It was a substantial building, consisting of a centre, with two square projecting wings, and it was quite large enough to be taken by any stranger for the Hotel de Ville of Langen-Schwalbach. Wreaths of oak-leaves were suspended in front, and long verdant garlands of the same tree hung in festoons from one wing to the other. It was impossible to contrast the size of this building with the small houses in its neighborhood, without feeling how creditable it was to the inhabitants of so small a town thus to show that a portion of the wealth they had mildly sucked from the stranger's purse was so sensibly and patriotically expended. The scale of the building seemed to indicate that the peasants of Langen-Schwalbach were liberal enough to desire that their children should grow up more enlightened than themselves ; and as I passed it, I could not help recollecting, with feelings of deep regret, that although in England there is no art or trade that has not made great improvement

and progress, the cramped pater-noster system of our public schools, as well as of our universities, have too long remained almost the only pools stagnant in the country, a fact which can scarcely be reconciled with the rapid progress which our lower orders have lately made in useful knowledge.

After passing this new seminary, I continued descending the main street about one hundred yards, which brought me to a small crowd of people, standing before the old school, into the door of which, creeping under the arms of the people, child after child hurried and disappeared, like a bee going into its hive.

The old school of Langen-Schwalbach is one of the most ancient buildings in the town. Its elevation is fantastic, bordering on the grotesque. The gable seems to be nodding forwards, the humpbacked roof to be sinking in. The wooden framework of the house, composed of beams purposely bent into almost every form, has besides been very curiously hewn and carved, and on the front wall, placed most irregularly, there are several inscriptions, such as "*Ora et labora*," "1552," and then again a sentence in German, dated 1643, describing that in that year the house was repaired. There is also a grotesque image on the wall, of a child hugging a cornucopia, &c., &c. Nevertheless, though all the parts of this ancient edifice are very rude there is "a method in the madness" with which they are arranged, that, somehow or other, makes the *tout ensemble* very pleasing; and whether it be admitted to be good-looking or not, its venerable appearance almost any one would be disposed to respect.

I observed that no one entered this door but the children. However, as in this simple, civil country great privileges are granted to strangers (for here, like kings, they can hardly do wrong), I ascended an old rattle-trap staircase, until, coming to a landing-place, I found one large room on my left crammed full of little boys, and one on my right overflowing with little girls, these two chambers composing the whole of the building.

On the landing-place I met the three masters, all dressed very respectably in black cloth clothes. The senior was about forty years of age, the two others quiet, nice-looking young men of about twenty-six, one of whom, to my very great astonishment, addressed me in English. He spoke the language very well, said

he could read it with ease, but added that he had great difficulty in understanding it, unless when spoken very slowly ; in short, as an enjoyment during the long-winded evenings of winter, he had actually taught himself our hissing, crabbed language, which he had only heard spoken by a solitary Englishman whose acquaintance he had formed last year.

He seemed not only to be well acquainted with our English Authors, but talked very sensibly about the institutions and establishments of our country ; in short, he evidently knew a great deal more of England than England knows of Langen-Schwalbach, of the duchy of Nassau, or of many much vaster portions of the globe. He informed me that the school was composed of 150 boys, and about the same number of girls ;—that of these 300 children 180 were Protestants,—90 Catholics ; and that since the year 1827, the town having agreed to admit to the blessings and advantages of education the children of the Jews, there were twenty little boys of that persuasion, and one girl. Having witnessed the prejudice, and indeed hatred, which Christians and Jews in many countries mutually entertain towards each other, I was not a little surprised at the statement thus related to me.

After listening for some time to the tutor, he offered to show me the children, and accordingly with some difficulty we worked our way into the boys' room. It was a pretty sight to witness such an assemblage of little fellows with clean shining faces, and their native oak-leaves gave a freshness to the scene which was very delightful.

Among these white-haired laddies, most of whom were from four to eight years of age, it was quite unnecessary to inquire which were the Jew boys, for there each stood, as distinctly marked as their race is all over the face of the globe ; yet I must acknowledge they were by far the handsomest children in the room, looking much more like Spaniards than Germans. The chamber full of little girls would have pleased anybody, so nicely were they dressed, and apparently so well-behaved. Several were exceedingly pretty children, and the garlands they held in their hands, the wreaths of roses which bloomed on their heads, and the smiles that beamed on their faces, formed as pretty a mixture of the animal and vegetable creation as could well be imagined.

In one corner stood the only Jewish girl in the room, and Rebecca herself could not have had a handsomer nose, a pair of brighter eyes, or a more marked expression of countenance. She was more richly dressed than the other village girls—wore a necklace, and I observed a thick gold or brass ring on the forefinger of her left hand. We went several times from one room full of children to the other; and it was really pleasing to see in a state of such thoughtless innocence those who were to become the future possessors of the houses and property of Langen-Schwalbach. All of a sudden, a signal was given to the children to descend, and it became then quite as much as the three masters could do to make them go out of the room hand-in-hand. Down scrambled first the boys, and then more quietly followed the little girls, though not without one or two screams proceeding from those who in their hurry had dropped their garlands. One of these green hoops I picked up, and seeing a little girl crying her heart out, I gave it to her, and no balm of Gilead ever worked so sudden a cure, for away she ran, and joined her comrades, laughing.

As soon as the children had all left the two rooms, the three masters descended, and we followed them into the street, where the civil authorities of the town, and almost all the parents of the little ones, had assembled. With great difficulty the children were all collected together in a group, in the open air, exactly in front of the school; and when this arrangement was effected, the mayor, two Catholic ministers, two Protestant clergymen, and the three masters, stood exactly in front of the children, facing also the house from which they had proceeded. For some time, the masters and the four Christian ministers stood smiling and talking to each other; however, at last the mayor made a bow, everybody took off their hats, the ministers' countenances stiffened, and for a few seconds a dead silence ensued. At last the mayor with due ceremony took off his hat, when the youngest of the Lutheran ministers, advancing one step in front, commenced a long address to the children.

What he said I was not near enough to hear; but I saw constantly beaming in his countenance that sort of benevolent smile, which would be natural almost to any one, in addressing so very



youthful a congregation. Occasionally he pointed with his hand to heaven, and then, continuing his subject, smiled as if to cheer them on the way ; but the little toads, instead of attending to him, were all apparently eager to get to their fine new school, and with roses on their heads, and garlands in their hands, they seemed as if they did not feel that they stood in need of a routing dose of good advice ; in short, not one of them appeared to pay the slightest attention to a discourse which could not but have been very interesting to the parents. However, in one respect, I must own I was slightly disappointed ; the burden of the discourse must have been on the duties and future prospects of the children, and on the honors and advantages of the new school ; for I particularly remarked that not once did the clergyman point or address himself to the old building—not a single eye but my own was ever turned towards it, and none but myself seemed to feel for it any regret that it was about to lose a village importance which for so many years it had enjoyed. It was sentenced to be deserted, and walls which had long been enlivened by the cheerful sound of youthful voices, were in their old age suddenly to be bereft of all !

I could not help feeling for the old institution, and when the discourse was ended—when hats had returned to people's heads, and when the procession of children, followed by the ministers, had already begun to move, I could not for some time take my eyes off the old fabric. The date 1552, and the rude-looking image of the boy, particularly attracted my attention ; however, the old hive was deserted,—the bees had swarmed—had already hovered in the air, and to their new abode they had all flown away. Jostled from my position by people who were following the procession, I proceeded onwards with the crowd, but not without mumbling to myself—

Let others hail the rising sun,  
I bow to him whose course is run.

As soon as the children reached their fine new abode, a band, which had been awaiting their arrival, struck up ; and in the open air they instantly sung a hymn. The doors were then thrown open, and in high glee the little creatures scrambled up the staircase, and the mayor, clergyman, and school-masters

having followed, a great rush was made by parents and spectators. I managed to gain a good place, but in very few moments the room was filled, and so jammed up with people, that they could scarcely raise their hands to wipe the perspiration which soon began to appear very copiously on all faces. It became dreadfully hot, and besides suffering from this cause, I felt by no means happy at a calculation which very unwelcomely kept forcing itself into my mind—namely, that the immense weight of human flesh which was for the first time trying new beams, might produce a consummation by no means “devoutly to be wished.”

As soon as order was established, and silence obtained, the Catholic minister addressed the children; and when he had finished, the tall Lutheran clergyman, whose description I have already given to the reader, followed in his deepest tone, and with his gravest demeanor; but it was all lost upon the children: indeed it was so hot, and we were so little at our ease, that all were very glad, indeed, to hear him conclude by the word “Amen!”

The children now sang another hymn, which, in a cooler climate, would have been quite beautiful; the mayor made a bow—the thing was at an end, and I believe every one was as much delighted as myself to get once again into pure fresh air.

As I had been told by the teacher that the children would dance and eat in the evening, at four o'clock, I went to the school at that hour, expecting that there would be what in England would be called “a ball and supper;” however, the supper had come first, and the remains of it were on two long tables. The feast which the little ones had been enjoying had consisted of a slice of white bread and a glass of Rhenish wine for each; and, as soon as I entered the room, two policemen bowed and begged me to be seated. They and their friends were evidently regaling themselves with the wine which had been furnished for the children; however, the little creatures did not seem to want it, and I was very glad to see it inflaming the eyes of the old party, and flushing their cheeks, instead of having a similar effect on the young ones.

It had been settled that the children were to dance; but they

were much too young to care for such an amusement. The little boys had got together at one end of the room, and the girls were sitting laughing at the other, both groups being as happily independent as it was possible to be. Sometimes the boys amused themselves with a singing game—one chanting a line, and all the rest bursting in with the chorus, which, though it contained nearly as much laughter as music, showed that the youngsters were well enough conversant with both. The girls had also their song. As I left the room, several of the children were singing on the stairs—all were as happy as I had desired to see them; and yet I firmly believe that the whole festival I have described,—oak-leaves, roses, garlands, festoons, bread, wine, &c., altogether,—could not have cost the town of Langen-Schwalbach ten shillings! Nevertheless, in its history, the opening of a public establishment so useful to future generations, and so creditable to the present one, was an event of no inconsiderable importance.

## THE OLD PROTESTANT CHURCH.

THE old Protestant Church, at the lower extremity of Langen-Schwalbach, has not been preached in for about three years ; and it being locked up, I had to call for admission at a house in the centre of the town. The man was not at home, but his wife (very busily employed in dressing, against its will, a squalling infant) pointed to the key, which I gravely took from a nail over her head. This venerable building stands, or rather totters, on a small eminence close to the road—long rents in its walls, and the ruinous, decayed state of the mortar, sufficiently denoting its great antiquity. The roof and spires are still covered with slates, which seem fluttering as if about to take their departure. The churchyard continues in the valley to be the only Christian receptacle for the dead ; and within its narrow limits, Catholics, Lutherans, and Calvinists end their worldly differences by soundly sleeping together, side by side. Here and there a tree is seen standing at the head of a Protestant's grave ; but, though the twig was exclusively planted there, yet its branches, like knowledge, have gradually extended themselves, until they now wave and droop alike over those who, thus joined in death, had, nevertheless, lived in paltry opposition to each other. The rank grass also grows with equal luxuriance over all, as if the turf, like the trees, was anxious to level all human animosities, and to become the winding-sheet or covering of Christian fraternities which ought never to have disputed.

In various parts of the cemetery I observed several worn-out, wooden, triangular monuments on the totter ; while others were lying prostrate on the grass—the “*hic jacet*” being exactly as applicable to each of themselves as to that departed being,

whose life and death they had vainly presumed to commemorate. Although the inscriptions recorded by these frail historians were scarcely legible, yet roses and annual flowers, blooming on the grave, plainly showed that there was still in existence some friendly hand, some foot, some heart, that moved with kindly recollection towards the dead. Upon several recent graves of children there were placed, instead of tombstones, the wreaths of artificial flowers, which during their funeral had either rested upon the coffin, or had been carried in the hands of parents and friends. The sun and rain—the wind and storm—had blanched the artificial bloom from the red roses, and, of course, had sullied the purity of the white ones; yet this worthless finery, lying upon the newly-moved earth, had probably witnessed unaffected feelings, to which the cold, white marble monument is often a stranger. The little heap of perishable wreaths, so lightly piled one upon the other, was the act, the tribute, the effusion of the moment: it was all the mother had had to record her feelings; it was what she had left behind her, as she tore herself away; and though it could not, I own, be compared to an expensive monument sculptured by an artist, yet, resting above the coffin, it had one intrinsic value—at least, it had been left there by a friend!

At one corner of the churchyard, there was a grave which was only just completed. The living laborer had retired from it; the dead tenant had not yet arrived; but the moment I looked into it, I could not help feeling how any one of our body-snatchers would have rubbed his rough hands, and what rude raptures he would have enjoyed, at observing that the lid of the coffin would be deposited scarcely a foot and a half below the sod. However, in the little duchy of Nassau, human corpses have not yet become coin current in the realm; and whatever may be a man's troubles during his life, at Langen-Schwalbach he may truly say he will, at least, find rest in the grave.

I know it is very wrong—I know that one is always blamed for bringing before the mind of wealthy people any truth which is at all disagreeable to them; yet on the brink of this grave I could not help feeling how very much one ought to detest the polite Paris and London fashion of smartening up us old people with the teeth and hair of the dead! It always seems to me so unfair, for

us who have *had* our day—who have ourselves *been* young—to attempt, when we grow old, to deprive the rising generation of the advantage of that contrast which so naturally enhances their beauties. The spring of life, to be justly appreciated and admired, requires to be compared with the snow and storms of winter, and if by chicanery you hide the latter, the sunshine of the former loses a great portion of its beauty. In naked, savage life, there exists no picture on which I have so repeatedly gazed with calm pleasure, as that of the daughter supporting the trembling, dilapidated fabric of the being to whom she owes her birth ; indeed, it is as impossible for man to withhold the respect and pity which is due to age whenever it be seen laboring under its real infirmities, as it is for him to contain his admiration of the natural loveliness of youth. The parent and child, thus contrasted, render to each other services of which both appear to be insensible ; for the mother does not seem aware how the shattered outlines of her faded frame heighten the robust, blooming beauties of her child, who, in her turn, seems equally unconscious how beautifully and eloquently her figure explains and pleads for the helpless decrepitude of age ! In the Babel confusion of our fashionable world, this beautifully arranged contrast of nature, the effect of which no one who has ever seen it can forget, does not exist. Before the hair has grown really grey—before time has imparted to it even its autumnal tint, it is artfully replaced by dark flowing locks, obtained by every revolting contrivance. The grave itself is attacked—our living dowagers of the present day do not hesitate to borrow their youthful ornaments even from the dead—and to such a horrid extreme has fashion encouraged this unnatural propensity, that even the carcase of the soldier, who has fallen in a foreign land, and who,

— leaving in battle no blot on his name,  
Looks proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame,—

has not been respected !

One would think that the ribands and honors on his breast, flapping in the wind, would have scared even the vulture from such prey ; but no ! the orders which the London dentist has re-

ceived must, he pleads, be punctually executed; and it is a revolting fact, but too well known to "the trade," that many, and many, and many a set of teeth which bit the dust of Waterloo, by an untimely resurrection appeared again on earth, smiling lasciviously at Almacks' ball! So much for what is termed FASHION.

After rambling about the churchyard for some minutes, occasionally spelling at an inscription, and sometimes looking at (not picking) a sepulchral flower, I walked to the church-door, and turning round its old-fashioned key, which ever since I had received it had been dangling in my hand, the lock started back, and then, as if I had said "Open, Sesame!" the door opened.

On looking before me, my first impression was that my head was swimming! for the old gallery, hanging like the gardens of Babylon, seemed to be writhing; the four-and-twenty pews were leaning sideways; the aisle, or approach to the altar, covered with heaps of rubbish, was an undulating line, and an immense sepulchral flag-stone had actually been lifted up at one side, as if the corpse, finding the church deserted, had restlessly burst from his grave, and had wrenched himself once again into daylight. The pulpit was out of its perpendicular; some pictures, loosely hanging against the wall, had turned away their faces; and a couple of planks were resting diagonally against the altar, as if they had fallen from the roof. I really rubbed my eyes, fancying that they were disordered; however, the confusion I witnessed was real, and as nearly as possible as I have described it. Still, however, there was no dampness in the church, and it was, I thought, a remarkable proof of the dryness of the light mountain air of Langen-Schwalbach, that the sepulchral wreaths of artificial flowers which were hanging around on the walls were as starched and as stiff as on the day they were placed there.

A piece of dingy black cloth, with narrow white fringe, was the only ornament to the pulpit, from which both book and minister had so long departed. The thing was altogether on the totter; yet when I reflected what little harm it had done in the world, and how much good, I could not help acknowledging that respect was justly due to its old age, and that, even by the stranger, it ought to be regarded with sentiments of veneration. In gazing at monuments of antiquity, one of the most natural pleasures

which the mind enjoys is being by them fancifully transported to the scenes which they so clearly commemorate. The Roman amphitheatre becomes filled with gladiators and spectators ;—the streets of Pompeii are seen again thronged with people ;—the Grecian temple is ornamented with the votive offerings of heroes and of senators ;—even the putrid marsh of Marathon teems with noble recollections ; while at home, on the battlements of our old English castles, we easily figure to ourselves barons proud of their deeds, and sturdy vassals in armor faithfully devoted to their service ; in short, while beholding such scenes, the heart glows, until, by its feverish heat, feelings are produced to which no one can be completely insensible : however, when we awaken from this delightful dream, it is difficult, indeed impossible, to drive away the painful moral which, sooner or later in the day, proves to us much too clearly, that these ruins have outlived, and, in fact, commemorate, the errors, the passions, and the prejudices which caused them to be built.

But after looking up at the plain, unassuming pulpit of an old Lutheran church, one feels, long after one has left it, that all that has proceeded from its simple desk has been to promulgate peace, good-will, and happiness among mankind ; and though, in its old age, it be now deserted, yet no one can deny that the seeds which, in various directions, it has scattered before the wind, are not only vigorously flourishing in the little valley in which it stands, but must continue there and elsewhere to produce effects which time itself can scarcely annihilate.

Turning towards the altar, I was looking at pictures of the twelve apostles, who, like sentinels at their posts, were in various attitudes surrounding it, when *à propos* to nothing, the great clock in the belfry struck four, and so little did I expect to hear any noise at all, that I could not help starting at being thus suddenly reminded that the watch was still ticking in the fob of the dead soldier—in short, that that clock was still faithfully pointing out the progress of time, though the church to which it belonged had already, practically speaking, terminated its existence ! Never did I before listen to four vibrations of an old church clock with more reverential attention : however, at each stroke involuntarily looking upwards, I did not altogether enjoy the sight of some loose



rafters which were hanging over my head. I therefore very quietly moved onwards, yet, passing a small door, I could not resist clambering up an old well-staircase which led to the belfry; not, however, until I had calculated that, as the building could bear the bells, my weight was not likely to turn the scale. I did not, however, feel disposed to reach the bells, but managed, through a rent in the wall, to look down on the roof, and such a scene of devastation it would be difficult to describe. The half-mouldered slates had not only been ripped away by the wind in every direction, but the remainder appeared as if they were just ready to follow in the flight. The roof was bending in, and altogether it looked so completely on the totter, that the slightest additional weight would have brought everything to the ground. After descending, I went once more round the church, opened some of the old latticed pews—peeped into the marble font, which was half-filled with decayed mortar—took up a bird's nest that had fallen into the chancel from the roof,—and strolling towards the altar, I found there a small board covered with white pasteboard, and ornamented with a garland of roses. On this simple tablet were inscribed, in black letters, the names of the little band of Langen-Schwalbachians who had been present in the great campaign of 1815; and in case the reader should like to know not only who were the heroes of so remote a valley, but also what sort of names they possessed, I offer him a copy of the muster-roll of those thus distinguished for having served their native country, which the German language emphatically calls, "Vaterland."—

|                   |                  |                   |
|-------------------|------------------|-------------------|
| Dem. Verdientfeer | Eberhard Hofman  | Eberhard Rucker   |
| Conrad Blies      | Wilhelm Koch     | Casper Schenk     |
| Adam Buslach      | Philipp Kraus    | Philipp Singhoff  |
| Ludwig Diefenbach | Adam Klenig      | Johannes Sartor   |
| Martin Eschenever | Christop Lindle  | Ferdinand Wensel. |
| Philipp Hoenig    | Ludwig Liedebach |                   |

Having carefully locked up the old church with all the relics it contained, descending the steps of the eminence on which it stood, I once more found myself in the street among fellow-creatures.

The new Protestant church, which is very shortly to be built,

and to which the bells of this old one, if possible, are to be removed, will be in the centre of the town; but this site, though more convenient, will not, I think, be so picturesque as that of the old building, which, with the Catholic church at the other extremity of the town, seem to be the alpha and omega—the beginning and the end of Langen-Schwalbach. From the surrounding hills, as the eye glances from the one of these old buildings to the other, they appear to be the good Genii of the town—two guardian angels to watch over the welfare of its people here and hereafter.

## THE JEWISH SYNAGOGUE.

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THE low part of Langen-Schwalbach, where the Jews live, is the most ancient portion of the town, the houses they inhabit being just above and below the great original brunnen or fountain, which, as I have stated, was celebrated for its medicinal properties even in the time of the Romans. This immense spring, which rises within a foot and a half of the surface of the ground (being then carried away by a subterranean drain), is two or three times as large as the Stahl brunnen, the Wein brunnen, or the fashionable Pauline. It contains very little iron, being principally sulphureous. From the violence with which it rises from the rock, the water is apparently constantly boiling, and such a suffocating gas arises from it, that, as at the Grotto del Cane, at Naples, one single inhalation would be nearly sufficient to deprive a person of his senses. Besides being strongly impregnated with this gas, it has also such an unearthly taste, that one almost fancies it must flow direct from the cellar of his Satanic majesty. Still, however, the Jews constantly drink, cook, and even wash with this water; however, being below the surface, it is necessary for them to stoop into the suffocating vapor whenever they fill their pitchers; and as one sees Jewess after Jewess dipping her dark greasy head into this infernal caldron, holding her breath, and then suddenly raising her head, with a momentary paleness and an aspiration which sufficiently explain her sensations, one feels anything but sympathy for a being who can voluntarily flutter in such a fetid climate.

With sentiments, I fear, not very liberal, I stood for many minutes looking at those who came to fill their pitchers; at last, rather a better feeling shooting across me, I resolved once more

to make a trial of water on which so many of my fellow-creatures seemed to subsist, and I accordingly dipped my hand into a large washing-tub which an old Jewess had half suffocated herself in filling with her pitcher. The woman offered me no sign or word of disrespect, but I saw her cast a withering look at the water, as if a cup of poison had been poured into it: she continued, however, very quietly to fill her other tubs; but after I had walked away, turning suddenly round for a moment, I saw her upset the tub from which I had drank, her lips muttering at the same time some short observation to a sister Jewess standing beside her. ~

I could not, however, help acknowledging that her prejudice was not more illiberal, and certainly far more excusable, than my own; and as I had determined to attend that evening the Jewish synagogue, in the mean while I did what I could to bring my mind to a proper state of feeling towards a people whose form of worship I was desirous seriously to witness.

Never had I before chanced to enter a synagogue; yet, when I had reflected on the singular history of the Jews, I had often concluded that there must be some strange, unaccountable attraction, something inexplicably mysterious in their form of worship which could have induced them to brave the persecutions that in all ages, and in so many countries, had traced out their history in letters of blood.

Full of curiosity, I had therefore inquired at what hour on Friday their church would assemble, and being told that they would meet "as soon as the stars were visible," I walked towards the synagogue, a few minutes after sunset, and in every Jewish house I observed, as I passed it, seven candles burning in a circle. The house of worship was a small oblong hovel, not unlike a barn. The door was open, but no human being appeared within, excepting a man over whose shoulders there was thrown a piece of common brown sack-cloth. This personage, who turned out to be the priest, stood before a sort of altar; and, just as careless of it as of us, he stood bowing to it incessantly. There being not much to see in these vibrations, I walked away, and returning in about five minutes, I found the congregation had suddenly assembled, and the service begun.

In the course of my life, like most people, I have chanced to witness a great variety of forms of worship, several of which it would not be very easy to describe. For instance, it would be difficult, or rather impossible, to delineate, by words, high mass, as performed in the great church of St. Peter, at Rome. One might, indeed, fully describe any part of it, but the silence of one moment, the burst of music at another, the immensity of the building, and the assembled congregation, produce altogether sensations on the eye and ear which the goose-quill has not power to impart. Again, to the simple homage which a Peruvian Indian pays to the sun no man could do justice ; one might describe his attitude as he prostrates himself before what he conceives to be the burning ruler of the universe, but the fleeting expressions of his supplicating countenance, as it trembles—hopes—flushes—and then, with eyes dazzled to dimness, trembles again,—may be witnessed, but cannot be described. One of the wildest forms of worship I ever beheld was, perhaps, the dance of the Dervishes, at Athens ; for there is a sort of enthusiasm in the convulsions into which these twelve men throw themselves, which has a most indescribable effect on those who witness it : it is madness,—yet it is a tempest of the mind within the range of which no man's senses can live unruffled ;—the strongest judgment bends before the gale, and insensibly are the feelings led astray by conduct, actions, words, grimaces, and contortions, which, taken altogether, are indescribable.

But although these and many other forms of worship may be original pictures which cannot be copied, yet I think a child of about ten years of age, if he could only hold a pen, might give a reader as good a notion of Langen-Schwalbach synagogue, as if he had been there himself a thousand times ; for all the poor child would have to do would be to beg him to imagine a small dirty barn, swarming with fleas, filled with dirty looking men in dirty dresses, with old hats on their heads, spitting—hallooing—reading—bowing—hallooing louder than ever—scratching themselves as they leave the synagogue,—and then calmly walking home to their seven candles !

To any serious, reflecting mind, all religions, to a certain point, are worthy of respect. It is true, all cannot be right, yet the

errors are those which fellow-creatures need not dispute among each other ; he who has the happiness to go right has no just cause to be offended with those who unfortunately have mistaken their course ; and however men's political opinions may radiate from each other, yet their zeal for religion is at least one tie which ought to connect them together. However, the Jews of Langen-Schwalbach, so far as a spectator can judge by their behavior, do not even pretend to be zealous in their cause. There is no pretence of feeling,—no attempt either at humbug or effect. They perform their services as if, having made a regular bargain to receive certain blessings for hallooing a certain time, they conceived that all they had to do was scrupulously to perform their part of the contract, that there was no occasion to exceed their agreement, or give more than was absolutely required by the bond.

As I stood just within the door of the synagogue, listening to their rude, uncouth, noisy worship, almost every eye was turned upon me, and the expression of many of the countenances was so ill-favored, that I very soon left them, though I had even then a long way to walk before I ceased to hear the strange wild hulla-bulloo they were making.

## THE HARVEST.

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ALL this day I have been strolling about the fields, watching the getting in of the harvest. The crops of oats, rye, and wheat (principally bearded), are much heavier than any one would expect from such light and apparently poor land; but the heavy dews which characterize the summer climate of this high country impart a nourishment, which in richer lands often lies dormant from drought. In Nassau, the corn is cut principally by women, who use a sickle so very small and light, that it seems but little labor to wield it. They begin early in the morning, and with short intervals of rest continue till eleven o'clock, when the various village bells suddenly strike up a merry peal, which is a signal to the laborers to come home to their dinners. It is a very interesting scene to observe, over the undulating surface of the whole country, groups of peasants, brothers, sisters, parents, &c., all bending to their sickles—to see children playing round infants lying fast asleep on blue smock-frocks placed under the shade of the corn sheaves. It is pleasing to remark the rapid progress which the several parties are making; how each little family, attacking its own patch or property, works its way into the standing corn, leaving the golden crop prostrate behind them: and then, in the middle of this simple, rural, busy scene, it is delightful indeed to hear from the belfry of their much-revered churches a peal of cheerful notes, which peacefully sound “lullaby” to them all. In a very few seconds the square fields and little oblong plots are deserted, and then the various roads and paths of the country suddenly burst in lines upon the attention, each being delineated by a string of peasants, who are straggling one behind the other, until paths in all directions are seen converging towards

the parental village churches, which seem to be attracting them all.

As soon as each field of corn is cut, it is bound into sheaves, about the size they are in England : seven of these are then made to lean towards each other, and upon them all is placed a large sheaf reversed, the ears of which hanging downwards form a sort of thatch, which keeps this little stack dry until its owner has time to carry it to his home. It generally remains many days in this state, and after the harvest has been all cut, the country covered with these stacks resembles a vast encampment.

The carts and waggons used for carrying the corn are exceedingly well adapted to the country. Their particular characteristic is excessive lightness, and, indeed, were they heavy, it would be quite impossible for any cattle to draw them up and down the hills. Occasionally they are drawn by horses—often by small active oxen ; but cows more generally perform this duty, and with quite as much patience as their mistresses, at the same moment, are laboring before them at the sickle. The yoke or beam by which these cows are connected, is placed immediately behind their horns ; a little leather pillow is then laid upon their brow, over which passes a strap that firmly lashes their heads to the beam, and it is, therefore, against such soft cushions that the animals push to advance ; and thus linked together for life, by this sort of Siamese band, it is curious to observe them eating together, then by agreement raising their heads to swallow, then again standing motionless, chewing the cud, which is seen passing and repassing from the stomach to the mouth.

At first, when, standing near them, I smelt from their breath the sweet fresh milk, it seemed hard that they should thus be, as it were, domestic candles, lighted at both ends : however, verily do I believe that all animals prefer exercise, nay, even hard work, to any sort of confinement, and if so, they are certainly happier than our stall-fed cows, many of which, in certain parts of Britain, may be seen with their heads fixed economically for months between two vertical beams of wood. The Nassau cows certainly do not seem to suffer while working in their light carts ; as soon as their mistress advances they follow her, and if she turns and whips



them, then do they seem to hurry after her more eagerly than ever.

It is true hard labor has the effect of impoverishing their milk, and the calf at home is consequently (so far as it is concerned) a loser by the bargain ; however, there is no child in the peasant's family who has not had cause to make the same complaint ; and, therefore, so long as the laborer's wife carries her infant to the harvest, the milch cow may very fairly be required to draw to the hovel what has been cut by her hands.

Nothing can be better adapted to the features of the country, nothing can better accord with the feeble resources of its inhabitants, than the equipment of these economical waggons and carts : the cows and oxen can ascend any of the hills, or descend into any of the valleys ; they can, without slipping, go sideways along the face of the hills, and in crossing the green swampy grassy ravines, I particularly remarked the advantage of the light waggon drawn by animals with cloven feet, for had one of our heavy teams attempted the passage, like a set of flies walking across a plate of treacle, they would soon have become unable to extricate even themselves. But in making the comparison between the horse and the cow (as far as regards Nassau husbandry), I may further observe, that the former has a very expensive appetite, and wears very expensive shoes ; as soon as he becomes lame he is useless, and as soon as he is dead he is carrion. Now a placid, patient Langen-Schwalbach cow, in the bloom of her youth, costs only two or three pounds ; she requires neither corn nor shoeing ; the leaves of the forest, drawn by herself to the village, form her bed, which in due time she carries out to the field as manure : there is nothing a light cart can carry which she is not ready to fetch, and from her work she cheerfully returns to her home to give milk, cream, butter, and cheese to the establishment : at her death she is still worth eleven kreuzers a pound as beef ; and when her flesh has disappeared, her bones, after being ground at the mill, once again appear upon her master's fields, to cheer, manure, and enrich them.

As, quite in love with cows, I was returning from the harvest, I met the Nassau letter-cart, one of the cheapest carriages for its purpose that can well be conceived. It consists of a pair of high

wheels connected by a short axle, upon which are riveted a few boards framed together in the form of a small shallow box ; in this little coffin the letter-bag is buried, and upon it, like a monument, sits a light boy dressed in the uniform of a Nassau postilion, who, with a trumpet in one hand, a long whip in the other, and the reins sporting loose under his feet, starts as if he deliberately meant mischief, intending to get well over his ground ; and there being scarcely any weight to carry, the horse really might proceed as a mail-coach horse ought to go ; but that horrible Punch and Judy trumpet upsets the whole arrangement, for as the thing is very heavy, the child soon takes two hands to it instead of one, when down goes the whip, and from that moment the picture, which promised to be a good one, is spoilt.

The letter-bag crawls, like a reptile, along the road, while the boy, amusing himself with his plaything, reminds one of those "nursery rhymes" which say,

And with rings on his fingers, and bells on his toes,  
We shall have music wherever he goes.

It is quite provoking to see a government carriage in its theory so simply imagined, and so cleverly adapted to its purpose, thus completely ruined in its practice. Music may be, and indeed is, very delightful in its way ; but a tune is one thing—speed another ; and it always seems to me a pity that the Duke of Nassau should allow these two substances to be so completely confounded in his dominions.

How admirably does the long tin horn of the guard of one of our mail-coaches perform its blunt duty !—a single blast is sufficient to remove the obstruction of an old gentleman in his gig—two are generally enough for a heavy cart—three for a waggon—and half-a-dozen, slowly and sternly applied, are always sufficient to awaken even the snoring keeper of a turnpike-gate—in short, to

Break his bands of sleep asunder,  
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.  
Hark ! hark ! the horrid sound  
Has raised up his head as awaked from the dead  
And amazed he stares round !

The gala turn-out of our mail-coaches on the King's birth-day, I always think must strike foreigners more than anything else in our country with the sterling solid integrity of the English character. To see so many well-bred horses in such magnificent condition—so many well-built carriages—so many excellent drivers, and such a corps of steady, quiet, resolute-looking men as guards, each wearing, as well as every coachman, the King's own livery—all this must silently point out, even to our most jealous enemies, not only the wealth of the country, but the firm basis on which it stands; in short, it must prove to them most undeniably, that there is no one thing in England which, throughout the land, is treated with so much universal attention and respect, as the honest, speedy, and safe delivery of the letters and commercial correspondence of the country. Nevertheless, if our English coachmen were to be allowed, instead of attending to their horses, to play on trumpets as they proceeded, we should, as in the Duchy of Nassau, soon pay very dearly for their music.

## THE SUNSET.

It had been hot all day—the roads had been dusty—the ground, as one trod upon it, had felt warm—the air was motionless—animal as well as vegetable life appeared weak and exhausted—Nature herself seemed parched and thirsty—the people on the promenade, as it got hotter and hotter, had walked slower and slower, until they were now crawling along as unwillingly as if they had been marching to their graves. The world, as if from apathy, was coming to a stand-still—Langen-Schwalbach itself appeared to be fainting away, when the evening sun, having rested for a moment on the western height, gradually vanished from our sight.

His red tyrannical rays had hardly left our pale abject faces, when all people suddenly revived; like a herd of fawning courtiers who had been kept trembling before their king, they felt that, left to themselves, they could now breathe, and think, and stamp their feet. Parasols, one after another, were shut up—the pedestrians on the promenade freshened their pace—even fat patients who had long been at anchor on the benches, began to show symptoms of getting under way—every leaf seemed suddenly to be enjoying the cool gentle breeze which was now felt stealing up the valley; until, in a very few minutes, everything in Nature was restored to life and enjoyment.

It was the hour for returning to my “Hof,” but the air as it blew into my window was so delightfully refreshing, and so irresistibly inviting, that I and my broad-brimmed hat went out *tête-à-tête* to enjoy it. As we passed the red pond of iron water, opposite to the great “Indian Hof,” which comes from the strong Stahl brunnen, having nothing to do, I lingered for some time

watching the horses that were brought there. After having toiled through the excessive heat of the day, any water would have been agreeable to them ; but the nice, cool, strengthening, effervescing mixture into which they were now led, seemed to be so exceedingly delightful, that they were scarcely up to their knees before they made a strong attempt to drink ; but the rule being that they should first half walk, half swim two or three times round the pond, this cleansing or ablution was no sooner over—the reins were no sooner loosened—when down went their heads into the red cooling pool ; and one had then only to look at the horses' eyes to appreciate their enjoyment. With the whole of their mouths and nostrils immersed, they seemed as if they fancied they could drink the pond dry ; however, the greedy force with which they held their heads down gradually relaxed, until, at last, up they were raised, with an aspiration which seemed to say, " We can hold no more !" In about ten seconds, however, their noses again dropped to the surface, but only to play with an element which seemed now to be useless—so completely had one single draught altered its current value ! As I stood at the edge of this pond, leaning over the rail, mentally participating with the horses in the luxury they were enjoying, a violent shower of rain came on ; yet, before I had hurried fifty yards for an umbrella, it had ceased. These little showers are exceedingly common amongst the hills of Nassau in the evenings of very hot days. From the power of the sun, the valleys during the day are filled brim-full with a steam, or exhalation, which no sooner loses its parent, the sun, than the cold condenses it ; and, then, like the tear on the cheek of a child that has suddenly missed its mother, down it falls in heavy drops, and the next instant—smiles again.

As the air was very agreeable, I wandered up the hilly road which leads to Bad-Ems ; and then, strolling into a field of corn, which had been just cut, I continued to climb the mountain, until, turning round, I found, as I expected, that I had attained just the sort of view I wanted ; but it would be impossible to describe to the reader the freshness of the scene. Beneath was the long scrambling village of Langen-Schwalbach, the slates of which absolutely blooming from the shower they had just received, looked so very clean and fresh, that for some time my eyes quite enjoyed

rambling from one roof to the next, and then glancing from one extremity of the town to the other; they had been looking at hot dazzling objects all day—I thought I never should be able to raise them from the cool blue wet slates. However, as the light rapidly faded, the landscape itself soon became equally refreshing, for the dry parched corn-fields assumed a richer hue, the green crops seemed bending under dew, and the whole picture, hills, town, and all, appeared so newly painted, that the colors from Nature's brush were too fresh to be dry. All of a sudden, majestically rolling up the valley, was seen a misty vapor, which at last reaching the houses, rolled from roof to roof, until it hovered over, or rather rested upon, the whole town; and this was no sooner the case than the slates seemed all to have vanished!

In vain I looked for them, for the cloud, exactly matching them in color, had so completely disguised them, that they formed nothing now but the base or foundation of the misty fabric which rested upon them. Instead of a blue village, Langen-Schwalbach now appeared to be a white one; for, the roofs no longer attracting attention, the shining walls burst into notice, and a serpentine line of glistening patches, nearly resembling a ridge of snow, clearly marked out the shape and limits of the town; but as, in this elevated country, there is little or no twilight, the features of the picture again rapidly faded, until even this white line was hardly to be seen; corn-fields could now scarcely be distinguished from green crops—all became dark—and the large forest on the south hills, as well as the small woods which are scattered on the heights, had so completely lost their color, that they appeared to be immense black pits or holes. In a short time everything beneath me was lost; and sitting on the ground, leaning against seven sheafs of corn piled up together, I was enjoying the sublime serenity, the mysterious uncertainty of the scene before me, when another very beautiful change took place!

I believe I have already told the reader that, besides myself, there were about 1200 strangers in the little village of Langen-Schwalbach. Of course every Hof was fully inhabited, and, as soon as darkness prevailed, the effect produced by each house being suddenly and almost simultaneously lighted up, was really quite romantic. In every direction, sometimes at the top of one

Hof, then at the bottom of another, lights burst into existence—the eye attracted, eagerly flew from one to another, until, from the number which burst into life, it became quite impossible to attend to each. The bottom of the valley, like the dancing of fire-flies, was sparkling in the most irregular succession; till, in a short time, this fantastic confusion vanished, and every room (there being no shutters) having its light, Langen-Schwalbach was once again restored to view—each house, and every story of each house, being now clearly defined by a regular and very pleasing illumination; and while, seated in utter darkness, I gazed at the gay sparkling scene before me, I could not help feeling that, of all the beautiful contrasts in Nature, there can be no one more vivid than the sudden change between darkness and light. How weary we should be of eternal sunshine!—how gloomy would it be to grope through one's life in utter darkness! and yet what loveliness do each of these, by contrast, impart to the other! On the heights above the village, how magnificent was the darkness after a hot sun-shining day; and then, again, how lovely was the twinkling even of tallow candles, when they suddenly burst upon this darkness! Yet it is with these two ingredients that Nature works up all her pictures; and, as Paganini's tunes all come out of two strings of cat-gut, and two of the entrails of a kitten, so do all the varieties which please our eyes proceed from a mixture in different proportions of light and shade; and indeed, in the moral world, it is the chiaro-oscuro, the brightness and darkness of which alone form the happiness of our existence. What would prosperity be, if there was no such sorrow as adversity? what would health be, if sickness did not exist? and what would be the smile of an approving conscience, if there was not the torment of repentance writhing under guilt? But I will persecute the reader no longer with the reflections which occurred to me, as I sat in a wheat-field, gazing on the lights of Langen-Schwalbach. Good or bad, they managed to please me; however, after remaining in darkness, till it became much colder than was agreeable, I wandered back to my Hof, entered my dormitory, and my grey head having there found its pillow, as I extinguished my candle, I mumbled to myself—"There goes one of the tallow stars of Langen-Schwalbach!—Sic transit gloria mundi!"

I was lying prostrate, still awake—and (there being no shutters to the window at the foot of the bed) I was looking at some oddly-shaped, tall, acute-angled, slated roofs, glistening in the light of the round full moon, which was hanging immediately above them. The scene was delightfully silent and serene. Occasionally I faintly heard a distant footstep approaching, until treading heavily under the window, its sound gradually diminished, and all again was silent. Sometimes a cloud passing slowly across the moon would veil the roofs in darkness; and then, again, they would suddenly burst upon the eye, in silvery light, shining brighter than ever. As, somewhat fatigued, I lay half enjoying this scene, and half dozing, I suddenly heard, apparently close to me, the scream of a woman, which really quite electrified me!

On listening, it was repeated, when jumping out of bed and opening the door, I heard it again proceeding from a room at the distant end of the passage; and such was the violence of its tone, that my impression was—"the lady's room is on fire!"

There is something in the piercing shriek of a woman in distress which produces an irresistible effect on the featherless biped, called man; and, in rushing to her assistance, he performs no duty—he exercises no virtue—but merely obeys an instinctive impulse which has been benevolently imparted to him—not for his own good, but for the safety and protection of a weaker and a better sex.

But although this feeling exists so powerfully "*chez nous*," yet it has not by nature been imparted to commonplace garments; such as coats, black-figured waistcoats, rusty knee-breeches, nor even to easy shoes, blue-worsted stockings or such like; and, therefore, while, by an irresistible attraction which I could not possibly counteract, obeying the mysterious impulse of my nature, I rushed along the passage, these base unchivalric garments remained coldly dangling over the back of a chair: in short, I followed the laws of my nature—they, theirs.

With some difficulty, having succeeded in bursting open the door just as a fifth shriek was repeated, I rushed in, and there, sitting up in her bed—her soft arms most anxiously extended towards me—her countenance expressing an agony of fear—sat



a young lady, by no means ill-favored, and aged (as nearly as I could hastily calculate) about twenty-one!

Almost in hysterics, she began in German, to tell a long incoherent story; and though, with calm natural dignity, I did what I could to quiet her, the tears rushed into her eyes—she then almost in convulsions began, with her hands under the bed-clothes, to scratch her knees, then shrieked again; and I do confess that I was altogether at a loss to conceive what in the sacred name of virtue could be the matter with the young lady, when, by her repeating several times the word “Ratten! Ratten!” I at once comprehended that there were (or that the amiable young person fancied that there were)—*rats in her bed!*

The dog Billy, as well as many puppies of less name, would instantly, perhaps, have commenced a vigorous attack; rats, however, are reptiles I am not in the habit either of hunting or destroying.

The young lady's aunt, an elderly personage, now appeared at the door, in her night-clothes, as yellow and as sallow as if she had just risen from the grave;—peeping over her shoulder, stood our landlady's blooming daughter in her bed-gown—Leonhard, the son, *cum multis aliis*. What they could all have thought of the scene, what they could have thought of my strange, gaunt, unadorned appearance—what they could have thought of the niece's screams—and what they would have thought had I deigned to tell them I had come to her bedside merely to catch rats—it was out of my power to divine: however, the fact was, I cared not a straw what they thought; but, seeing that my presence was not requisite, I gravely left the poor innocent sufferer to tell her own story. “Ratten! Ratten!” was its theme; and long before her fears subsided, my mind, as well as its frail body, were placidly entranced in sleep.

## THE CROSS OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM.

To an old man, one of the most delightful features in a German watering-place, is the ease with which he can associate, in the most friendly manner, with all his brother and sister water-bibbers, without the fatigue of speaking one single word.

Almost every glass of water you get from the brunnen adds, at least, one to the list of your acquaintance. Merely touching a man's elbow is sufficient to procure from him a look of good-fellowship, which, though it does not inconveniently grow into a bow, or even into a smile, is yet always afterwards displayed in his physiognomy whenever it meets yours. If, as you are stretching out your glass, you retire but half a stride, to allow a thirsting lady to step forward, you clearly see, whensoever you afterwards meet her, that the slight attention is indelibly recorded in your favor. Even running against a German produces, as it were by collision, a spark of kind feeling, which, like a star in the heavens, twinkles in his serene countenance whenever you behold it. Smile only once upon a group of children, and the little urchins bite their lips, vainly repressing their joy whenever afterwards you meet them.

Shrouded in this delightful taciturnity, my list of acquaintances at Langen-Schwalbach daily increased, until I found myself on just the sort of amicable terms with almost everybody, which, to my present taste, is the most agreeable. In early life young people (if I recollect right) are never quite happy, unless they are either talking, or writing letters to their fellow-creatures. Whenever, even as strangers, they get together, everything that happens or passes seems to engender words—even when they have parted, there is no end to epistolary valedictions, and creation itself loses half its charms, unless the young beholder has some

companion with whom the loveliness of the picture may be shared and enjoyed.

But old age I find stiffens, first of all, the muscles of the tongue ; indeed, as man gradually decays, it seems wisely provided by Nature that he should be willing to be dumb, before time sentences him to be deaf : in short, the mind, however voraciously it might once have searched for food, at last instinctively prefers rumination, to seeking for more.

By young people I shall be thought selfish, yet I do confess that I enjoy silence, because my own notions now suit me best ; other people's opinions, like their shoes, don't fit me, and however ill-constructed or old-fashioned my own may really be, yet use has made them easy : my sentiments, ugly as they may seem, don't pinch, and I therefore feel I had rather not exchange them ; the one or two friends I have lost rank in my memory better than any I can ever hope to gain : in fact, I had rather not replace them, and at Langen-Schwalbach, as there was no necessity for a passing stranger like myself to set up a new acquaintance with people he would probably never see again, I considered that, with my eyes and ears open, my tongue might harmlessly enjoy natural and delightful repose.

But there is a perverseness in human nature, which it is quite out of my power to account for ; and strange as it may sound, it is nevertheless too true, that the only person at Langen-Schwalbach I felt desirous to address, was the only individual who seemed to shun every human being.

He was a withered, infirm man, who appeared to be tottering on the brink of his grave ; and I had long remarked that, for some reason or other, he studiously avoided the brunnen until every person had left it. He spoke to no one—looked at no one—but as soon as he had swallowed off his dose, he retired to a lone bench, on which, with both hands leaning upon his ivory-handled cane, he was always to be seen sitting with his eye sorrowfully fixed on the ground. Although the weather was, to every person but himself, oppressively hot, he was constantly muffled up in a thick cloak, and I think I must have passed him a hundred times before I detected, one exceedingly warm day, that, underneath it, there hung upon his left breast the Cross of the

Order of St. John of Jerusalem. As, ages ago, I had myself passed many a hot summer on the parched, barren rock of Malta,—always, however, feeling much interested in the history of its banished knights,—I at once fully comprehended why the poor old gentleman's body was so chilly, and why his heart felt so chilled with the world. By many slow and scientific approaches, which it would be only tedious to detail, I at last managed, without driving him from his bench, most quietly to establish myself at his side, and then by coughing when he coughed,—sighing when he sighed,—and by other (I hope innocent) artifices, I at last ventured in a *sotto voce* to mumble to him something about the distant island in which apparently all his youthful feelings lay buried. The words Valetta, Civita Vecchia, Floriana, Cottonera, &c., as I pronounced them, produced, by a sort of galvanic influence, groans—ejaculations—short sentences, until at last he began to show me frankly without disguise the real color of his mind. Poor man! like his eye it was jaundiced—"nullis medicabilis herbis!" I could not at all extract from him what rank, title, or situation he held in the ancient order, but I could too clearly see that he looked upon its extinction as the Persian would look upon the annihilation of the sun. Creation he fancied had been robbed of its colors,—Christianity he thought had lost its heart, and he attributed every political ailment on the surface of the globe to the non-existence of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John at Jerusalem!

For several hours I patiently listened to his unhappy tale; for as lamentations of all sorts are better out of the human heart than in it, I felt that as the vein was open, my patient could not be encouraged to bleed too freely: without therefore once contradicting him, I allowed his feelings to flow uninterrupted, and by the time he had pumped himself quite dry, I was happy to observe that he was certainly much better for the operation. On leaving him, however, my own pent-up view of the case, and his, continued for the remainder of the day bubbling and quarrelling with each other in my mind. Therefore, to satisfy myself before I went to bed, I drew out in black and white the following sketch of what has always appeared to me to be a fair, impartial history of these—Knights of Malta.

THE Mediterranean forms a curious and beautiful feature in the picture of the commercial world. By dint of money and shipping we laboriously bring to England the produce of the most distant regions, but the commerce of the whole globe seems to have a natural or instinctive tendency to flow, almost of its own accord, into the Mediterranean Sea. Beginning with the great Atlantic Ocean, which connects the old world with the new, we know that, over that vast expanse, the prevailing wind is one which blows from America towards Europe; and, moreover, that the waters of the Atlantic are, without any apparent return, everlastingly flowing into the narrow straits of Gibraltar. When the produce of America, therefore, is shipping for the Mediterranean, in general terms it may be asserted that wind and tide are in its favor.

Across the trackless deserts of Africa caravans from various parts of the interior are constantly toiling through the deep sand towards the waters of this inland sea. The traveller who goes up the Nile is doomed, we all know, to stem its torrent, but the produce of Egypt and the triple harvest of that luxuriant land is no sooner embarked, than of its own accord it glides majestically towards this favored sea; and there is truth and nothing speculative in still further remarking, that this very harvest is absolutely produced by the slime or earth of Abyssinian and other most remote mountains, which by the laws of nature has calmly floated 1200 miles through a desert to top-dress or manure Egypt, that garden which eventually supplies so many of the inhabitants of the Mediterranean with corn.

Again, the Red Sea is a passage apparently created to connect Europe with the great Eastern world: and as the power of steam gradually increases in its stride, it is evident that by this gulf, or natural canal, much of the produce of India eventually will easily flow into the Mediterranean Sea.

Finally, it might likewise be shown, that much of the commerce of Asia Minor and Europe, either by great rivers or otherwise, naturally moves towards this central point: but besides these sources of external wealth, the Mediterranean, as we all know, is most romantically studded with an archipelago and other beautiful islands, the inhabitants of which have the power not only of trading on a large scale with every quarter of the globe, but of

carrying on in small open boats a sort of little village commerce of their own. Among the inhabitants of this sea are to be found at this moment the handsomest specimens of the human race; and if a person not satisfied with the present and future tenses of life, should prefer reflecting or rather ruminating on the past, with antiquarian rapture he may wander over these waters from Carthage to Egypt, Tyre, Sidon, Rhodes, Troy, Ephesus, Athens, Corinth, Argos, Syracuse, Rome, &c., until, tired of this flight, he may rest on one of the ocean beaten pillars of Hercules—and seated there, he may most truly declare that the history of the Mediterranean is like the picture of its own waves beneath him, which one after another he sees to rise, break, and sink.

In the history of this little sea, in what melancholy succession has nation and empire risen and fallen, flourished and decayed; and if the magnificent architectural ruins of these departed states mournfully offer to the traveller any political moral at all, is it not that homely one which the most common tombstone of our country church-yard preaches to the rustic peasant who reads it?

“As I am now, so you will be,  
Therefore prepare to follow me”

However, fully admitting the truth of the lesson which history and experience thus offer to us—admitting that no one can presume to declare which of the great Mediterranean powers is doomed to be the next to suffer—or what new point is next to burst into importance; yet, if a man were forced to select a position which, in spite of fate or fortune, feuds or animosities, has been, and ever must be, the nucleus of commerce, he would find that in the Mediterranean Sea that point, as nearly as possible, would be the little island of Malta; and that the political importance of this possession being now generally appreciated, it is curious rapidly to run over the string of little events which have gradually prepared, fortified, and delivered this valuable arsenal and fortress to the British flag.

In the early ages of navigation, when men hardly dared to lose sight of the shore, ignorantly trembling if they were not absolutely hugging the very danger which we now most strenuously avoid, it may be easily conceived that a little barren island,

scarcely twenty miles in length or twelve in breadth, was of little use or importance. It is true that on its north coast there was a spit or narrow tongue of land (about a mile in length and a few hundred yards in breadth), on each side of which were a series of connected bays, now forming two of the most magnificent harbors in the world; but in the ages of which we speak this great outline was a nautical hieroglyphic which sailors could not decipher. Accustomed to hide their Lilliputian vessels and fleets in bays and creeks on the same petty scale as themselves, they did not comprehend or appreciate the importance of these immense Brobdignag recesses, nor did they admire the great depth of water which they contained; and as in ancient warfare, when warriors used javelins, arrows and stones, scalding each other with hot sand, the value of a position adapted to the present ranges of our shot and shells would not have been understood, in like manner was the importance of so large a harbor equally imperceptible; and that Malta could have had no very great reputation is proved by the fact, that it is even to this day among the learned a subject of dispute, whether it was upon this island, or upon Melita in the Adriatic, that St. Paul was shipwrecked. Now if either had been held in any particular estimation, the question of the shipwreck would not now be any subject of doubt.

As navigators became more daring, and as their vessels, increasing in size, required more water and provisions, &c., Malta fell into the hands of various masters. At last, when Charles V. conquered Sicily and Naples, he offered it to those warriors of Christendom, those determined enemies of the Turks and Corsairs—the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem. This singular band of men, distinguished by their piebald vow of heroism and celibacy, had, after a most courageous resistance, been just overpowered by an army of 300,000 Saracens, who, under Solyman II., had driven them from the Island of Rhodes, which had been occupied by their order 213 years. Animated by the most noble blood of Europe which flowed in their veins—thirsting for revenge—yet homeless and destitute, it may easily be conceived that these brave, enthusiastic men would most readily have accepted any spot on which they could once again establish their busy hive: yet so little was the importance of Malta, even at

that time, understood, so arid was its surface, and so burning was its rock, that, after minutely surveying it, their commissioners made a report to Charles V., which must ever be regarded as a most affecting document ; for although the Knights of Malta were certainly in their day "the bravest of the brave," although, by that chivalric oath which had bound them together, they had deliberately sworn "*never to count the number of their enemies*," yet after the strong, proud position which they had held at Rhodes, it was only hard fate and stern necessity that could force them to seek refuge on a rock upon which there was scarcely soil enough to plant their standard. But though honor has been justly termed "an empty bauble," yet to all men's eyes its colors are so very beautiful, that they allure and encourage us to contend with difficulties which no other advocate could persuade us to encounter ; and so it was that the Knights of Malta, seeing they had no alternative, sternly accepted the hot barren home that was offered to them, and in the very teeth, and before the beard of their barbarous enemy, these lions of the Cross landed and established themselves in their new den.

When men have once made up their minds to stand against adversity, the scene generally brightens, for danger, contrary to the rules of drawing, is less in the foreground than in the perspective—difficulties of all sorts being magnified by the misty space which separates us from them ; and accordingly the knights were no sooner established at Malta, than they began to find out the singular advantages it possessed.

The whole island being a rock of freestone, which could be worked with peculiar facility, materials for building palaces and houses, suited to the dignity of the Order, existed everywhere on the spot ; and it moreover became evident, that by merely quarrying out the rock, according to the rules of military science, they would not only obtain materials for building, but that, in fact, the more they excavated for the town, the deeper would be the ditch of its fortress. Animated by this double reward, the knights commenced their operations, or, in military language, they "broke ground ;" and, without detailing how often the rising fortress was jealously attacked by their barbarous and relentless enemies, or how often its half-raised walls were victoriously ce-



mented with the blood of Christians and of Turks, it will be sufficient merely to observe, that before the island had been in possession of the Order one century, it assumed very nearly the same astonishing appearance which it now affords—a picture and an example, proving to the whole world what can be done by courage, firmness, and perseverance.

The narrow spit or tongue of barren rock which on the north side of the island separated the two great harbors, was scarped in every part, so as to render it inaccessible by sea, and on the isthmus, or only side on which it could be approached by land, demi-lunes, ravelins, counter-guards, bastions, and cavaliers, were seen towering one above another, on so gigantic a scale, that, as a single datum, it may be stated, that the wall of the escarp is from 130 to 150 feet in height, being nearly five times the height of that of a regular fortress. On this narrow tongue of land, thus fortified, arose the city of Valetta, containing a palace for its Grand Master, and almost equally magnificent residences for its knights, the whole forming at this day one of the finest cities in the world. On every projecting point of the various beautiful bays contained in each of the two great harbors, separated from each other by the town of Valetta, forts were built flanking each other, yet all offering a concentrating fire upon any and every part of the port; and when a vessel laboring, heaving, pitching and tossing, in a heavy gale of wind, now suddenly enters the great harbor of Malta, the sudden lull—the unexpected calm—the peaceful stillness which prevails on its deep unruffled surface, is most strangely contrasted in the mind of the stranger with the innumerable guns which, bristling in every direction from batteries one above another, seem fearfully to announce to him that he is in the chamber of death—in a slaughter-house from which there is no escape, and that, if he should dare to offer insult, although he had just escaped from the raging of the elements, the silence around him is that of the grave!

It was from the city and harbor of Valetta, in the state above described,—it was from this proud citadel of Christianity, that the Knights of Malta continued for some time sallying forth to carry on their uncompromising hostility against the Turks, and against the corsairs of Algiers and Tripoli; but the brilliant victories

they gained, and the bloody losses they sustained, must be passed over, as it is already time to hurry their history to a close.

The fact is, the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem gradually outlived the passions and objects which called them into existence, and their Order decayed for want of that nourishment which, during so many ages, it received from the sympathy, countenance, and applause of Christendom. In short, as mankind had advanced in civilisation, its angry, savage, intolerant passions had gradually subsided, and thus the importance of the Order unavoidably faded with its utility. There was nothing premature in its decay—it had lived long enough. The holy, or rather unholy, war, with all its unchristian feelings, having long since subsided, it would have been inconsistent in the great nations of Europe to have professed a general disposition for peace, or to have entered into any treaty with the Turks, while at the same time they encouraged an Order which was mercilessly bent on their extermination.

The vow of celibacy, once the pride of the Order, became, in a more enlightened age, a mill-stone round its neck ; it attracted ridicule—it created guilt—the sacred oath was broken ; and although the head, the heart, and the pockets of a soldier may be as light as the pure air he breathes, yet he can never truly be reported “fit for duty” if his conscience or his stomach be too heavily laden. In short, in two words, the Order of St. John of Jerusalem was no longer suited to the times ; and Burke had already exclaimed—“*The age of chivalry has fled !*”

In the year 1798, this Order, after having existed nearly 700 years, signed its own death-warrant, and in the face of Europe, died ignominiously—“*felo de se.*” On the 9th of June, in that year, their island was invaded by the French ; and although, as Napoleon justly remarked, to have excluded him it would have been only necessary to have shut the gates, Valetta was surrendered by treachery, the depravity of which will be best explained by the following extract from a statement made by the Maltese deputies :—“No one is ignorant that the plan of the invasion of Malta was projected in Paris, and confided to the principal knights of the Order resident at Malta. Letters in cyphers were incessantly passing and repassing, without however alarming the

suspensions of the deceased Grand Master, or the Grand Master Hompesch."

As soon as the French were in possession of the city, harbors, and impregnable fortresses of Valetta, they began, as usual, to mutilate from the public buildings everything which bore the stamp of nobility, or recalled to mind the illustrious actions which had been performed. The arms of the Order, as well as those of the principal knights, were effaced from the palace and principal dwelling-houses; however, as the knights had sullied their own reputation, and had cast an indelible blot on their own escutcheons, they had but little right to complain that the image of their glory was thus insulted, when they themselves had been guilty of the murder of its spirit. The Order of St. John of Jerusalem being now worn out and decayed, its elements were scattered to the winds. The knights who were not in the French interest were ordered to quit the island in three days, and a disgraceful salary was accepted by the Grand Master Hompesch. Those knights who had favored the French were permitted to remain, but exposed to the rage of the Maltese, and unprotected by their false friends, some fled, some absolutely perished from want, but all were despised and hated.

In the little theatre of Malta the scene is about to change, and the British soldier now marches upon its stage! On the 2d of September, 1798, the island was blockaded by the English, and the fortifications being absolutely impregnable, it became necessary to attempt the reduction of the place by famine.

For two years most gallantly did the French garrison undergo the most horrid suffering and imprisonment—steadily and cheerfully did they submit to every possible privation—their stock of spirits, wine, meat, bread, &c., doled out in the smallest possible allowances, gradually diminished until all came to an end. Sooner than strike, they then subsisted upon the flesh of their horses, mules, and asses; and when these also were consumed, and when they had eaten not only their cats, but the rats which infested the houses, drains, &c., in great numbers—when, from long-protracted famine, the lamp of life was absolutely expiring in the socket; in short, having, as one of their kings once most nobly exclaimed, "lost all but their honor," these brave men—

with nerves unshaken, with reputation unsullied, and with famine proudly painted in their lean emaciated countenances—on the 4th September, 1800, surrendered the place to that nation which Napoleon has since termed “the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of his enemies.”

During the long-winded game of war which France and England lately played together, our country surely never made any better move than when she thus laid hold of Malta. Even if the island had been in the rude state in which it was delivered to the knights of Jerusalem, still, to a maritime power like England, such splendid harbors in the Mediterranean would have been a most valuable conquest; but when we not only appreciate their noble outline, but consider the gigantic and expensive manner in which this town has been impregably fortified, as well as furnished with tanks, subterraneous stores, bomb-proof magazines, most magnificent barracks, palaces, &c., it is quite delightful to reflect on the series of events which have led to such a well-assorted alliance between two of the strongest harbors in the world, and the first maritime power on the globe.

If, like the French, we had taken the island from the knights, however degraded, worn out, and useless their Order might have become, yet Europe in general, and France in particular, might always have reproached us, and, for aught we know, our own consciences might have become a little tender on the subject. But the delightful truth is, that no power in Europe can breathe a word or a syllable against our possession of the island of Malta—it is an honor which, in open daylight, we have fairly won, and I humbly say, long, very long, may we wear it!

With respect to the Maltese themselves, I just at this moment recollect a trifling story which will, I think, delineate their character with tolerable accuracy.

## THE RENEGADE.

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Or all the little unhappy prejudices which in different parts of the globe it has been my fortune or rather misfortune, to witness, I nowhere remember to have met with a deeper-rooted hatred or a more implacable animosity than existed, some twenty or thirty years ago, in the hearts of the Maltese towards the Turks.

In all warm glowing latitudes, human passions, good as well as bad, may be said to stand at least at that degree which on Fahrenheit's scale would be denoted "fever heat;" and steam itself can hardly be more different from ice,—the Bengal tiger springing on his prey cannot form a greater contrast to that half-frozen fisherman the white bear, as he sits on his iceberg sucking his paws,—than are the passions of hot countries when compared with the cold torpid feelings of the inhabitants of the northern regions of the globe.

In all parts of the Mediterranean I found passions of all sorts very violent, but, without any exception, that which, at the period I refer to, stood uppermost in the scale, was bigotry. Besides the eager character which belonged to their latitude, one might naturally expect that the Maltese, from being islanders, would be rather more ignorant and prejudiced than their continental neighbors; however, in addition to these causes, when I was among them, they really had good reason to dislike the Turks, who during the time of the knights had been *ex officio* their constant and most bitter enemies.

Whether these fine valiant knights of Jerusalem conquered the Turks or were defeated, the Maltese, on board their galleys (like the dwarf who fought with the giant), always suffered: besides this, their own little trading vessels were constantly captured by

the said Turks, the crews being not only maltreated and tortured, but often in cold blood cruelly massacred ; in short, if there was any bad feeling in the heart of a Maltese, which the history of his island as well as every bitter recollection of his life, seemed naturally to nourish, it was an implacable hatred for the Turks ; and that this sad theory was most fully supported by the fact, became evident the instant one observed a Maltese, on the commonest subject, utter that hated, accursed word, "*Turco*," or Turk. The sort of petty convulsion of the mind with which this dissyllable was delivered was really very remarkable, and the roll and flash of the eye—the little bullying shake of the head—the slight stamp of the left foot—and the twitch in the fingers of the right hand, reminded one for the moment of the manner in which a French dragoon, when describing an action, mentions that his regiment came on "*sabre à la main*!"—words which, if you were to give him the universe, he could not pronounce without grinding his teeth, much less with that cold-hearted simplicity with which one of our soldiers would calmly say "sword in hand."

This hatred of the Maltese towards the Turks was a sort of cat-and-dog picture which always attracted my notice ; however, I witnessed one example of it, on which occasion I felt very strongly it was carried altogether beyond a joke.

One lovely morning—I remember it as if it were yesterday—there had been a great religious festival in the island, which, as usual, had caused a good deal of excitement, noise, and fever ; and, as a nation seldom allays its thirst without quarrelling, as soon as the hot sun set, a great many still hotter disturbances took place. In one of these rows, a party of Turks, justly or unjustly, became offended with the inhabitants ; an affray occurred, and a Mahometan having stabbed a Maltese, he was of course thrown into prison ; and in process of time, surrounded by a strong guard, he was led into the Maltese court to be tried (*Anglice*, condemned) for the offence. As he threaded his way through the crowd which had assembled in those dirty passages and dark chambers that led to the tribunal, the women shrank back as the "*Turco*" passed them, as if his very breath would have infected them with the plague ; while in the countenances of the men, as they leant

forwards arresting him in his progress, and almost touching him with their brown faces, it was evident that they were all animated with but one feeling and one desire, that is to say, hatred and revenge: however, nothing was heard but a very slight murmur or groan, and the prisoner was soon seen a little raised above the crowd, trembling at the bar. He was a diminutive, mean-looking, ill-favored little fellow, dressed in the loose Turkish costume, with a very small dirty white turban, the folds of which were deemed more odious to the Christian eye than if they had been formed by the wreathing body of the serpent. While the crowd were shouldering each other, head peeping over head, and before the shuffling of moving feet could be silenced, *avvocati*, or clerks, who sat in the small space between the prisoner and the bench, were seen eagerly mending their pens, and they had already dipped them into the ink, and the coarse, dirty, rough-edged paper on which they were to write was folded and placed ready in front of them, before it was possible to commence the trial.

The court was insufferably hot, and there was such a stench of garlic and of clothing impregnated with the stale fumes of tobacco, that one longed almost as much as the prisoner to escape into the open air, while the sallow faces of the *avvocati*, clerks, and every one connected with the duties of the court, showed how unhealthy, as well as offensive, was the atmosphere which they breathed. On the bench sat what one must call the Judges, but to an English mind such a title but ill belonged to those who had only lately been forced, most reluctantly, to expel torture from their code. Just before Malta fell into the hands of the French and English, my own servant, Giuseppe, had lived in the service of one of the Maltese Judges; and among many horrors which he often very calmly described to me (for he had witnessed them until he had become quite accustomed to them), he told me that he had had constantly to pass through a court in which were those who were doomed to ride upon what was called the "*cavallo di legno*," or wooden horse. With weights attached to each foot, he used to see them sitting bolt upright on this sharp narrow ridge, with two torches burning within a few inches of their naked chests and backs, in order that they should relieve themselves by a change

of attitude no longer than they could endure the pain of leaning against the flame. But to return to the court.

The trial of the Turk now began and every rigid form was most regularly followed. The accusation was read—the story was detailed—the Maltese witnesses in great numbers one after another corroborated almost in the same words the same statement—several times when the prisoner was ordered to be silent, as by some ejaculation he interrupted the thread of the narrative, did the eyes of every being in court flash in anger and contempt upon him, their countenances as suddenly returning to a smile as the evidence of the witnesses proceeded with their criminatory details. At last, the case being fully substantiated, the culprit was called upon for his defence. Although a poor, mean, illiterate wretch, it is possible he might have intended to have made a kind of a sort of a speech; but when he came to the point, his heart failed him, and his lips had only power to utter one single word.

Regardless of the crowd as if it had not existed, looking as if he thought there was no object in creation but the central Judge on the bench, he fixed his eyes for some moments upon his cold, sallow, immoveable countenance, until, overpowered by his feelings, almost sinking into the ground, he clasped his hands, and in an agony of expression, which it is quite impossible to describe, he asked for "MERCY!"

"*Nix standy! I don't understand ye!*" said an old English soldier one day, in the *Bois-de-Boulogne*, to a French general, who, with much gesture and grimace, was telling him in French, that the English were acting against the law of nations in thus cutting down so beautiful a forest as the said *Bois-de-Boulogne*. "*Nix standy!*" repeated the ruddy-faced soldier, continuing to hack with all his might at a young tree which he had almost cut down with his sabre. The very same answer was strongly expressed in the countenance of the Judge to the petition of the unhappy Turk, who, had he been in the desert of Africa, might just as well have asked merely for the ocean, as, in a Maltese court, to have supplicated for *mercy*. For some time the Judge sat in awful silence—then whispered a few words to his colleagues—again all was silent: at last, when some little forms had been



observed, the Chief Judge pronounced a sentence on the prisoner, which he might just as well have done without his having endured the pain and anxiety of a long trial. It is hardly worth while mentioning the sentence ; for, of course, it was that the Turco, being guilty of the murder of the Maltese, was to be hanged by the neck till he was dead ; every word of which sentence was most ravenously devoured by the audience : and the trial being now over, the prisoner was hurried away to his dungeon, while the crowd eagerly rushed into the hot sunshine and open air.

A very considerable time elapsed between the sentence and the day fixed for execution. Where the prisoner was—what were his feelings—how he was fed—“*and how he fared—no one knew, and no one cared.*” however, on the last day of his existence, I happened to be riding along Strada Forni, when I heard a bellowing sort of a blast from a cow’s horn, which I instantly knew to be the signal that a fellow-creature was going to the gallows. In any country in the world, the monotonous moan which proceeds from this wild uncouth instrument would be considered as extremely harsh and disagreeable : but at Malta, where the ear has been constantly accustomed to good Italian music, and to listen to nothing more discordant than the lovely and love-making notes of the guitar, this savage whoop was indescribably offensive, particularly being accompanied by the knowledge that it was the death-march, and the dirge of the murderer—“the knell that summoned him to heaven or to hell !”

As I rode towards Strada Reale, the principal street of Valetta, down which the procession was proceeding, a dismal blast from this horn was heard about every ten seconds ; and, as it sounded louder and louder, it was evident the procession was approaching. At last, on coming to the corner of the street, I saw the culprit advancing on his funeral car. The streets on both sides were lined with spectators, and every window was filled with outstretched figures and eager faces. In the middle of Strada Reale, preceding the prisoner, were three or four mutes ; while several others were also begging in different parts of the town. These people, who belonged to some of the principal Maltese families, were covered from head to foot with long loose robes of white linen, a couple of holes being cut for their eyes. Their

feet were bare, and to each ankle was affixed a chain of such weight and length, that it was as much as they could do to drag one leg after the other. In the right hand they held a tin money-box, in the shape of a lantern, with death's head and bloody bones painted upon it. A small slit in this box received the copper contributions of the multitude ; and, as these mutes passed me in horrid triumph, shaking the box every step they took (the rattling of the money forming a sort of savage accompaniment to the deep clanking of their chains), they had altogether an unearthly appearance, which certainly seemed less to belong to heaven than to hell ; however, the malefactor now approached, and as soon as he came up to the corner of my street, I, loosening my rein, rode for a few moments at his side, attracted by one of the strangest scenes which I think I have ever beheld. The man was half-sitting, half-reclining, on a sort of low, rattling, iron vehicle, of an indescribable shape, which raised his head a little above the level of the people ; and the very moment I looked him in the face, much of the secret history of what had passed since the day of his condemnation was as legible in his countenance as if it had been written there. He had been existing in some dark place, for his complexion was blanched by absence from light ; he had evidently been badly fed, for there was famine in his sunken features ; his nerves were gone, for he was trembling ; his health had materially been impaired, either by suffering of body or mind, for the man was evidently extremely ill ; and last, though not least, for some mysterious reason, either from an expectation of obtaining mercy in this world or in the next, he had evidently abjured his religion, for his dirty white turban was gone, and, very ill at his ease, he sat, or rather reclined, in the clothes of a Christian !

The car on which he proceeded was surrounded by an immense number of priests, belonging to the different churches of Valetta, and apparently to those also of all the *casals* and villages in the island. All angry feelings had most completely subsided ; in their minds, as well as in the minds of the people, the day was one only of triumph and of joy ; and, intoxicated with the spirit of religious enthusiasm, the priests were evidently besides themselves with delight at having succeeded in the miraculous conver-

sion which they had effected. Shouldering and pushing each other with all their strength, with outstretched arms, and earnest countenances, they were all, in different attitudes and voices, calling upon the malefactor to repeat the name of their own particular saint ; some behind him were trying to attract his notice by pulling his clothes, while those before him, by dint of voice and gesture, were equally endeavoring to catch his eye ; and such a confused cry of "Viva San Tommaso !" "Viva San Giuseppe !" "Viva San Giovanni !" "Viva San Paolo !" I will not pretend to describe. It was, of course, impossible for the wretch to comply with all their noisy demands : yet, poor fellow ! he did his best ; and, in a low faint voice, being dreadfully exhausted by the jolting and shaking of the carriage, he repeated "Viva San Paolo !" &c., &c., as he caught the eye of the different priests. He had evidently no rule in these exclamations which he uttered, for I observed that the strong brawny-shouldered priests, who got nearest to him, often made him repeat the name of their saints twice, before the little bandy-legged ones in the rear could get him to mention theirs once. As this strange concert proceeded, it was impossible to help pitying the poor culprit ; for, if one had been travelling from one magnificent palace to another, to be so jolted and tormented both in body and mind when one was ill, would by any of us have been termed dreadfully disagreeable ; but for all this to happen to a man just at the very moment he was going to be hanged—at that moment of all others in which any of us would desire to be left, at least for a few seconds, to his own reflections, appeared at the time to be hard indeed. After passing under the great gate and subterraneous exit called Porta Reale, the procession wound its way across the drawbridges, and along the deep ditches, &c., of the fortification, until coming out upon the great esplanade which lies between Valetta and Floriana, an immense crowd of people was suddenly seen waiting round the gallows—at the sight of which I pulled up. The priests were now more eager than ever in beseeching the criminal to call upon the name of their saint ; the mutes, whose white robes in all directions were seen scattered among the people, were evidently shaking their boxes more violently than ever, while among the crowd there was a general

lifting of feet, which showed the intense anxiety of their feelings. As the procession slowly approached the gallows, I could not hear what was going on ; but in a very short time, from the distance at which I stood, I saw the man led up the ladder by the executioner, who continued always a step or two above him : the rope was round his neck, and resting loosely on the culprit's head there was something like a round wooden plate, through a hole in the centre of which the rope passed. As soon as the poor creature got high up on the ladder, the vociferations of the priests suddenly ceased ; for a few seconds a dead silence ensued, when, all of a sudden, there was a simultaneous burst or shriek of exclamation from priests and populace, echoing and re-echoing the words "Viva la Christianita !" which the man, in a low tone of voice, had just been persuaded to utter. All caps waved—every human being seemed to be congratulating each other on the delightful conversion ; and no person seemed to pay the slightest possible attention to the poor wretch, who, with the last syllable on his lips, had been pushed off the ladder, and was now calmly swinging in the air, the executioner standing on the loose wooden plate above his head, holding by the rope, and, with many antics, stamping with all his force to break the neck, while the people, in groups, were already bending their steps homewards. Not wishing to encounter such a crowd, I turned my horse in another direction, and passed a number of mules and asses belonging to many of the people who had come from the most remote casals to see the execution. The animals were all standing half-asleep, nodding their heads in the sun—a herd of goats were as quietly grazing near the ramparts ; and when I contrasted the tranquillity which these animals were enjoying, with the scene I had just witnessed, I could not help feeling that I had more cause than Virgil to exclaim—" *Sic vos non vobis !* "

In returning from my ride, I had to cross the esplanade, and as there was then no one at the gallows, I rode close by it. The figure, which was still hanging, was turning round very slowly, as if it were roasting before the sun ; the neck was so completely disjointed, that the head almost hung downwards, and as I rode by it I was much struck in observing that the tongue was out of the mouth half bitten off—a dreadful emblem, thought I, of a renegade

to his religion! Whether or not, the poor wretch had been induced to utter his last exclamation, from a hollow promise that it would save his life, is a mystery which will probably never on this earth be explained to us; however, whatever was his creed, it is impossible to deny that when he swung from this world to eternity, he had but little reason to admire the practical part of a Roman Catholic's mercy, however beautifully and unanswerably its theory might have been explained to him.

As soon as I got to Valetta, I put up my horse, and, strolling about the streets, soon found myself in the immense church of St. John, which, in point of size and magnificence, is only second in the world to St. Peter's, at Rome. The congregation was almost exclusively composed of the people who had attended the execution, and quantities of men as well as women, semi-shrouded in their black silk faldettes, were listening to a tall, strong-looking Capuchin friar, who, with great emphasis, was preaching from a high pulpit, placed at a projecting angle of one of the many chapels which ramified from the aisle or great body of the church. He was a remarkably handsome man, of about thirty, and though his face was pale, or rather brown, yet his eye and features were strikingly vivid and intellectual; a rim or band of jet-black curly hair encircled his head, the rest of his hair by a double tonsure having been shaved at the top and from ear to ear; his throat was completely uncovered, and as he suddenly turned from one part of his congregation to another, its earnest attitudes were very beautiful. His brown sack-cloth cowl rested in folds upon his shoulders, and the loose negligent manner in which a cloak of the same coarse material hung upon his body, being apparently merely kept together by the white rope, or whip of knots, which encircled his waist, displayed a series of lines which any painter might well have copied; indeed, the whole dress of the Capuchin has been admirably well imagined, and above all others it is calculated to impress upon the mind of the spectator that its wearer is a man doomed to abstinence and mortification, seeking no enjoyment on this side of the grave, and never lowering his eyes from heaven, but fervently to exclaim—

“Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye!”

The subject of the sermon was, of course, the execution which we had all witnessed. The hard-hearted infidelity of the Turks was very richly painted and described, and the crime which they had just seen expiated was clearly proved to be the effect, and the natural effect, of a Mahometan's anger. The happy conversion of the infidel then became a subject which was listened to with the most remarkable stillness, and every eye was riveted upon the mouth of the Capuchin, as he minutely detailed the triumph and the conquest which had been made of the sheep which had that day, before their eyes, been added to the flock. He then explained, or endeavored to explain (for it was no very easy task), that the money which had that morning been collected for the purchase of masses, proved to be just sufficient to purify the soul of the departed sinner; but this, he very eloquently demonstrated, was only to be effected through the mediation of one whose image nailed to the cross was actually erected in the pulpit on his right hand. After expatiating on this subject at considerable length, working himself and hearers into a state of very great excitement, with both his arms stretched out, with his eyes uplifted, he most fervently addressed the figure, exclaiming in a most emphatic tone of voice—" *Si! mio caro Signore! Si!*" &c. The effect which was instantly produced in the hearts of his hearers was very evident, and the fine melodious voice, together with the strong, nervous, muscular attitude of the preacher, contrasted with the drooping, exhausted, lifeless, image above him, would have worked its effect upon the mind of any Christian spectator.

As soon as the sermon was over, the congregation dispersed. The day ended in universal joy and festivity; no revengeful recollections—no unkind feelings were entertained towards him who had been the principal actor of that day; on the contrary, the Maltese seemed rather to feel, that it was to him they were especially indebted for the pleasurable performances they had witnessed, and thus—

"In peaceful merriment ran down the sun's declining ray."

## SCHLANGENBAD; OR, THE SERPENTS' BATH.

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TIME had glided along so agreeably ever since my arrival at Langen-Schwalbach, my body had enjoyed such perpetual motion, my mind such absolute rest, that I had almost forgotten, though my holiday was nearly over, I had not yet reached the intended *ne plus ultra* of my travels—namely, Schlangenbad, or the Serpents' Bath. On the spur of the moment, therefore, I ordered a carriage; and, with my wallet lying by my side, having bidden adieu to a simple-hearted village, which, for the short remainder of my days, I believe I shall remember with regard, I continued for some time gradually to ascend its eastern boundary, until I arrived nearly at the summit or pinnacle of the Taunus hills. The view from this point was very extensive indeed, and the park-like appearance of the whole of the lofty region or upper story of Nassau formed a prospect at once noble and pleasing. The Langen-Schwalbach band of wind instruments was playing deep beneath me in the valley, but hidden by the fog, its sound was so driven about by the wind, that had I not recognized the tunes I but faintly heard, I should not have been able to determine from what point of the compass they proceeded. Sometimes they seemed to rise, like the mist, from one valley—sometimes from another—occasionally I fancied they were like the hurricane, sweeping across the surface of the country, and once I could almost have declared that the Æolian band was calmly seated above me in the air.

The numberless ravines which intersect Nassau were not discernible from the spot where my carriage had halted, and Langen-Schwalbach was so muffled in its peaceful retreat, that a stranger could scarcely have guessed it existed.

From this elevated point the Taunus hills began gradually to fall towards Wiesbaden and Frankfurt; but a branch road, suddenly turning to the right, rapidly descended, or rather meandered down a long, rocky, narrow ravine, clothed with beech and oak trees to its summit.

With a wheel of the carriage dragged, as I glided fast down this romantic valley, the scenery, compared with what I had just left, was on a very confined, contracted scale—in short, nothing was to be seen but a trickling stream running down the grassy bottom of a valley, and hills which appeared to environ it on both sides; besides this, the road writhed and bent so continually, that I could seldom see a quarter of a mile of it at once.

After descending about three-quarters of a league, I came to a new turn, and here SCHLANGENBAD, the SERPENTS' BATH, dressed in its magic mantle of tranquillity, suddenly appeared not only before, but within less than a hundred yards of me.

This secluded spot, to which such a number of people annually retreat, consists of nothing but an immense old building, or "Bad-Haus," a new one, with two or three little mills, which, fed, as it were, by the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table, are turned by the famous spring of water, after great, fine, fashionable ladies have done washing themselves in it.

When the carriage stopped, my first impression (which through life but too often, I regret to say, has been an erroneous one) was not in favor of the place; for, though its colors were certainly very beautiful, yet, from being so completely surrounded by hills, it seemed to wear some of the features of a prison; and when, my vehicle driving away, I was first left by myself, I felt for a moment that the little band of music, which was playing upon the terrace above my head, was not quite competent to enliven the scene. However, after I had walked in various directions about this sequestered spot, sufficiently not only to become acquainted with its *locale*, but to discover that it possessed a number of modest beauties, completely veiled from the passing gaze of the stranger, I went to the old "Bad-Haus" to obtain rooms from the bath-master (appointed by the Duke), who has charge of both of these great establishments.

I found the little man seated in his office, in the agony of



calculating upon a slate the amount of seven times nine ; perceiving, however, that instead of multiplying the two figures together, he had reared up a ladder of seven nines, which step by step he was slowly ascending, I felt quite unwilling to interrupt him ; and as his wife appeared to be gifted with all or many of the little abilities in which he might have been deficient, I gladly availed myself of her obliging offer to show me over the two buildings, in order that I might select some apartments.

The old "Bad-Haus," and Hotel de Nassau, which, being united together, form one of the two great buildings I have mentioned, are situated on the side of the hill close to the macadamized road which leads to Mainz ; and to give some idea of the gigantic scale on which these sort of German bathing establishments are constructed, I will state, that in this rambling "Bad-Haus" I counted 443 windows, and that without ever twice going over the same ground, I found the passages measured 409 paces, or, as nearly as possible, a quarter of a mile !\*

Below this immense barrack, and on the opposite side of the road, is the new "Bad-Haus," or bathing house, pleasantly situated in a shrubbery. This building (which contains 172 windows) is of a modern construction, and straddling across the bottom of the valley, the celebrated water, which rises milk-warm from the rock, after supplying the baths on the lower story, runs from beneath it. No sooner, however, does the fluid escape from the building, than a group of poor washerwomen, standing up to their knees on a sheet, which is stretched upon the ground, humbly make use of it before it has time to get to the two little mills which are patiently waiting for it about a couple of hundred yards below.

After having passed, in the two establishments, an immense number of rooms, each furnished by the Duke with white window-curtains, a walnut-tree bed with bedding, a chestnut-tree table, an elastic spring sofa, and three or four walnut-tree chairs, the price of each room (on an average from 10*d.* to 2*s.* a-day) being painted on the door, I complimented the good, or, to give her her proper title, the "bad" lady who attended me, on the plain, but useful

\* The Hotel de Nassau has, I understand, been just pulled down, and is to be rebuilt on a new plan.

order in which they appeared : in return for which she very obligingly offered to show me the source of the famous water, for the sake of which two such enormous establishments had been erected.

In the history of the little duchy of Nassau, the discovery of this spring forms a story full of innocence and simplicity. Once upon a time there was a heifer, with which everything in nature seemed to disagree. The more she ate, the thinner she grew—the more her mother licked her hide, the rougher and the more staring was her coat. Not a fly in the forest would bite her—never was she seen to chew the cud, but hide-bound and melancholy, her hips seemed actually to be protruding from her skin. What was the matter with her no one knew—what would cure her no one could divine ;—in short, deserted by her master and her species, she was, as the faculty would term it, “ given over.”

In a few weeks, however, she suddenly re-appeared among the herd, with ribs covered with flesh—eyes like a deer—skin sleek as a mole’s—breath sweetly smelling of milk—saliva hanging in ringlets from her jaw ! Every day seemed to re-establish her health ; and the phenomenon was so striking, that the herdsman, feeling induced to watch her, discovered that regularly every evening she wormed her way, in secret, into the forest, until she reached an unknown spring of water, from which, having refreshed herself, she quietly returned to the valley.

The trifling circumstance, scarcely known, was almost forgotten by the peasant, when a young Nassau lady began decidedly to show exactly the same incomprehensible symptoms as the heifer. Mother, sisters, friends, father, all tried to cure her, but in vain ; and the physician had actually

“ Taken his leave with sighs and sorrow,  
Despairing of his fee to-morrow,”

when the herdsman, happening to hear of her case, prevailed upon her, at last, to try the heifer’s secret remedy—she did so ; and, in a very short time, to the utter astonishment of her friends, she became one of the stoutest and roundest young women in the duchy.

What had suddenly cured one sick lady was soon deemed a

proper prescription for others, and all cases meeting with success, the spring, gradually rising into notice, received its name from a circumstance which I shall shortly explain. In the meanwhile I will observe, that even to this day horses are brought by the peasants to be bathed, and I have good authority for believing, that in cases of slight consumption of the lungs (a disorder common enough among horses), the animal recovers his flesh with surprising rapidity—nay, I have seen even the pigs bathed, though I must own that *they* appeared to have no other disorder except hunger. But to return to the “bad” lady.

After following her through a labyrinth of passages (one of which not only leant sideways, but had an ascent like a hill), she at last unlocked a door, which was no sooner opened, than I saw glide along the floor close by me a couple of small serpents! As the lady was talking very earnestly at the time, I merely flinched aside as they passed, without making any observation; but after I had crossed a small garden, she pointed to a door which she said was that of the source, and while she stopped to speak to one of the servants, I advanced alone, and opening the gate, saw beneath me a sort of brunnen with three serpents about the size of vipers swimming about in it! Unable to contain my surprise, I made a signal to the lady with my staff, and as she hurried towards me, I still pointed with it to the reptiles, as if to demand why, in the name of *Æsculapius*, they were allowed thus to contaminate the source of the baths?

In the calmest manner possible, my conductress (who seemed perfectly to comprehend my sensations) replied, “*Au contraire, c’est ce qui donne la qualité à ces eaux!*”

The quantity of these reptiles, or Schlangen, that exist in the woods surrounding the spring is very great; and they of course have given their name to the place. When full grown they are about five feet long, and in hot weather are constantly seen gliding across the paths, or rustling under the dead leaves of the forest.

As soon as the lady had shown me the whole establishment, she strongly recommended me to take up my abode in the old “*Bad-Haus*,” however, on my first arrival, in crossing the promenade in front of it, I had caught a glimpse of some talkative old ladies, whose tongues and knitting-needles seemed to be racing against

each other, which made it very advisable to decline the polite invitation ; and I accordingly selected apartments at one extremity of the new Bad-Haus, my windows on the north looking into the shrubbery, those on the east upon the two little water-mills, revolving in the green lonely valley of the Schlangenbad.

The cell of the hermit can hardly be more peaceful than this abode : it is true it was not only completely inhabited (there being no more rooms unoccupied), but it was teeming with people, many of whom are known in the great world. For instance, among its inmates were the Princess Romanow, first wife of the late Grand Duke Constantine of Russia—the Duke of Saxe-Coburg—the Prince of Hesse Homburg (whose brother, the late Landgrave, married the Princess Elizabeth of England), a Prussian minister from Berlin, and occasionally the Princess Royal of Prussia, married to the son of King Frederic William. No part of the building was exclusively occupied by these royal guests ; but paying for their rooms no more than the prices marked upon the doors, they ascended the same staircase and walked along the same passages with the humblest inmates of the place. Yet within the narrow dominion of their own chambers, visitors were received with every attention due to form and etiquette. The silence and apparent solitude which reigned, however, in this new “Bad-Haus” was to me always a subject of astonishment and admiration. Sometimes a person would be seen carefully locking his door, and then, with the key in his pocket, quietly stealing along the passage ; at other times a lady might be caught on tip-toes softly ascending the stairs ; but neither steps nor voices were to be heard ; and far from witnessing anything like ostentation, it seemed to me that concealment was rather the order of the day. As soon as it grew dark, a single wick floating in a small glass lamp, open at the top, was placed at the two great entrance doors ; and another at each extremity of the long passages into which the rooms on every floor communicated, giving the visitors just light enough to avoid running against the walls : in obscure weather, there was also a lamp here and there in the shrubbery, but as long as the pale moon shone in the heavens, its lovely light was deemed sufficient.

A table d'hôte dinner, at a florin for each person, was daily

prepared, for all, or any, who might choose to attend it ; and for about the same price, a dinner, with knives, forks, table-cloth, napkins, &c., would be forwarded to any guest, who, like myself, was fond of the luxury of solitude : coffee and tea were cheap in proportion.

I have dwelt long upon these apparently trifling details, because, humble as they may sound, I conceive that they maintain a very important moral. How many of our country people are always raving about the cheapness of the Continent, and how many every year break up their establishments in England to go in search of it ; yet, if we had but sense, or rather courage enough, to live at home as economically and as rationally as princes and people of all ranks live throughout the rest of Europe, how unnecessary would be the sacrifice, and how much real happiness would be the result !

The baths at Schlangenbad are the most harmless and delicious luxuries of the sort I have ever enjoyed ; and I really quite looked forward to the morning for the pleasure with which I paid my addresses to this delightful element. The effect the water produces on the skin is very singular : it is about as warm as milk, but infinitely softer ; and after dipping the hand into it, if the thumb be rubbed against the fingers, it is said by many to resemble satin. Nevertheless, whatever may be its sensation, when the reader reflects that people not only come to these baths from Russia, but that the water in stone bottles, merely as a cosmetic, is sent to St. Petersburg and other distant parts of Europe, he will admit that it must be soft indeed to have gained for itself such an extraordinary degree of celebrity : for there is no town at Schlangenbad, not even a village—nothing therefore but the real or fancied charm of the water could attract people into a little sequestered valley, which in every sense of the word is out of sight of the civilized world ; and yet I must say, that I never remember to have existed in a place which possessed such fascinating beauties ; besides which (to say nothing of breathing pure, dry air), it is no small pleasure to live in a skin which puts all people in good humor—at least, with themselves. But besides the cosmetic charms of this water, it is declared to possess virtues of more substantial value : it is said to tranquillize the nerves, to

soothe all inflammation ; and from this latter property, the cures of consumption which are reported to have been effected, among human beings and cattle, may have proceeded. Yet whatever good effect the water may have upon this insidious disorder, its first operation most certainly must be to neutralize the *bad* effect of the climate, which to consumptive patients must decidedly be a very severe trial, for delightful as it is to persons in robust health, yet the keenness of the mountain air, together with the sudden alternations of temperature to which the valley of Schlangenbad is exposed, must, I think, be anything but a remedy for weak lungs.

The effect produced upon the skin, by lying about twenty minutes in the bath, I one day happened to overhear a short, fat Frenchman describe to his friend in the following words:— "*Monsieur, dans ces bains on devient absolument amoureux de soi-même !*" I cannot exactly corroborate this Gallic statement, yet I must admit that limbs, even old ones, gradually do appear as if they were converted into white marble. The skin assumes a sort of glittering, phosphoric brightness, resembling very much white objects, which, having been thrown overboard, in calm weather, within the tropics, many of my readers have probably watched sinking in the ocean, which seems to blanch and illuminate them as they descend. The effect is very extraordinary, and I know not how to account for it, unless it be produced by some prismatic refraction, caused by the peculiar particles with which the fluid is impregnated.

The Schlangenbad water contains the muriates and carbonates of lime, soda, and magnesia, with a slight excess of carbonic acid, which holds the carbonates in solution. The celebrated embellishment which it produces on the skin, is, in my opinion, a sort of corrosion, which removes tan, or any other artificial covering that the surface may have attained from exposure and ill-treatment by the sun and wind. In short, the body is cleaned by it, just as a kitchen-maid scours her copper saucepan: and the effect being evident, ladies modestly approach it from the most distant parts of Europe. I am by no means certain, however, that they receive any permanent benefit ; indeed, on the contrary, I should think that their skins would eventually become, if any-

thing, coarser, from the removal of a slight veil or covering, intended by Nature as a protection to the cuticle.

But whether this water be permanently beneficial to ladies or not, the softness it gives to the whole body is quite delightful ; and with two elements, air and water, in perfection, I found that I grew every hour more and more attached to the place.

On the cellar-floor, or lower story of my abode ("the New Bad-Haus"), where the baths are situated, there lived an old man and his wife, whose duty it was to prepare the baths, and to give towels, &c. I do not know whether the Schlangenbad waters corrode the temper as well as the skin, yet certainly this old couple appeared to me continually quarrelling ; and every little trifle I required for my bath, though given to me with the greatest good will, seemed to form a subject of jealous dispute between this subterranean pair. The old woman, however, invariably got the best of the argument,—a triumph which I suspect proceeded more from her physical than moral powers : in short, as is occasionally the case, the old gentleman was afraid of his companion ; and I observed that his attitude, as he argued, very much resembled that of a cat in a corner, when spitting in the face of a terrier dog. Finding that they did not work happily together, I always managed to prevent both of them coming to me at once. The old woman, however, insisted on preparing my bath ; and, with a great pole in one hand, stirring up the water—a thermometer in the other, and a pair of spectacles blinded with steam on her nose, she very good-naturedly brought the temperature of the water to a proper degree, which is said to be 27 of Reaumur.

After I had had my bath, the old wife being out of the way, I one day paid a visit of compliment to her husband, who had shown, by many little attempted attentions, that he was, had he dared, as anxious as his partner to serve me. With great delight, he showed me several bottles full of serpents ; and then, opening a wooden box, he took out, as a fisherwoman would handle eels, some very long ones—one of which (first looking over his shoulder to see that a certain personage was away) he put upon a line, which she had stretched across the room for drying clothes. In order, I suppose, to demonstrate to me that the reptile was harmless, he

took it off the rope, along which it was moving very quickly; and without submitting his project for my approbation, he suddenly placed it on my breast, along which it crawled, until, stretching its long neck with half its body into the air, it held on, in a most singular manner, by a single fold in the cloth, which, by a sort of contortion of the vertebræ, it firmly grasped.

The old man, apparently highly satisfied with this first act of his entertainment, gravely proceeded to show living serpents of all colors and sizes,—stuffed serpents, and serpents' skins—all of which seemed very proper hobbies to amuse the long winter evenings of the aged servant of Schlangenbad, or the Serpents' Bath. At last, however, the fellow's dry, blanched, wrinkled face began to smile. Grinning as he slowly mounted on a chair, he took from a high shelf a broad-mouthed, white glass bottle, and then in a sort of savage ecstasy, pronouncing the word "BAROMET!" he placed it in my hands.

The bottle was about half full of dirty water—a few dead flies and crumbs of bread were at the bottom—and near the top there was a small piece of thin wood which went about half across the phial. Upon this slender scaffolding, its fishy eyes staring upwards at a piece of coarse linen, which, being tied round the mouth, served as a cork—the shrivelled skin of its under-jaw moving at every sweltering breath which it took—there sat a large, speckled, living toad!

Like Sterne's captive, he had not by his side "a bundle of sticks, notched with all the dismal days and nights he had passed there;" yet their sum-total was as clearly expressed in the unhealthy color of the poor creature's skin; and certainly, in my life-time, I never had seen what might truly be called—a sick toad.

It was quite impossible to help pitying any living being, confined by itself in so miserable a dungeon. However, the old man's eyes were beaming with pride and delight at what he conceived to be his own ingenuity—and exclaiming "Schönes wetter!" (fine weather!) he pointed to the wood-work on which the poor creature was sitting—and then he exultingly explained that, so soon as it should be going to rain, the toad would clamber down into the water. "BAROMET!" repeated the old fellow,



grinning from ear to ear, as, mounting on the chair, he replaced his prisoner on the shelf.

My first impression was "*coûte qui coûte*," to buy this barometer,—carry its poor captive to the largest marsh I could find,—and then, breaking the bottle into shivers, to give him, what toads appreciate so much better than mankind—liberty; but, on reflecting a moment, I felt quite sure that the old inquisitor would soon procure another subject for torture; and, as with toads as with ourselves, "*c'est le premier pas qui coûte*," I thought it better that this poor heart-broken, imprisoned creature, to a certain degree accustomed to his misery, should exist in it, than that a fresh toad should suffer: it also occurred to me, that if I should dare to purchase his rude instrument, the ingenious, unfeeling old wretch of a philosopher might be encouraged to make others for sale.

The old bath or "bad" man had vipers' nests, their eggs, and many other Caliban curiosities, which he was desirous to show me; but, having seen quite enough for one morning's visit, and besides, hearing his wife's tongue coming along the subterranean passage, I left him—her—toad—reptiles, &c., to fret away their existence, while I rose into far brighter regions above them.

After ascending a couple of flights of stairs, I strolled for some time on the little parade, which is close to the entrance of the old "Bad-Haus;" but the benches being all occupied by people listening to the band of music, and besides, not liking the artificial passages of hedges cut, without metaphor, to the quick, I bade adieu to the scene; and, entering the great forest, with which the hills in every direction were clothed to their summits, I ascended a steep, broad road (across which a couple of *schlangens* glided close by me), until I came to a hut, from which there is a very pleasing home-view of the little valley of Schlangenbad. It is certainly a most romantic spot, and that it had appeared so to others was evident, from a marble pillar and inscription which stood on the edge of a precipice before me. The tale it commemorated is simply beautiful. The Count de Grunne, the Dutch Ambassador at Frankfurt, having in the healthy autumn of his life come to Schlangenbad, with his young wife, was so enchanted with the loveliness of the country, the mildness of the air, and the

exquisite softness of the water, that, quite unable to contain himself, on a black marble column he caused to be sculptured, as emblems of himself and his companion, two crested schlangens, playfully eating leaves (apparently a salad) out of the same bowl—with the following pathetic inscription :—

EN  
RECONNOISSANCE  
DES DELICIEUSES SAISONS  
PASSEES ICI ENSEMBLE  
PAR  
CHARLES C<sup>te</sup> DE GRUNNE  
ET  
BETSI C<sup>tesse</sup> DE GRUNNE.  
1830.

Leaving this quiet sentimental bower, and descending the hill, I entered the great pile of buildings of the old Bad-Haus, or Nassauer-Hof, and as I was advancing along one of its endless passages, I passed an open door, from which a busy hum proceeded, which clearly proclaimed it to be a school. My grave Mentor-like figure was no sooner observed silently standing at its portal, than its master, a short, slight, hectic-looking lad, scarcely twenty, seemed to feel an unaccountable desire to form my acquaintance. Begging me to enter his small literary dominion, he very modestly requested leave to be permitted to explain to me the nature of the studies he was imparting to his subjects, the little creatures, from their benches, looking at me all the time with the same sort of fear with which mice look into the face of a bulldog, or frogs at the terrific bill and outline of a stork.

Having, by a slight inclination, accepted this offer, the young Dominie commenced by stating that all the children in Nassau are *obliged*, by order of the Duke, to go to school, from six to fourteen years of age ;—that the parents of a child, who has intentionally missed, are forced to pay two kreuzers the first time, four the second, six the third, and that if they are too poor to pay these fines, they are obliged to work them out in hard labor, or are

otherwise punished for their children's neglect ;—that the inhabitants of each village pay the schoolmaster among themselves, in proportions, varying according to their means, but that the Duke prescribes what the children are to learn—namely, religion, singing, reading, writing, Scripture history, the German language, natural history, geography, and accounts ;—and that the mode of imparting this education is grounded upon the system of Pestalozzi.

This introductory explanation being concluded, the young master now displayed to me specimens of his scholars' writing—showed me their slates covered with sums in the first rules of arithmetic—and then calling up several girls and boys, he placed his wand in the hand of each trembling little urchin, who one by one was desired to point out upon maps, which hung against the walls, the great oceans, seas, mountains, and capitals of our globe. Having expressed my unqualified approbation of the zeal and attention with which this excellent young man had evidently been laboring, at the arduous, “never-ending, still beginning” duties of his life, I was about to depart, when, as a last favor, he anxiously entreated me to hear his children, for one moment, sing ; and striking the table with his wand, it instantly, as if it had been a tuning fork, called them to attention—at a second blow on the table, they pushed aside their slates and books—at a third, opening their eyes as wide as they could, they inflated their tiny lungs brimfull—and at a fourth blow, in full cry, they all opened, to my no small astonishment, mouths which, in blackness of inside, exactly resembled a pack of King Charles's spaniels ! Had the children been drinking ink, their tongues and palates could not have been darker ; and though, accompanied by their master, the psalm they were singing was simply beautiful, and though their infantine voices streaming along the endless passages produced a reverberation which was exceedingly pleasing, yet there was something so irresistibly comic in their appearance, that any countenance but my own would have smiled.

The cause of the odd-looking phenomenon suddenly occurred to me, having, in the morning, observed several peasants, whose trousers at the knees were stained perfectly black, by their having knelt down to pick bilberries, which grew on the forest-covered

hills of Nassau in the greatest profusion. The children had evidently been grazing on the same ground, and as soon as the idea occurred, I observed by their little black fingers that my solution of the dark problem was correct.

Returning to my residence, the New Bad-Haus, the sun, though much less weary than myself, having sunk to rest, I sat alone for some time in one of the bowers of the shrubbery belonging to the building. Occasionally a human figure, scarcely visible from the deep shade of the trees, glided slowly by me, but whether that of a prince or a peasant I neither knew nor cared. What interested me infinitely more, was to observe the fire-flies, which, with small lanterns in their tails, were either soaring close above me, or sparkling among the bushes. The bright emerald-green light which they possessed was lovely beyond description, yet apparently they had only received permission to display it so long as they remained on the wing—and as two young ones, gliding before me, rested for a moment on a rose-leaf, at my side, the instant they closed their wings, they were left together in total darkness. Some (probably old ones) steadily sailing, passed me, as if on business, while others, dancing in the air, had evidently no object except pleasure; yet, whether flying in a circle, or in a line, each little creature, as it proceeded, gaily illuminated its own way, and like a pure, cheerful, well-conditioned mind, it also shed a trifling lustre on whatever it approached.

As I sat here alone in the dark, I could not drive from my mind the interesting picture I had just been witnessing in the little village school of Schlangenbad.

We are all, in England, so devotedly attached to that odd, easily pronounced, but difficult to be defined word—liberty, that there is, perhaps, nothing we should all at once set our backs, our faces, and our heads against more, than a national compulsory system of education, similar to that prescribed in Nassau; and yet, if law has the power to punish crime, there seems at first to exist no very strong reason why it should not also be permitted, by education, to prevent it. Every respectable parent in our country will be ready to admit, that the most certain recipe for making his son a useful, a happy, and a valuable member of society, is carefully to attend to the cultivation of his mind. We all believe that good

seeds can be sown there, that bad ones can be eradicated—that ignorance leads a child to error and crime—that his mental darkness, like a town, can be illuminated—that the judgment (his only weapon against his passions) can, like the blacksmith's arm, by use, be strengthened; and if it be thus universally admitted that education is one of the most valuable properties a rational being can bequeath to his own child, it would seem to follow that a parental government might claim (at least before Heaven) nearly as much right to sentence a child to education, as a criminal to the gallows. Nevertheless, as a curious example of the difference in national taste, it may be observed, that though in England judges and juries can anywhere be found to condemn the body, they would everywhere be observed to shrink at the very idea of chastening the mind; they see no moral or religious objection to imprison the former, but they all agree that it would be a political offence to liberate the latter. Although our poor laws oblige every parish to feed, house, and clothe its offspring, yet in England it is thought wrong to enforce any national provision for the mind; and yet the Duke of Nassau might argue, that in a civilized community children have no more natural *right* to be brought up ignorant than naked: in short, that if the mildest government be justified in forcing a man, for decency's sake, to envelope his body, it might equally claim the power of obliging him, for the welfare, prosperity, and advancement of the community—to develop his mind.

Into so complicated an argument I feel myself quite incompetent to enter, yet were I at this moment to be leaving this world, there is no one assertion I think I could more solemnly maintain—there is no important fact I am more seriously convinced of—and there is no evidence which, from the observation of my whole life, I could more conscientiously deliver, than that, as far as I have been capable of judging, our system of education in England has produced, does produce, and as long as it be persisted in, must produce, the most lamentable political effects.

Strange as it may sound, I believe few people will, on reflection, deny that a most remarkable difference exists between a man and what is termed mankind—in fact, between the intelli-

gence of the human being and that of the species to which he belongs.

If a man of common, or of the commonest abilities, be watched throughout a day, it is quite delightful to remark how cleverly he adapts his conduct to the various trifling unforeseen circumstances which occur—how shrewdly, as through a labyrinth, he pursues his own interests, and with what nimbleness he can alter his plans, or, as it is vulgarly termed, change his mind, the instant it becomes advisable for him to do so. Appeal to him on any plain subject, and you find him gifted with quick perception, possessed with ready judgment, and with his mind sparkling with intelligence. Now, mix a dozen such men together, and intellect instantly begins to coagulate; in short, by addition you have produced subtraction. One man means what he cannot clearly explain—another ably expresses what he did not exactly mean—one, while disputing his neighbor's judgment, neglects his own—another indolently reclines his head upon his neighbor's brain—one does not care to see—another forgets to foresee—in short, though any one pilot could steer the vessel into port, with twelve at the helm she inevitably runs upon the rocks. Now, instead of a dozen men, if anything be committed to the care, judgment, or honor of a large body, or, as it is not improperly termed, a "corporation" of men, their torpor, apathy, and sloth are indefinitely increased, and when, instead of a corporation, it be left to that nonentity, a whole nation—the total neglect it meets with is beyond all remedy. In short, the individuals of a community, compared with the community itself, are like a swarm of bees, compared with bees that have swarmed or clung together in a lump, and as the countryman stands shaking the dull mass from the bough, one can scarcely believe that it is composed of little, active, intelligent, busy creatures, each armed with a sting as well as with knowledge, and arrangements which one can hardly sufficiently admire. If this theory be correct, it will account at once for our unfortunate system of education in England, which being everybody's duty, is therefore nobody's duty, and which, like

"The child whom many fathers share,  
Has never known a father's care."

In the evening of a long, toilsome life, if a man were to be obliged solemnly to declare what, without any exception, has been the most lovely thing which on the surface of this earth it has been his good fortune to witness, I conceive that, without hesitation, he might reply—*The mind of a young child*. Indeed, if we believe that creation, with all its charms, was beneficently made for man, it seems almost to follow that his mind, that mirror in which every minute object is to be reflected, must be gifted with a polish sufficiently high to enable it to receive the lovely and delicate images created for its enjoyment. Accordingly, we observe with what delight a child beholds light—colors—flowers—fruit—and every new object that meets his eye ; and we all know that before his judgment be permitted to interfere, for many years he feels, or rather suffers, a thirst for information which is almost insatiable.

He desires, and very naturally desires, to know what the moon is ? what are the stars ?—where the rain, wind, and storm come from ? With innocent simplicity he asks, what becomes of the light of a candle when it is blown out ? Any story or any history he greedily devours ; and so strongly does his youthful mind retain every sort of image impressed upon it, that it is well known his after life is often incapable of obliterating the terror depicted there by an old nurse's tale of ghosts, and hobgoblins of darkness.

Now with their minds in this pure, healthy, voracious state, the sons of all our noblest families, and of the most estimable people of the country, are, after certain preparations, eventually sent to those slaughter-houses of the understanding, our public schools, where, weaned from the charms of the living world, they are nailed to the study of two dead languages—like galley-slaves, they are chained to these oars, and are actually flogged if they neglect to labor. Instead of imbibing knowledge suited to their youthful age, they are made to learn the names of Actæon's hounds—to study the life of Alexander's horse—to know the fate of Alcibiades's dog ;—in short, it is too well known that Dr. Lempriere made 3000*l.* a-year by the sale of a dictionary, in which he had amassed, "for the use of schools," tales and rubbish of this description. The poor boy at last "gets," as it is termed, "into

Ovid," where he is made to study everything which human ingenuity could invent to sully, degrade, and ruin the mind of a young person. The Almighty Creator of the universe is caricatured by a set of grotesque personages, termed gods and goddesses, so grossly sensual, so inordinately licentious, that were they to-day to appear in London, before sunset they would probably be every one of them where they ought to be—at the tread-mill. The poor boy, however, must pore over all their amours, natural and unnatural;—he must learn by heart the birth, parentage, and education of each, with the biography of their numerous offspring, earthly as well as unearthly. He must study love-letters from the heavens to the earth, and metamorphoses which have almost all some low, impure object. The only geography he learns is "the world known to the ancients." Although a member of the first maritime nation on the globe, he learns no nautical science but that possessed by people who scarcely dared to leave their shores: all his knowledge of military life is that childish picture of it which might fairly be entitled "war without gunpowder." But even the little which on these subjects he does learn, is so mixed up with fable, that his mind gets puzzled and debilitated to such a degree, that he becomes actually unable to distinguish truth from falsehood; and when he reads that Hannibal melted the Alps with vinegar, he does not know whether it be really true or not.

In this degraded state, with the energy and curiosity of their young minds blunted—actually nauseating the intellectual food which they had once so naturally desired, a whole batch of boys at the age of about fourteen\* are released from their schools to go on board men-of-war, where they are to strive to become the heroes of their day. They sail from their country ignorant of almost everything that has happened to it since the days of the

\* At this age I myself left my classical school, scarcely knowing the name of a single river in the new world—tired almost to death of the history of the Ilissus. In after life I entered a river of America more than five times as broad as from Dover to Calais—and with respect to the Ilissus, which had received in my mind such distorted importance, I will only say, that I have repeatedly walked across it in about twenty seconds, without wetting my ankles.



Romans—having been obliged to look upon all the phenomena of nature, as well as the mysteries of art, without explanation, their curiosity for information on such subjects has subsided. They lean against the capstan, but know nothing of its power—they are surrounded by mechanical contrivances of every sort, but understand them no more than they do the stars in the firmament. They steer from one country to another, ignorant of the customs, manners, prejudices, or languages of any ; they know nothing of the effect of climate—it requires almost a fever to drive them from the sun ; in fact, they possess no practical knowledge. The first lesson they learn from adversity is their own guiltless ignorance, and no sooner are they in real danger, than they discover how ill spent has been the time they have devoted to the religion of the heathen—how vain it is in affliction to patter over the names of Actæon and his hounds !

That in spite of all these disadvantages, a set of high-bred, noble-spirited young men eventually become, as they really do, an honor to their country, is no proof that their early education has not done all in its power to prevent them. But, to return to those we left at our public schools.

As these boys rise, they become, as we all know, more and more conversant in the dead languages, until the fatal period arrives, when, proudly laden with these two panniers, they proceed to one of our universities. Arriving, for instance, at Oxford, they find a splendid high street, magnificently illuminated with gas, filled with handsome shops, traversed by the mail, macadamized, and, like every other part of our great commercial country, beaming with modern intelligence. In this street, however, they are not permitted to reside, but, conducted to the right and left, they meander among mouldering monastic-looking buildings, until they reach the cloisters of the particular college to which they are sentenced to belong. By an ill-judged misnomer, they are from this moment encouraged, even by their preceptors, to call each other *men* ; and a *man* of seventeen, “too tall for school,” talks of another *man* of eighteen, as gravely as I always mention the name of my prototype Methuselah. What their studies are will sufficiently appear from what is required of them, when they come before the public as candidates for their degrees. At this exami-

nation, which is to give them, throughout their country, the rank of finished scholars, these self-entitled *men* are gravely examined first of all in Divinity,—and then, as if in scorn of it, almost in the same breath, they descant about the God of this vice, and the God of that; in short, they are obliged to translate any two heathen authors in Latin, and any other two in Greek, they themselves may select. They are next examined in Aristotle's moral philosophy, and their examination, like their education, being now concluded, their minds being now decreed to be brimfull, they are launched into their respective grades of society, as accomplished, polished men, who have reaped the inestimable advantages of a *good classical education*. But it is not these gentlemen I presume to ridicule; on the contrary, I firmly believe that the 1200 students, who at one time are generally at Oxford, are as high-minded, as highly talented, as anxious to improve themselves, as handsome, and, in every sense of the word, as fine a set of lads as can anywhere be met with in a body on the face of the globe. I also know that all our most estimable characters, all the most enlightened men our country has ever produced, have, generally speaking, been members of one of our universities; but, in spite of all this, will any reasonable being seriously maintain that the workmanship has been equal to the materials? I mean, that their education has been equal to themselves?

Let any one weigh what they have *not* learnt against what they have, and he will find that the difference is exactly that which exists between creation itself and a satchel of musty books. I own they are skilfully conversant in the latter; I own that they have even deserved prizes for having made verses in imitation of Sappho—odes in imitation of Horace—epigrams after the model of the *Anthologia*, as well as after the mode of Martial; but what has the university taught them of the former? Has it even informed them of the discovery of America? Has it given them the power of conversing with the peasant of any one nation in Europe? Has it explained to them any one of the wonderful works of creation? Has it taught them a single invention of art? Has it shown the young landed proprietor how to measure the smallest field on his estate? Has it taught him even the first rudiments of economy? Has it explained to him the principle of

a common pump? Has it fitted him in any way to stand in that distinguished situation which by birth and fortune he is honestly entitled to hold? Has it given him any agricultural information, any commercial knowledge, any acquaintance with mankind, or with business of any sort or kind; and lastly, has it made him modestly sensible of his own ignorance?—or has it, on the contrary, done all in its power to make him feel not only perfectly satisfied with his own acquirements, but contempt for those whose minds are only filled with plain useful knowledge?

But it will be proudly argued, “THE UNIVERSITY HAS TAUGHT HIM DIVINITY!” In theory, I admit it may have done so; but, in all his terms, has the student practically learnt as much of Omnipotence as the hurricane could explain to him in five minutes? To teach young lads the simple doctrines of Christianity, is it advisable to hide from their minds creation? Is it advisable to allow them to remain out of their colleges till midnight? But taking leave of the university, let us, for a moment, consider the political effects of its cramped, short-sighted, narrow-minded system.

On quitting their colleges, our young men, instead of being sensible that, although they have read much that is ornamental, their education has scrupulously avoided all that is useful—instead of modestly feeling that they have to make up for lost time, and to fight their way from nothing to distinction, like subaltern officers in our army, or like midshipmen in the navy, they have very great reason to consider that, far from being literary vessels, rudely put together, they are launched into society as perfect as a frigate from its dock!

With respect to the drudgery of gaining honors, they feel that they already possess them, can *produce* them, and true enough, they show 1st class, 2nd class, and 3rd class honors, which are as current in the country as the coin of the realm; and with respect to their education being *imperfect*, by universal consent, it has for centuries been coupled with the most flattering adjectives;—it is termed polite—elegant—accomplished—good—complete—excellent—regular—classical, &c., &c. In literary creation these young men conceive that they are luminaries, not specks—ornaments. not blemishes! not merely in their own opinions, but by

universal consent and acclamation. Their political place is undeniably, therefore, the helm, not before the mast; they are to guide, conduct, steer the vessel of the state, not ignobly labor at its oar!

Accordingly, when they take their places in both houses of Parliament, plunging at once into their own native element, they rise up in the immediate presence of noblemen and gentlemen who not only boast of having received exactly the same education as themselves, but who, as youths, have proudly won the self-same honors which they enjoy; and I here very humbly beg leave again to repeat, that because our Parliament maintains, and always has maintained, a front rank of men of undaunted resolution, transcendent abilities, brilliant natural genius, and clear, comprehensive, enlightened minds, it does not follow that the system of our public schools and universities must necessarily be practically good. On the contrary, it only proves that human institutions can no more extinguish the native virtue, talent, and integrity of a country, than they can hide from the world the light of the sun; but education can misdirect, though it cannot annihilate; it can give the national mind a hankering for unwholesome instead of wholesome food,—it can encourage a passion for useless instead of useful information. On its course high-bred lads may be trained to race against each other, until the vain object they have strived for can never in after-life re-appear, but their blood warms within them.

Now supposing, for a single moment, that English education be admitted to be as useless and dangerous as I have endeavored to describe it, let us consider what might naturally be expected to be its practical political effects.

In our two houses of Parliament, classical eloquence would unavoidably become the order of the day, and classical allusions, when neatly expressed, would always receive that heartfelt cheer which even the oldest among us are unable to withhold from what reminds us of the pleasures and attachments of our early days. Thus encouraged, young statesmen would feel their power rather than their inexperience; and, with their minds stored with knowledge declared to possess intrinsic value, they would not be very backward in displaying it. Language, rather than matter, would thus become the object of emulation—speeches

would swell into orations—and, in this contention and conflict of genius, men of cleverness, ready wit, brilliant imagination, retentive memory, caustic reply, and last, though not least, soundness of constitution, would rise to the surface, far above those who, with much deeper reflection, much heavier sense, more sterling knowledge, and more powerful judgment, were yet found to be wanting in activity in their parts of speech. Baffled, therefore, in their laconic attempts to expound their uninteresting, ledger-like, unfashionable opinions, this useful class of men would probably, by silence or otherwise, retire from the unequal contest, which would become more and more of an art, until extraordinary talent was required to carry political questions so plain and simple, that were votes to be given by any set of humdrum men, there would scarcely be a difference in their opinions.

In the midst of this civil war, a young man, scarcely one-and-twenty, would be very likely rapidly to rise to be the Prime Minister of our great commercial country ! for although, if this world teaches us any one moral, it is, that youth and inexperience are synonymous ; yet when talent only be the palm, surely none have better right to contend for it than the young !

Seated on the exalted pinnacle which he has most fairly and honorably attained, if not by general acclamation, at least by the applauding voice of the majority, he must, of course, stand against the intellectual tempest which has unnaturally brought a person of his age to the surface. Accordingly, by the main strength of his youthful genius, by his admitted superiority of talent, this beardless pilot would probably triumphantly maintain his place at the helm—requiring, however, support from those of his admirers most approaching in eloquence to himself. To obtain the services of some great orator, he would ( copying the system of his opponents ) be induced to appoint a man, for instance, Secretary for the Colonies, who on this earth had never reached the limits even of its temperate zone ; another, who had not heard a shot fired, or even seen a shell in the air, would, perhaps, be created Master-General of our Ordnance ; in short, talent being the weapon or single-stick of Parliament, he would, like others before him, arm himself with it at any cost, and thus reign triumphant.

However, without supposing such an extreme case, let us fearlessly recall to mind a miserable fact almost of yesterday. In the fatal year 1825, the British government conceived the purely classical and highly poetical idea of "bringing a new world into existence!" Most people will remember with what flowery eloquence the elegant project was laid before Parliament, and how loudly and generally it was cheered—the blind were led by the blind—all our senators being equally charmed at the splendid possibility of their thus politically dabbling in creation. The truth or moral, however, came upon us at last, like the simoom upon the traveller who ignorantly ventures on the deserts of Africa. The country almost foundered, and though she has to a certain degree recovered from the shock, yet thousands of widows, orphans, and people of small incomes, are to this day, in indigence and sorrow, secretly lamenting the hour in which the high-flown but ignorant parliamentary project was disseminated.

The charity, pater-noster system of education pursued to this day at our universities and public schools has produced other historical facts, which it is now equally out of our power to obliterate, atone for, or deny. For instance, we all know that in five years Charles II. touched 23,601 of his subjects for the evil:—that our bishops invented (just as Ovid wrote his "Metamorphoses") a sort of heathen service for the occasion;—that the unchristianlike, superstitious ceremony was performed in public; and that as soon as prayers were ended, we are told, "*The Duke of Buckingham brought a towel, and the Earl of Pembroke a basin and ewer, who, after they had made obeisance to his Majesty, kneeled down till his Majesty had washed.*"

Again, everybody knows that Amy Drury and her daughter, eleven years of age, were tried before "the great and good Sir Matthew Hale," then Lord Chief Baron, for witchcraft, and were convicted and executed at Bury St. Edmund's principally on the evidence of Sir Thomas Brown, one of the first physicians and scholars of his day: also that Dr. *Wiseman*, an eminent surgeon of that period, in writing on scrofula, says—"However, I must needs profess that His Majesty (Charles II.) cureth more in any one year than all the chirurgeons of London have done in an age."

The above degrading facts are moral tragedies, which were

not acted in a dark corner, by a few obscure strolling individuals—not even by any great political faction,—but the audience was the British nation—the performers the King on his throne—the bishops, the nobility, the judges, the physicians, the philosophers of the day. In short, theory and practice, hand in hand, both prove to the whole world the double error in our system of education. Says theory—if young people, instead of being taught to look at the ground under their feet, at the heaven above their head, or at creation around them, are forced by the rod to study events that never happened, speeches that never were made, metamorphoses that never took place, forms of worship and creeds ridiculous and impious, such a nation must inevitably grow up narrow-minded, ignorant, superstitious, and cruel. Says practice—this prophecy has been most fatally fulfilled; and in England, people *have* believed in witchcraft—*have* put savage faith in the King's touch—and, under the name of a mild and merciful religion, they *have* burnt each other to ashes at the stake!

The mute steadiness of British troops under fire,—the total want of bluster or bravado in our naval actions—where, as we all know,

“There is silence deep as death,  
And the boldest holds his breath  
For a time,”—

the laconic manner in which business all over England is transacted (millions being exchanged with little more than a nod of assent)—in short, our national respect for silent conduct—form a most extraordinary contrast with the flatulent eloquence of our parliamentary debates.

But to return to our houses of Parliament: shall we now proceed to calculate what would be the expense of such a system of government or misgovernment as that which has just been shown to have proceeded, not from the imbecility of individuals, but from the system of false education maintained by our public schools and universities? No! No! for the history of our country has already solved this great problem, and, at this moment, does it record to our posterity, as well as promulgate to the whole world, that the expense of a great mercantile nation,

looking behind it instead of before it—the price of its statesmen studying ancient poets instead of modern discoveries—of mistaking the “*orbis veteribus cognitus*” for the figure of the earth, amounts to neither more nor less than a national debt of EIGHT HUNDRED MILLIONS of English pounds sterling! In short, economy having fatally been classed at our universities among the vulgar arts, the current expenses of our statesmen have naturally enough been ordered to be put down to their children, just as their college bills were carelessly ordered to be forwarded to their fathers.

However, so long as a nation is *willing* to purchase at the above enormous, or at any still greater price, the luxury of reading Greek and Latin poetry, the misfortune at first appears to be only pecuniary; and it might almost further be argued, that a nation, like an individual, ought to be allowed to squander its money according to its own whim or fancy; but, though this may or may not be true so far as our money be concerned, yet there is an event which must arrive, and in England this event HAS JUST ARRIVED, when a continuance of such a mode of education must inevitably destroy our church, aristocracy, funds; in short, everything which a well-disposed mind loves, venerates, and is desirous to uphold.

The fearful event to which I allude is that of the lower classes of people becoming enlightened.

In spite of all that party spirit angrily asserts to the contrary, most firmly do I believe that there does not exist, in England, any revolutionary spirit worth being afraid of. In a rich commercial country, the idle, the profligate, and the worthless will always be anxious to level the well-earned honors, as well as plunder the wealth amassed by the brave, intelligent, and industrious; but every respectable member of society, with the coolness of judgment natural to our country, must feel that he possesses a stake, and enjoys advantages, which I firmly believe he is highly desirous to maintain; in fact, not only the good feeling, but the good sense of the country, support the fabric of our society, which we all know, like the army, derives its spirit from possessing various honors (never mind whether they be of intrinsic value or not) which we are all more or less desirous to obtain.



But if those who wear these honors degrade themselves—if our upper classes culpably desert their own standards—if they shall continue to insist on giving to their children an elegant, useless education, while the tradesman is filling his son with steady useful knowledge—if our aristocracy, with the Ghoul's horrid taste, *will* obstinately feed itself on dead languages, while the lower classes are greedily digesting fresh wholesome food—if writing, arithmetic, modern geography, arts, sciences, and discoveries of all sorts are to continue (as they hitherto have continued) to be most barbarously disregarded at our public schools and universities, while they are carefully attended to and studied by the poor—the moment must arrive when the dense population of our country will declare that they can no longer afford to be governed by classical statesmen; and, with an equally honest feeling, they will further declare, they begin to find it difficult to look up to the people who have ceased to be morally their superiors. That the lower orders of people in England are rising not only in their own estimation, but in the honest opinion of the world, is proved by the singular fact, that the wood-cuts of our "*Penny Magazine*" (so rapidly printed by one of Clowes's great steam presses) are sent, in stereotype, to Germany, France, and Belgium, where they are published, as with us, for the instruction of the lower classes. The same Magazine is also sent to America (page for page) stereotyped. The common people of England are thus proudly disseminating *their* knowledge over the surface of the globe; while our upper classes, by an infatuation which, without any exception, is the greatest phenomenon in the civilized world, are still sentencing their children to heathen, obscene, and useless instruction; and, though it has beneficently been decreed "LET THERE BE LIGHT!" our universities seriously maintain that the religious as well as moral welfare of this noble commercial country depends upon its continuing in intellectual darkness.

It is now much too late in the day to argue whether the education of the lower classes be a political advantage or not. One might as well stand on the Manchester Rail-road to stop its train as to endeavor to prevent that. The people, whether we like it or not, *WILL* be enlightened; and therefore, without bewailing the

disorder, our simple and only remedy is, by resolutely breaking up the system of our public schools and universities, to show the people that we have nobly determined to become enlightened too.

The English gentleman (a name which, in the army, navy, hunting-field, or in any other strife or contention, has always shown itself able to beat men of low birth) will then hold his ground in the estimation of his tenants, and continue to inhabit his estate. The English nobleman and the noble Englishman will continue to be synonymous—a well educated clergy will continue to be revered—the throne, as it hitherto hath been, will be loyally supported—our mercantile honor will be saved—THE HOPES OF THE RADICAL WILL BE IRRETRIEVABLY RUINED—and, when the misty danger at which we now tremble has brightened into intellectual sunshine, remaining, as we must do (so long as we continue to be the most industrious), the wealthiest and first commercial nation on the globe, we shall remember, and history will transmit to our children, that old-fashioned prophecy of Falconbridge, which so truly says,

"Naught shall make us rue,  
If England to itself do rest but true."

\* \* \* \* \*

I had retired to rest much pleased with Schlangenbad and all that belonged to it, when about midnight I was awakened by a general slamming of doors, windows, and shutters, occasioned by a most violent gale of wind, and on opening my eyes, the bright moonlight scene, which, without even moving my head, I beheld, was mysteriously grand and imposing. Although the moon, which had just risen, was, as I lay, not discernible through my windows, yet its silvery light beamed so strongly that the two little whitewashed mill-cottages in the valley seemed to be even brighter than I had observed them during the day. But what particularly attracted my attention was the apparent writhing of those great hills which, as if they had only just been rent asunder, hemmed me in. Every tree on them was bending and waving from the violence of the squall, and as cloud after cloud rapidly hurried across the moon, sometimes obscuring and then suddenly restoring to my view the strange prospect, the uncertainty of this

undulating movement gave a supernatural appearance to the scene, which more resembled the fiction of a dream, or of a romance, than any possible effect of wind on trees. The clean, glistening foliage seemed scarcely able to stand against the gale, which still continued to increase, until a loud peal of thunder, followed by a few heavy drops, announced a calm, which was no sooner established than the light of the moon appeared to be converted by nature into a heavy deluge of rain. For some few moments I listened, I believe, to the refreshing sound, and to the rushing of the stream beneath me, but as the darkness around me increased, my eyes closed, and I again dropped off to sleep.

The little society of Schlangenbad, like that of most of the towns and villages in this part of Germany, is composed of Lutherans, Catholics, and Jews. The former sects have each a place of worship allotted to them in the Old Bad-Haus or Nassauer-Hof, and their two chambers, standing nearly opposite to each other, remind me very strongly of those twin-roads which in England often lead from one little country town to another.

On each is the stranger invited to travel—one boasts that it is the nearest by half a quarter of a mile, the other brags that “it avoids the hill.” Such is the distinction between the two Christian sects at Schlangenbad ;—both start from the same point—both strain for the same goal, and yet they querulously refuse to travel together !

After having spent two or three days in rambling up and down the valley, searching for and admiring its sequestered beauties, like Rasselas, I felt anxious to scale the mountains which surrounded me, and accordingly inquired for a path, which, I was told, would extricate me from my happy valley ; however, after I had continued on it some way, fancying I could attain the summit by a shorter cut, I attempted to ascend the mountain by a straight course. For some time I appeared to succeed pretty well, feeling every moment encouraged at observing how high I had risen above the grassy valley beneath ; however, the mountain grew steeper and the trees thicker and larger, until I began to find that I had a much heavier job on my hands than I had bargained for : nevertheless, upward I proceeded, winding my way through some magnificent oak timber, until at last I attained actually the top of the

mountain : yet so surrounded was I by trees, that, very much to my disappointment, I found it impossible to see ten yards before me. For a considerable distance I walked along the ridge, hoping to find some gap or open spot which would enable me to get a glimpse of the country beneath me, but in vain ; for, go where I would, I was like a reptile crawling through a field of standing corn ; in short, nothing could I see but trees, and even they appeared to be of no value, as a great number of stately oaks were in every direction rotting just as if they were beyond the reach and ken of mankind. As I was winding between these timber trees, hoping, at least, to see deer or wild game of some sort, it began to rain, and though I had no disposition on that account to abandon my object, yet absolutely not knowing where to seek it, I was almost in despair, when it suddenly occurred to me to climb one of the trees ; and the idea had no sooner entered my head, than I felt quite angry with myself for not having thought of it before : however, I was some little time before I could find one to suit, for to swarm up the large body of one of the great oaks would have been quite impossible. As soon as I found a tree adapted to my purpose and my powers, I climbed it in spite of the rain, and I was no sooner in the position of King Charles the Second, than I witnessed one of the most splendid views that can be well conceived.

Beneath me was the Rhine, glistening and meandering in its course, while nearly opposite and beneath me lay Bingen, which appeared to be basking on the banks of a lake. Almost every one who has travelled on the Rhine speaks in raptures of this part of it, yet the view I enjoyed, seated on the limb of my tree, was altogether superior to what they could have witnessed, because at one view I beheld the beauties that they had only successively admired. The hills on which I was placed were clothed to their summits with foliage, feathering down to the very water's edge ; and instead of the little portion of the river, which, as one niggles along, is seen bit by bit from the steam-boat, its whole course seemed to be displaying itself to my view. The opposite shore was comparatively flat, and as far as I could see, a boundless fertile wine country appeared to extend there. The shower, which was still falling in heavy drops upon my tree, only belong-

ed to the mountain on which it stood, for the whole country and river beneath were basking in sunshine. It was really delightful to enjoy at once the sight of so many beautiful objects, and I hardly knew whether to admire most the lovely little islands which seemed floating at anchor in the Rhine, or the vast expanse of continent which was prostrate before me ; but without continuing the description, any one who will only look on his map for Bingen, and then imagine an old man seated in the clouds above it, will perceive what a salient angle I occupied, and what a magnificent prospect I enjoyed.

As soon as I had imbibed a sufficient dose of it, I commenced my descent, which was of course easy enough when compared with the fatigue I had suffered in attaining the object. The trees were dripping, and the mossy surface of the ground made my feet equally wet ; however, rapidly descending, I soon got first a glimpse of my own window in the New Bad-Haus, then a peep at the little quiet mills whose wheels I saw slowly turning under the clear bright water that sparkled above them ; and really when I at last got down to the green secluded valley of Schlangenbad, I felt that I would not exchange its peaceful tranquillity for the possession of all the splendid objects I had just witnessed.

Yet in viewing this humble scene, as well as in revelling over that magnificent prospect where space and wood seemed to be infinite, the very air smelling of health and freedom, there was a small feature in the picture which often gave me very painful reflections. There are, perhaps, many who will say, that two or three peasants' roofs are specks, which (whatever sad secrets may lie hidden beneath them) ought not to disturb the mind of the spectator, being objects much too insignificant to be worthy of his notice ; yet the more I admired the splendor of the mountain scenery,—the more the verdant valley seemed to rejoice,—the more the wild deer, dashing by me, appeared to enjoy the rich gifts of creation,—the more difficult did I find it to forget the abject poverty of the two or three poor families which were inhabiting this smiling valley ; and (on the principle of not muzzling the ox that treadeth out the corn) it certainly did seem to me hard, that, surrounded as these poor people are by an almost boundless forest of timber trees, quantities of which, stag-headed, are actu-

ally returning to the dust from which they sprung, they should, by the laws of their country, be rigidly forbidden to collect fuel to cheer the inclemency of the winter, or even with their fingers to tear up a little wild grass beneath the trees for their cow.

Considering that the storm, like the wind, cometh where it listeth, afflicting the poor man even more than the well-sheltered rich one, it seems hard, in districts so nearly uninhabited, that when the oak tree is levelled with the ground, the mountain peasant who has weathered the gale should be prevented from plundering this wreck of the desolate forest in which he has been born. Nevertheless, that such is the case, will be but too evident from the following short extracts from a very long list of forest penalties, rigidly enforced by the Duke of Nassau:—

## FOREST PENALTIES.

|                                           | Fine.                        |
|-------------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| For a load of sear wood                   | { a child.....34 kreuzers.*  |
|                                           | { grown-up person.....54 do. |
| If it be green wood, the fine is doubled. |                              |

|                           |                                  |
|---------------------------|----------------------------------|
| For a load of dead leaves | { a child.....26 to 28 kreuzers. |
|                           | { grown-up person.....46 to 48   |
| For a load of green grass | { a child.....30 do.             |
| torn up by the hand.      | { grown-up person.....50 do.     |

Should a sickle or scythe be used, the fine then becomes doubled; likewise for a second trespass; for a third, imprisonment ensues.

It is against the Duke's law to take birds' nests; even those of birds of prey cannot be taken without the permission of the keeper of the forests.

For a nest taken of common singing birds, 5 florins.

For nightingales.....15 do.

Should the nest be taken out of a pleasure ground, the fine then becomes doubled.

It may appear to many people quite impossible that these penalties can be enforced in desolate districts so nearly uninhabited: nevertheless, by a sort of diamond-cut-diamond system, the Duke's forest officers have various cunning ways of detecting those who infringe them; and the fact is, that fuel and wild grass are very often wanting in a solitary hovel absolutely environed by both. I myself was one day told that I had become liable to be fined

\* Three kreuzers make one penny English; sixty kreuzers (or 1s. 8d.) make one florin.

eighteen kreuzers, because in a reverie I had allowed a rough pony I was riding to bend his head down and eat a few mouthfuls of grass; and another day, seeing a man who was driving the ass I was riding rub with mud the end of a switch he had just cut, I was told by him, in answer to my inquiry, that he did so that it might not be proved he had *cut* it. However, lest these trifling data should not be deemed sufficient proof, I will at once add, that I have myself seen the peasants lying in the Duke's prison for having offended against these petty laws.

I took some pains to inquire what possible objection there could be to the poor people collecting a few dead leaves, or the rank wild grass which grows here and there all over the forest, and I was told that both of these by rotting are supposed to manure the trees, yet, as I have already stated, quantities of the largest timber are to be seen decaying in every direction.

In a crowded, populous country, all descriptions of property must be clearly distinguished and most sternly protected, but in a state of nature, or in districts so nearly approaching to it as many part of Nassau, the same rule is not applicable—the same necessity does not exist; and under such circumstances the punishment inflicted upon a child for tearing up for his mother's cow wild grass with his hands most certainly is (and who can deny it?) greater than the offence.

It is with no hostile or bad feeling towards the Duke of Nassau that I mention these details: he is a personage much beloved in his duchy, and I believe with great reason is he respected there, yet his forest laws no one surely can admire; and though custom certainly has sanctioned them—though the humbler voice of those who have suffered under them has hitherto been too feeble to reach his ears,—and though those about his court and person are but little disposed to awaken his attention to such mean complaints,—yet no one can calmly see and foresee the state of political feeling in Germany without admitting that the most humble traveller (and why not an English one?) may render the Duke of Nassau a friendly service, by bringing into daylight, unveiled by flattery, an act of oppression in his government, which, while it has most probably escaped his attention, is seditiously hoarded up by his political enemies to form part of that fulcrum which they are

secretly working at, in order to effect by it, if possible, his downfall. A grievance, like a wound, often only requires to be laid open to be cured ; whereas if, deeply seated, it be concealed from view, like gunpowder imbedded in a rock, when once the spark *does* reach it, it explodes with a violence proportionate to the power which would vainly have attempted to smother it in the earth.



## NIEDER-SELTERS.

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HAVING in various countries drunk so much and heard so much of the celebrated refreshing Selters or Selzer water, I determined one lovely morning to exchange the pleasure of rambling about the woods of Schlangenbad for the self-imposed duty of visiting the brunnen of Nieder-Selters: accordingly, I managed to procure a carriage, and with three post-horses away I trotted, sitting as upright and as full of exuberant enjoyment as our great departed lexicographer in his hack chaise. The macadamized road on which I travelled, with the sight of men and boys sitting by its side, spitefully cracking with slight hammers little stones upon flat big ones, might easily have reminded me of old England; but five women, each carrying on her head sixteen large stone bottles of Schlangenbad water to wash the faces of the ladies of Schwalbach—the dress of three peasants with long pipes in their mouths—a little cart drawn by two cows—the Prince of Saxe Coburg in a rough carriage pulled by horses without blinkers and in rope harness—an immense mastiff, driving before him to be slaughtered a calf not a week old, and scarcely as high as himself—all these trifling incidents, combined with the magnificent outline of wooded hills which towered above the road, constantly reminded me that I was still under the political roof, and in the dominions of “The Duke.”

On arriving at Schwalbach, I learned that the remainder of the journey, which was to occupy six hours, was to be performed on roads which, in the English language, are termed so very properly “cross.” Accordingly, passing under the great barren hill appropriated to the Schwein-General of Langen-Schwalbach, we followed for some time the course of a green grassy valley,

the herbage of which had just been cut for the second time ; and then getting into a country much afflicted with hills, the horses were either straining to ascend them, or suffering equally severely in the descent. In many places the road was hardly as broad as the carriage, and as there was generally a precipice on one side, I might occasionally have felt a little nervous had it not been for sundry jolts happily just violent enough to prevent the mind thinking of anything else.

Passing the Misenhammer, a water-mill lifting an immense hammer, which forges iron by its fall (a lion which the water-drinkers of Schwalbach generally visit), I proceeded through the village of Neuhoof to Würges, where we changed horses, and, what was still more important, bartered an old postilion for a young one. For a considerable time our road ascended, passing through woods and park-like plantations belonging to the Duke of Nassau's hunting seat "Die Platte;" at last we broke away from these coverts which had environed us, traversing a vast, undulating, unenclosed country, furrowed by ravines and deep valleys, many of which we descended and ascended. The principal crops were potatoes, barley, oats, rye, and wheat,—the three former being perfectly green, the two latter completely ripe ; and as it happened, from some reason or other, that these sets of crops were generally sown on the same sort of land, it constantly occurred that the entire produce of some hill wore the green dress of spring, while other eminences were as wholly clothed in the rich dusky garments of autumn. The harvest, however, not having commenced, and the villages being, generally speaking, hidden in the ravines, the crops often seemed to be without owners. Descending, however, into valleys, we occasionally passed through several very large villages, which were generally paved, or rather studded with paving stones ; and as the carriage-wheels hopped from one to another, the sensation (being still too fresh in my memory) I had rather decline to describe : suffice to say, that the painful excitation vividly expressed in my countenance must have formed an odd contrast with the dull, heavy, half-asleep faces, which, as if raised from the grave by the rattling of my springs as well as joints, just showed themselves at the windows, as if to scare me as I passed. From poverty, their thin mountain

air and meagre food, the inhabitants of all these villages looked dreadfully wan, and really there was a want of animation among the young people, as well as the old, which it was quite distressing to witness; the streets seemed nearly deserted, while the mud houses, with their unpainted windows, appeared to be as dry and cheerless as their inmates: here and there were to be seen children, with hair resembling in color and disorder a bunch of flax—but no youthful merriment, no playfulness—in short, they were evidently sapless chips of the old wooden blocks, which were still gaping at me from the window-frames.

At one of these solemn villages the postilion stopped at a "gast-haus" to bait his horses. Odd as it may sound, it is nevertheless true, that German post-horses have seldom what we should term bridles. Snaffle-bits, ending with T's instead of rings, being put into their mouths, are hooked (by these T's) to iron billets in the head-pieces of common stable-halters, by which arrangement, to feed the animals, it is only necessary, without taking them from the carriage, to unhook one end of the bits, which immediately fall from their mouths; a slight trough, on four legs, is then placed before them, and the traveller generally continues, as I did, to sit in his carriage watching the horses voraciously eating up slices of black rye bread.

In England, there is no surer recipe known for making a pair of horses suddenly run away with one's carriage, than by taking off their blinkers to allow them to see it; but though our method decidedly suits us the best, yet in Germany the whole system of managing horses from beginning to end is completely different from ours. Whether there is most of the horse in a German, or of the German in a horse, is a nice point on which people might argue a great deal; but the broad fact really is, that Germans live on more amicable terms with their horses, and understand their dispositions infinitely better than the English: in short, they treat them as horses, while we act towards them, and drill them, as if they were men; and in case any one should doubt that Germans are better horse-masters than we are, I beg to remind them of what is perfectly well-known to the British army—namely, that in the Peninsular war the cavalry horses of the German legion

were absolutely fat, while those of our regiments were skin and bone.

In a former chapter I have already endeavored to explain, that instead of reining a horse's head *up*, as we do, for draught, the Germans encourage the animal to keep it *down*; but besides this, in all their other arrangements they invariably attend to the temper, character, and instinct of the beast. For instance, in harness they intrust these sensible animals (who are never known to forget what they have once seen) with the free use of their eyes. Their horses see the wheel strike a stone, and they avoid the next one; if they drag the carriage against a post, they again observe the effect; and seeing at all times what is behind them, they know that by kicking they would hurt themselves; when passengers and postilion dismount, from attentive observation they are as sensible as we are that the draught will suddenly become less, and consequently, rejoicing at being thus left to themselves, instead of wishing to run away, they invariably are rather disposed to stand still.

As soon as, getting tired, or, as we are often too apt to term it, "lazy," they see the postilion threaten them with his whip, they know perfectly well the limits of his patience, and that after eight, ten, or twelve threats, there will come a blow: as they travel along, one eye is always shrewdly watching the driver—the moment he begins the heavy operation of lighting his pipe, they immediately slacken their pace, knowing, as well as Archimedes could have proved, that he cannot strike fire and them at the same time: every movement in the carriage they remark; and to any accurate observer who meets a German vehicle, it must often be perfectly evident that the poor horses know and feel, even better than himself, that they are drawing a coachman, and three heavy baronesses with their maid, and that to do that on a hot summer's day is—no joke. When their driver urges them to proceed, he does it by degrees; and they are stopped, not as bipeds, but in the manner quadrupeds would stop themselves.

Now, though we all like our own way best, let us for a moment (merely while the horses are feeding) contrast with the above description our English mode of treating a horse.

In order to break in the animal to draught, we put a collar

round his neck, a crupper under his tail, a pad on his back, a strap round his belly, with traces at his sides, and lest he should see that, though these things tickle and pinch, they have not power to do more, the poor intelligent creature is blinded with blinkers: and in this fearful state of ignorance, with a groom or two at his head, and another at his side, he is, without his knowledge, fixed to the pole and splinter-bar of a carriage. If he kicks, even at a fly, he suddenly receives a heavy punishment, which he does not comprehend—something has struck him, and has hurt him severely; but, as fear magnifies all danger, so, for aught we know or care, he may fancy that the splinter-bar, which has cut him, is some hostile animal, and expect, when the pole bumps against his legs, to be again assailed in that direction.

Admitting that in time he gets accustomed to these phenomena, becoming what we term steady in harness, still, to the last hour of his existence, he does not clearly understand what it is that is hampering him, or what is that rattling noise which is always at his heels: the sudden sting of the whip is a pain with which he gets but too well acquainted, yet the “unde derivatur” of the sensation he cannot explain—he neither knows when it is coming, nor where it comes from. If any trifling accident, or even irregularity occurs—if any little harmless strap, which ought to rest upon his back, happens to fall to his side—the poor, noble, intelligent animal, deprived of his eye-sight, the natural lanterns of the mind, is instantly alarmed; and though, from constant heavy draught, he may literally, without metaphor, be on his last legs, yet if his blinkers should happen to fall off, the sight of his own master—of his very own pimple-faced mistress—and of his own fine yellow carriage in motion—would scare him so dreadfully, that off he would probably start, and the more they all pursued him the faster would he fly!

I am aware that many of my readers, especially those of the fairer sex, will feel disposed to exclaim, “Why admire German horses? Can there be any in creation better fed or warmer clothed than our own? In black and silver harness are they not ornamented nearly as highly as ourselves? Is there any amusement in town which they do not attend? Do we not take them to the Italian Opera, to balls, plays, to hear Paganini, &c.; and

don't they often go to two or three routs of a night? Are our horses ever seen standing before vulgar shops? And do they not drive to church every Sunday as regularly as ourselves?"

Most humbly do I admit the force of these observations; all I persist in asserting is, that horses are foolishly fond of their eyesight—like to wear their heads awkwardly, as Nature has placed them; and that they have had taste enough to prefer dull German grooms and coachmen to our sharp English ones.

As soon as my horses had finished their black bread, all my idle speculations concerning them vanished; the snaffle-bits were put into their mouths—the trough removed—and on we proceeded to a village, where we again changed.

The features of the country now began to grow larger than ever; and though crops, green and brown, were, as far as the eye could reach, gently waving around me, yet the want of habitations, plantations, and fences, gave to the extensive prospect an air of desolation: the picture was, perhaps, grand, but it wanted foreground: however, this deficiency was soon most delightfully supplied by the identical object I was in search of—namely, the brunnen and establishment of Nieder-Selters, which suddenly appeared on the road-side close before me, scarcely a quarter of a mile from its village.

The moment I entered the great gate of the enclosure which, surrounded by a high stone wall, occupies about eight acres of ground, so strange a scene presented itself suddenly to my view, that my first impression was, I had discovered a new world inhabited by brown stone bottles! for in all directions were they to be seen rapidly moving from one part of the establishment to another, standing actually in armies on the ground, or piled in immense layers or strata one above another. Such a profusion and such a confusion of bottles it had never entered human imagination to conceive; and before I could bring my eyes to stoop to detail, with uplifted hands I stood for several seconds in utter amazement.

On approaching a large circular shed, covered with a slated roof, supported by posts, but open on all sides, I found the single brunnen or well from which this highly-celebrated water is forwarded to almost every quarter of the globe—to India, the West

Indies, the Mediterranean, Paris, London, and to almost every city in Germany. The hole, which was about five feet square, was bounded by a frame-work of four strong beams mortised together; and the bottom of the shed being boarded, it very much resembled, both in shape and dimensions, one of the hatches in the deck of a ship. A small crane with three arms, to each of which there was suspended a square iron crate or basket, a little smaller than the brunnen, stood about ten feet off: and while peasant girls, with a stone bottle (holding three pints) dangling on every finger of each hand, were rapidly filling two of these crates, which contained seventy bottles, a man turned the third by a winch, until it hung immediately over the brunnen, into which it then rapidly descended. The air in these seventy bottles being immediately displaced by the water, a great bubbling of course ensued; but in about twenty seconds, this having subsided, the crate was raised; and, while seventy more bottles descended from another arm of the crane, a fresh set of girls curiously carried off these full bottles, one on each finger of each hand, ranging them in several long rows upon a large table or dresser, also beneath the shed. No sooner were they there, than two men, with surprising activity, put a cork into each; while two drummers, with a long stick in each of their hands hammering them down, appeared as if they were playing upon musical glasses.

Another set of young women now instantly carried them off, four and five in each hand, to men who, with sharp knives, sliced off the projecting part of the cork; and this operation being over, the poor jaded bottles were delivered over to women, each of whom actually covered 3000 of them a-day with white leather, which they firmly bound with packthread round the corks; and then, without placing the bottles on the ground, they delivered them over to a man seated beside them, who, without any apology, dipped each of their noses into boiling hot rosin; and before they had recovered from this unexpected operation, the Duke of Nassau's seal was stamped upon them by another man, when off they were hurried, sixteen and twenty at a time, by girls to magazines, where they peacefully remained ready for exportation.

Although this series of operations, when related one after another, may sound simple enough, yet it must be kept in mind that

all were performed at once ; and when it is considered that a three-armed crane was drawing up seventy bottles at a time, from three o'clock in the morning till seven o'clock at night (meal hours excepted), it is evident that, without very excellent arrangement, some of the squads either would be glutted with more work than they could perform, or would stand idle with nothing to do ; no one, therefore, dares to hurry or stop ; the machinery, in full motion, has the singular appearance which I have endeavored to describe ; and certainly the motto of the place might be that of old Goethe's ring—

“*Ohne past, ohne rast.*”

Having followed a set of bottles from the brunnen to the store, where I left them resting from their labors, I strolled to another part of the establishment, where were empty bottles calmly waiting for their turn to be filled. I here counted twenty-five bins of bottles, each four yards broad, six yards deep, and eight feet high. A number of young girls were carrying thirty-four of them at a time on their heads to an immense trough, which was kept constantly full by a large fountain pipe of beautiful clear fresh water. The bottles on arriving here were brim-full (as I conceived for the purpose of being washed), and were then ranged in ranks, or rather solid columns, of seven hundred each, there being ten rows of seventy bottles.

It being now seven o'clock, a bell rang as a signal for giving over work, and the whole process came suddenly to an end : for a few seconds, the busy laborers (as in a disturbed ant-heap) were seen irregularly hurrying in every direction ; but, in a very short time, all had vanished. During some minutes I ruminated in solitude about the premises, and then set out to take up my abode for the night at the village, or rather town, of Nieder-Selters : however, I had no sooner, as I vainly thought, bidden adieu to bottles, than I saw, like Birnham Wood coming to Dunsinane, bottles approaching me in every possible variety of attitude. It appears that all the inhabitants of Nieder-Selters are in the habit of drinking in their houses this refreshing water ; but, as the brunnen is in requisition by the Duke all day long, it is only before or after work that the private supply can be obtained : no



sooner, therefore, does the evening bell ring, than every child in the village is driven out of its house to take empty bottles to the brunnen ; and it was this singular-looking legion which was now approaching me. The children really looked as if they were made of bottles ; some wore a pyramid of them in baskets on their heads—some were laden with them hanging over their shoulders before and behind—some carried them strapped round their middle—all had their hands full ; and the little urchins that could scarcely walk were advancing, each hugging in its arms one single bottle ! In fact, at Nieder-Selters, “an infant” means a being totally unable to carry a bottle ; puberty and manhood are proved by bottles ; a strong man brags of the number he can carry ; and superannuation means being no longer able in this world to bear . . . bottles.

The road to the brunnen is actually strewed with fragments, and so are the ditches ; and when the reader is informed that, besides all he has so patiently heard, bottles are not only expended, filled, and exported, but actually are *made* at Nieder-Selters, he must admit that no writer can possibly do justice to that place unless every line of his description contains at least once the word . . . bottle. The moralists of Nieder-Selters preach on bottles. Life, they say, is a sound bottle, and death a cracked one—thoughtless men are empty bottles—drunken men are leaky ones ; and a man highly educated, fit to appear in any country and in any society, is, of course, a bottle corked, rosined, and stamped with the seal of the Duke of Nassau.

As soon as I reached the village inn, I found there all the slight accommodation I required : a tolerable dinner soon smoked on the table before me ; and, feeling that I had seen quite enough for one day of brown stone bottles, I ventured to order (merely for a change) a long-necked glass one of a vegetable fluid superior to all the mineral water in the world.

The following morning, previous to returning to the brunnen, I strolled for some time about the village ; and the best analysis I can offer of the Selters water is the plain fact, that the inhabitants of the village, who have drunk it all their lives, are certainly, by many degrees, the healthiest and ruddiest looking peasants I have anywhere met with in the dominions of the Duke of Nassau.

This day being a festival, on reaching the brunnen at eleven o'clock I found it entirely deserted—no human being was to be seen ; all had been working from three o'clock in the morning till nine, but they were now in church, and were not to return to their labor till twelve. I had, therefore, the whole establishment to myself ; and going to the famous brunnen, my first object was to taste its waters. On drinking it fresh from the source, I observed that it possessed a strong chalybeate taste, which I had never perceived on receiving it from a bottle. The three iron crates suspended to the arms of the crane were empty, and there was nothing at all upon the wooden dressers which, the evening before, I had seen so busily crowded and surrounded : in the middle of the great square were the stools on which the cork-covering women had sat ; while at some distance to the left, were the solid columns, or regiments, of uncorked bottles, which I had seen filled brimfull with pure crystal water the evening before. On approaching this brown-looking army, I was exceedingly surprised at observing from a distance that several of the bottles were noseless, and I was wondering why such should ever have been filled, when, on getting close to these troops, I perceived to my utter astonishment, that not only about one-third of them were in the same mutilated state, but that their noses were calmly lying by their sides supported by the adjoining bottles ! What could possibly have been the cause of the fatal disaster which in one single night had so dreadfully disfigured them, I was totally at a loss to imagine : the devastation which had taken place resembled the riddling of an infantry regiment under a heavy fire ; yet few of our troops, even at Waterloo, lost so great a proportion of their men as had fallen in twelve hours among these immovable phalanxes of bottles. Had they been corked one might have supposed that they had exploded, but why nothing but their noses had suffered I really felt quite incompetent to explain.

As it is always better honestly to confess one's ignorance, rather than exist under its torture, with a firm step I walked to the door of the governor of the brunnen ; and sending up to him a card, bearing the name under which I travelled, he instantly appeared, politely assuring me that he should have much pleasure in affording any information I desired.

Instantly pointing to the noseless soldiers, my instructor was good enough to inform me that bottles in vast numbers being supplied to the Duke from various manufactories, in order to prove them, they are filled brimfull (as I had seen them) with water, and being left in the same state for the night, they are the next morning visited by an officer of the Duke, whose wand of office is a thin, long-handled, little hammer, which at the moment happened to be lying before us on the ground.

It appears that the two prevailing sins to which stone bottles are prone, are having cracks, and being porous, in either of which cases they, of course, in twelve hours, leak a little.

The Duke's officer, who is judge and jury in his own *court-yard*, carries his own sentences into execution with a rapidity which even our Lord Chancellor himself can only hope eventually to imitate. Glancing his hawk-like eye along each line, the instant he sees a bottle not brimfull, without listening to long-winded arguments, he at once decides "that there can be no mistake—that there shall be no mistake;" and thus at one blow or tap of the hammer, off goes the culprit's nose. "So much for Buckingham!"

Feeling quite relieved by this solution of the mystery, I troubled the governor with a few questions, in reply to which he very kindly conducted me to his counting-house, where, in the most liberal and gentleman-like manner, he gave me all the data I required.

The following, which I extracted from the day-book, is a statement showing the number of bottles which were filled for exportation during the year 1832, with the proportionate number filled during each month.

|                         | Large.          | Small.        |
|-------------------------|-----------------|---------------|
| January, 1832 . . . . . | 301             | 25            |
| February . . . . .      | 9,235           | 2,100         |
| March . . . . .         | 304,529         | 95,714        |
| April . . . . .         | 207,387         | 49,562        |
| May . . . . .           | 167,706         | 61,589        |
| June . . . . .          | 155,688         | 14,063        |
| July . . . . .          | 76,086          | 16,388        |
| August . . . . .        | 58,848          | 9,159         |
| September . . . . .     | 27,216          | 9,555         |
| October . . . . .       | 23,512          | 3,297         |
| November . . . . .      | 2,523           | 25            |
| December . . . . .      | 151             | . 44          |
|                         | <hr/> 1,033,662 | <hr/> 261,521 |

Besides the above, there is a private consumption, amounting, on an average, to very nearly half a million of bottles per annum.

It will, I hope, be recollected, that by the time a bottle is sealed, it has undergone fifteen operations, all performed by different people. The Duke, in his payments, does not enter into these details, but, delivering his own bottles, he gives  $17\frac{1}{2}$  kreuzers (nearly sixpence) for every hundred, large or small, which are placed, filled, in his magazines. The peasants, therefore, either share their labor and profits among themselves, or the whole of the operations are occasionally performed by the different members of one family; but so much activity is required in constantly stopping and carrying off the bottles, that this work is principally performed by young women of eighteen or nineteen, assembled from all the neighboring villages; and who, by working from three in the morning till seven at night, can gain a florin a day, or 30 florins a month, Sunday (excepting during prayers) not being, I am sorry to say, at Nieder-Selters, a day of rest.

For the bottles themselves the Duke pays  $4\frac{1}{2}$  florins per cent. for the large ones, and 3 florins per cent. for the small ones. The large bottles, when full, he sells at the brunnen for 13 florins a hundred.

His profit, last year, deducting all expenses, appeared to be, as nearly as possible, 50,000 florins; and yet, this brunnen was originally sold to the Duke's ancestor for a single butt of wine!

On coming out of the office, the establishment was all alive again, and the peasants being in their Sunday clothes, the picture was highly colored. Young women in groups of four and five, with little white or red caps perched on the tops of their heads, from which streamed three or four broad ribands of different colors, denoting the villages they proceeded from, in various directions, singing as they went, were walking together, heavily laden with bottles. They were dressed in blue petticoats, clean white shifts tucked above the elbows, with colored stays laced, or rather half unlaced, in front. Old women, covering the corks with leather, in similar costume, but in colors less gaudy, were displaying an activity much more vigorous than their period of life. Across this party-colored, well-arranged system, which was as regular in its movements as the planets in their orbits, an officer of the

Duke, like a comet, occasionally darted from the office to the brunnen, or from the tiers of empty bottles which had not yet been proved, to the magazine of full ones ready to embark on their travels.

In quitting the premises, as I passed the regiments of bottles, an operation was proceeding which I had not before witnessed. Women in wooden shoes were reversing the full bottles ; in fact, without driving these brown soldiers from their position, they were making them stand upon their heads instead of upon their heels—the object of this military somerset being to empty them ; however, every noseless bottle, water and all, was hurled over a wall, into a bin prepared on purpose to receive them ; and the smashing sound of devastation which proceeded from this odd-looking operation it would be very difficult to describe.

Having now witnessed about as much as I desired of the lively brunnen of Nieder-Selters, I bade adieu to this well-regulated establishment, feeling certain that its portrait would, in future, re-appear before my mind, in all its vivid colors, whensoever and wheresoever I might drink the refreshing, wholesome beverage obtained from its bright, sparkling source. My carriage had long been waiting at the gate ; however, having aroused my lumbering and slumbering driver, I retraced my steps, was slowly re-jolted homeward, and it was late before I reached my peaceful abode in the gay, green little valley of Schlangenbad.

## THE MONASTERY OF EBERBACH.

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EXACTLY at the appointed moment, Luy with his favorite ass, Katherinchen, appeared at the door of the new Bad-Haus ; the day, overcast with clouds, was quite cool, and, under such favorable auspices, starting at twelve o'clock, in less than a hundred yards we were all hidden in the immense forest which encircles that portion of the duchy of Nassau which looks down upon the Maine and the Rhine. For about an hour, the ass, who after the second turn seemed to be perfectly sensible where she was carrying me, patiently threaded her way along narrow paths, which, constantly crossing each other at various angles, seemed sufficient to puzzle even the brain of a philosopher : however, although human intellect is said to be always on the march, yet we often find brute instinct far before it ; and certainly it did appear that Katherinchen's knowledge of the carte du pays of Nassau was equal almost to that of "The Duke" himself. Sometimes we suddenly came to tracks of wheels which seemed to have been formed by carriages that had not only dropped from, but had returned back to, the clouds, for they began *à propos* to nothing, and vanished in an equally unaccountable manner. Sometimes we came to patches bare of timber, except here and there an old oak left on purpose to supply acorns for the swine ; then again we followed a path which seemed only to belong to deer, being so narrow that we were occasionally obliged to force our way through the bushes ; at last, all of a sudden, I unexpectedly found myself on the very brink of a most picturesque and precipitous valley.

Close above me, standing proudly on its rock, and pointing to a heavy white cloud which happened at the moment to be passing

over it, was the great pillar or tower of Sharfenstein, a castle formerly the residence of the bishops of Mainz. The village of Kiedrich lay crouching at a considerable depth beneath, the precipitous bank which connected us with it being a vineyard, in which every here and there were seen flights of rough stone steps, to enable the peasants to climb to their work. By a rocky path, about a foot or nine inches broad, Katherinchen, with Luy following as if tied to her tail, diagonally descended through this grape garden, until we at last reached the village mill, the wheel of which I had long observed indolently turning under a stream of water scarcely heavy enough for its purpose. The little village of Kiedrich, as I rode by it, appeared to be a confused congregation of brown hovels and green gardens, excepting a large slated mansion of the Baron von Ritter, whose tower of Sharfenstein now seemed in the clouds, as if to draw the lightning from the village; and almost breaking my neck to look up to it, I could not help feeling, as I turned towards the east, how proud its laird must be at seeing every morning its gigantic shadow lying across the valley, then paying its diurnal visit to every habitation, thus eclipsing for a few moments, from each vassal, even the sun in the heavens.

After passing Kiedrich, I again entered the forest, and for above an hour there was little to be seen except the noble trees which encompassed me; but the mind soon gets accustomed to ever so short a tether, and though I could seldom see fifty yards, yet within that distance there existed always plenty of minute objects to interest me. The foliage of the beeches shone beautifully clear and brilliant, and there were new shoots, which, being lighter in color than the old, had much the appearance of the autumnal tint, yet when the error was discovered, one gladly acknowledged that youth had been mistaken for age. The forest now suddenly changed from beech trees into an army of oaks which seemed to be, generally speaking, about fifty years of age: among them, however, there stood here and there a few weather-beaten veterans, who had survived the race of comrades with whom they had once flourished; but we must drop the military metaphor, for their hearts were gone—their bodies had mouldered away—nothing but one side was left—in fact, they were more like sentry-boxes

than sentinels, and yet, in this decayed state, they were decked with leaves as cheerfully as the rest. In this verdant picture there was one pale object which, for a few moments, as I passed it, particularly attracted my attention: it was an immense oak, which had been struck dead by lightning; it had been, and indeed still was, the tallest to be seen in the forest, and pride and presumption had apparently drawn it to its fate. Every leaf, every twig, every small branch was gone;—barkless—blasted—and blanchèd,—its limbs seemed stretched into the harshest outlines; a human corpse could not form a greater contrast with a living man, than this tree did with the soft green foliage waving around it; it stood stark—stiff—jagged as the lightning itself; and as its forked, sapless branches pointed towards the sky, it seemed as if no one could dare pass it without secretly feeling that there exists a power which can annihilate as well as create, and that what the fool said in his heart—was wrong! I, however, had not much time for this sort of reflection, for whenever Katherinchen, coming to two paths, selected the right one, Luy from behind was heard loudly applauding her sagacity, which he had previously declared to be superior to that of all the asses in Nassau—and yet Luy, in his more humble department, deserved quite as much praise as Katherinchen herself.

He was a slender, intelligent, active man, of about thirty, dressed in a blue smock-frock, girded round the middle by the buff Nassau belt; and though, from some cause or other, which he could never satisfactorily account for, his mouth always smelt of rum, yet he was never at a loss—always ready for an expedition, and foot-sore or not, the day seemed never long enough to tire him. The fellow was naturally of an enterprising disposition, and the winters in Nassau being long and cheerless, it occurred to Luy on his march, that were he with Katherinchen and his other two asses to go to England (of which he had only heard that it was the richest country under the sun), they would no doubt there be constantly employed for the whole twelvemonth, instead of only finding lady and gentlemen riders at Schlangenbad for a couple of months in the year. His project seemed to himself a most brilliant one, and though I could not enter into it quite as warmly as he did (indeed I almost ruined his hopes by merely



hinting that our sea, which he had never heard of, might possibly object to his driving asses from Schlangenbad to London), yet I inwardly felt that poor Luy's speculation had quite as sound a foundation, displayed quite as much knowledge of the world, and had infinitely less roguery in it, than the bubble projects of more civilized countries, which have too often eventually turned out to be nothing more nor less than ass-driving with a vengeance.

After winding my way through the trees for a considerable time, inclining gently to the left, I suddenly saw close before me, at the bottom of a most sequestered valley, the object of my journey,—namely, the very ancient monastery of EBERBACH. The sylvan loveliness, and the peaceful retirement of this spot, I strongly feel it is quite impossible to describe. Almost surrounded by hills or rather mountains, clothed with forest trees, one does not expect to find at the bottom of such a valley an immense solitary building, which in size and magnificence not only corresponds with the bold features of the country, but seems worthy of a place in any of the largest capitals of Europe.

The irregular building, with its dome, spires, statues, and high slated roofs, looks like the palace of some powerful king; and yet the monarch has apparently no subjects but the forest trees, which on all sides almost touch the architecture, and even closely environ the garden walls.

A spot better suited to any being or race of beings who wished to say to the world, "*Fare thee well; and if for ever, still for ever fare thee well!*" could scarcely be met with on its vast circumference; and certainly, if it were possible for the vegetable creation to compensate a man for losing the society of his fellow-creatures, the woods of Eberbach would, in a high degree, afford him that consolation.—A more lovely and romantic situation for a monastery could not have existed; yet I should have wondered how it could possibly have been discovered, had not its history most clearly explained that marvel.

In the year 1131, St. Bernhard, the famous preacher of the crusade (whose followers eventually possessed, merely in the Rhine-gau, six monastic establishments—namely, Tiefenthal, Gottesthal, Eberbach, Eibinger, Nothgottes, and Marienhausen), was attacked by a holy itch, or irresistible determination to erect

a monastery ; but not knowing where to drop the foundation-stone, he consulted, it is said, a wild boar, on this important subject. The sagacious creature shrewdly listened to the human being who addressed it ; and a mysterious meeting being agreed upon, he silently grubbed with his snout, in the valley of Eberbach, lines marking out the foundation of the building ; and certainly such a lovely sty, for men basking in sunshine, to snore away their existence, no animal but a pig would ever have thought of !

St. Bernhard, highly approving of the boar's taste, employed the best architects to carry his plan into execution ; and sparing no expense, a magnificent cathedral—a large palace with a monastery connected together by colonnades, as well as ornamented in various places with the image of a pig, its founder—were quickly reared upon the spot ; and when all was completed, monks were brought to the abode, and the holy hive, for many centuries, was heard buzzing in the wild mountains which surrounded it : however, in the year 1803, the Duke of Nassau took violent possession of its honey, and its inmates were thus rudely shaken from their cells. Three or four of the monks, of this once wealthy establishment, are all that now remain in existence, and their abode has ever since been used partly as a government prison, and partly as a public asylum for lunatics.

Before entering the great gate, which was surmounted by colossal figures of the Virgin Mary, St. John, and the great St. Bernhard himself, I was advised by my cicerone, Luy, to go to some grotto he kept raving about ; and as Katherinchen's nose also seemed placidly to point the same way, I left the monastery, and through a plantation of very fine oaks, which were growing about twenty feet asunder, we ascended, by zigzags, a hill surmounted by a beautiful plantation of firs ; and the moment I reached the summit, there suddenly flashed upon me a view of the Rhine, which, without any exception, I should say, is the finest I have witnessed in this country. Uninterrupted by anything but its own long, narrow islands, I beheld the course of the river, from Johannisburg to Mainz, which two points formed, from the grotto where I stood, an angle of about 120 degrees. Between me and the water, lay, basking in the sunshine, the Rhein-gau, covered with vineyards, or surrounded by large patches of corn, which were evi-

dently just ready for the sickle ; but the harvest not having actually commenced, the only moving objects in the picture were young women with white handkerchiefs on their heads, busily pruning the vines ; and the Cöln, or, as it might more properly be termed, the *English* steam-boat, which, immediately before me, was gliding against the stream towards Mainz. On the opposite side of the Rhine, an immense country, highly cultivated, but without a fence, was to be seen.

Turning my back upon this noble prospect, the monastery lay immediately beneath me, so completely surrounded by the forest, that it looked as if, ready-built, it had been dropped from heaven upon its site.

A more noble-looking residence could hardly be imagined, and the zigzag walks and plantations of fir imparted to it a gentleman-like appearance, which I could not sufficiently admire ; yet, notwithstanding the rural beauty of the place, I felt within me a strong emotion of pity for those poor, forlorn, misguided beings, whose existence had been uselessly squandered in such mistaken seclusion ; and I could not help fancying how acutely, from the spot on which I stood, they might have compared the moral loneliness of their mansion with the natural joy and loveliness of that river scenery from which their relentless mountain had severed them : indeed, I hope my reader will not think an old man too Anacreontic for saying, that if anything in this world could penetrate the sackcloth garment of a monk, "and wring his bosom," it would be the sight of what I had just turned my back upon—namely, a vineyard full of women ! That the fermentation of the grape was intended to cheer decrepitude, and that the affections of a softer sex were made to brighten the zenith of mid-day life, are truths which, within the walls of a convent or a monastery, it must have been most exquisite torture to reflect upon.

As I descended from the grotto, I saw beneath me, entering the great gate of the building, half a dozen carts laden with wood, each drawn by six prisoners. None being in irons, and the whole gang being escorted by a single soldier in the Nassau uniform, I was at first surprised,—why, when they penetrated the forest, they did not all run away ! However, fear of punishment held them together : there being no large cities in the duchy, they had

nowhere to run, but to their own homes, where they would instantly have been recaptured; and though, to a stranger like myself, the forest seemed to offer them protection, yet it was certain death by starvation to remain in it.

On entering the great square, I found it would be necessary to apply to the commandant of the establishment for permission to view it. I accordingly waited upon him, and was agreeably surprised at being politely informed by him, in English, that he would be proud and most happy to attend me. He was a fine, erect, soldier-like looking man, of about forty, seventeen years of which he had reigned in this valley over prisoners and lunatics; the average number of the former being 250, and of the latter about 100.

As I was following him along some very handsome cloisters, I observed, hanging against a wall, twenty-five pictures in oil, of monks, all dressed in the same austere costume, and in features as in dress so much resembling each other, that the only apparent distinction between them was the name of each individual, whose barren, useless existence was thus intended to be commemorated beyond the narrow grave which contained him. Ascending a stone staircase, I now came to the lower division of the prison, one-half being appropriated to women, and the other to men.

Although I had been for the whole day enjoying pure fresh air, yet the establishment was so exceedingly clean, that there was no smell of any sort to offend me. The monks' cells had in many places been thrown by threes into large rooms for tailors, weavers, carpenters, shoemakers, &c., &c.—each of these trades working separately, under the direction of one overseer. In all these chambers every window was wide open, the walls were white-washed, and the blanched floors were without stain; indeed, this excessive cleanliness, although highly praised by me, and exceedingly attractive to any English traveller, probably forms no small part of the punishment of the prison; for there is nothing that practically teases dirty people more than to inflict upon them foreign habits of cleanliness. The women's rooms were similarly arranged, and the same cleanliness and industry insisted upon; while, for younger culprits, there was an excellent school, where they were daily taught religious singing, reading, writing, arith-

metic, and weaving. Having finished with this floor, I mounted to the upper story, where, in solitary cells, were confined patients who had relapsed, or, in plainer terms, culprits who had been convicted a second time of the same offence.

Many of these unfortunate people were undergoing a sentence of three, four, and five years' imprisonment: and to visit them, as I did in their cells, was, I can assure my reader, anything but pleasing. On the outside of each door hung a small black board, upon which was laconically inscribed, in four words, the name and surname of the captive—his or her offence—and the sentence. I found that their crimes, generally speaking, were what we should call petty thefts—such as killing the Duke's game—stealing his wood—his grass, &c., &c.

As I paid my melancholy visits, one after another, to these poor people, I particularly observed that they seemed, at least, to be in the enjoyment (if, without liberty, it may be so termed) of good health; the natural effect of the cool, temperate lives they were obliged to lead, and the pure fresh air which came to each of them through a small open window; yet so soon as their doors were opened there was an eagerness in their countenances, and a peculiar anxiety in their manner of fixing their eyes upon mine, which seemed to curdle into despondency, as the door was rapidly closed between us. Each individual had some work to perform—one man had just finished a coffin for a poor maniac who had lately ended his melancholy career—the lid, instead of being flat, was a four-sided prism, and on the upper slab, there was painted in black a cross very nearly the length of the coffin.

So long as the soldier, in his buff belt, who attended the commandant, continued to unlock for me and lock the dungeons of the male prisoners, so long did I feel myself capable of witnessing their contents; for to see *men* suffer, is what we are all more or less accustomed to; but as soon as he came to the women's cells, I felt, certainly for the first time in my existence, that I should be obliged to abandon my colors, and cease to be of the scene before me—a "reviewer."

In the countenance of the very first female captive that I beheld, I could not but remark a want of firmness, for the possession of which I had not given to the other sex sufficient credit—the

poor woman (to be sure she might have been a mother) showed an anxiety for her release which was almost hysterical; and hurrying towards me, she got so close to the door, that it was absolutely forcibly slammed by the soldier, almost in her face.

In the third cell that I came to, there stood up before me with a distaff in her hand, a young, slight-made peasant girl of about eighteen; her hair was black, and her countenance seemed to be beaming with innocence and excessive health. She was the only prisoner who did not immediately fix her eyes upon mine; but, neither advancing nor retiring, she stood, looking downwards, with an expression of grief, which I expected every moment, somewhere or other, would burst into tears. Such a living picture of youthful unhappiness I felt myself incapable of gazing upon; and the door, being closed upon her, was no sooner locked, than I thanked the commandant for his civility, adding, that I would not trouble the soldier to open any more of the cells, observing, as an excuse, that I perceived they were all alike.

After standing some time and listening to the rules and discipline of the prison, I inquired of the commandant whether he had any prisoners confined for any greater crimes than those which I have already mentioned, to which he replied in the negative; and he was going to descend the staircase, when I asked him, as coldly as I could, to be so good as to state for what offence the young person I had just left was suffering so severely. The commandant, with silent dignity, instantly referred me to the little black board, on which was written the girl's name (I need not repeat it) and her crime, which, to my very great astonishment, turned out to be "DISSOLUTE;" and it was because she had been convicted a second time of this offence, that she was imprisoned, as I saw her, in a cell, which, like the others, had only one small window in the roof, from which nothing was to be seen but what she, perhaps, least dared to look at—the heavens! I certainly, from her appearance, did not judge rightly of her character: however, upon such points I neither outwardly profess, nor inwardly do I believe myself, to be what is vulgarly termed—knowing. Had I looked into the poor girl's countenance for guilt, it is most probable I should not have searched there in vain, but at her youthful age, one sought for feelings of a better cast;

and, notwithstanding what was written on the black board, those feelings most certainly did exist, as I have very faintly described them.

I now accompanied the commandant (going along, I may just observe that he had learned English from his father, who had served as an officer in our German Legion) to another part of the monastery, which had long been fitted up as an asylum for lunatics, most of whom were provided for by the Nassau government, the rest being people of family, supplied with every requisite by their friends.

There was but little here which particularly attracted my attention. In clean, airy rooms, formed out of three cells, as in the prison, there lived together from eight to ten lunatics, many of whom appeared to be harmless and even happy, although, in the corner of the room, there certainly was a large iron cage for refractory or dangerous patients. In one of these groups stood a madman, who had been a medical student. He was about thirty years of age, extremely dark, exceedingly powerfully made, —and no sooner did I enter the room, than raising his eyes from a book which he was reading, he fixed them (folding his arms at the time) upon me, with a ferocity of countenance, which formed a very striking contrast to the expression of imbecility which characterized the rest of his companions. The longer he looked at me, the deeper and the darker was his frown; and though I steadily returned it, yet, from the flashing of his eyes, I really believed that, like a wild beast, he would have sprung upon me, had I not followed the soldier to the next room.

Having inspected the great apartments, I next visited the cells in which were confined those who were not fitted for intercourse with others; they were generally of a gloomy temperament. Some were lying on their beds, apparently asleep; while some, particularly women, actually tried to escape, but were mildly repressed by the commandant, whose manner towards them seemed to be an admirable mixture, in about equal parts, of mildness and immovable firmness.

I should have continued along the passage which connected these cells, but the poor creature, whose coffin I had seen, was lying there; I therefore left the building, and went into a great

garden of the monastery, filled with standard fruit-trees, which had been planted there by the monks. In this secluded spot there was a sort of summer-house, where the worst lunatic cases were in confinement; none, however, were in chains; though some were so violent, that the commandant made a sign to the soldier not to disturb them.

Having now very gratefully taken leave of the deserving officer in charge of this singular establishment for crime and lunacy, the whole of which was admirably kept in complete subjection by a garrison of eight soldiers, for a considerable time I strolled alone about the premises. Sometimes I looked at ancient figures of a boar, which I found in more than one place, rudely carved both on wood and stone; then I wandered into the old cathedral, which was now strangely altered from the days of its splendor, for the glass in its Gothic windows having been broken, had been plastered up with mud, while upon the tombs of bishops and of abbots there were lying corn in sheaves,—heaps of chaff,—bundles of green grass.

My attention was now very particularly attracted by the venerable entrance-gate of the monastery, which, on turning a corner, suddenly appeared before me, surmounted by colossal statues of the Great St. Bernhard with his crosier—of St. John, holding a long thin cross, at the foot of which there was seated a lamb—and the Virgin Mary, who, with a glory round her head, and an olive branch in her hand, stood in the centre, considerably exalted above both.

The sun had long ago set—and I was no sooner immediately under the great arched gateway, than, leaning on my staff, I stood as it were riveted to the ground at the sight of the moon, which, having risen above the great hill, was shining directly upon the picturesque pile and images above my head.

As in silence and solitude I gazed upon the lovely planet, which majestically rose before me, growing brighter and brighter as the daylight decayed, I could not help feeling what strange changes she had witnessed in the little valley of Eberbach! Before the recorded meeting of the "*sus atque sacerdos*," she had seen it for ages and ages existing alone in peaceful retirement—one generation of oaks and beech-trees had been succeeded by another, while



no human being had felt disposed either to flourish or to decay among this vegetable community. After this solemn interview with the pig, she had seen the great St. Bernhard collecting workmen and materials, and as in the midst of them he stood waving his cross, she had observed a monastery rise as if by magic from the earth, rapidly over-topping the highest of the trees which surrounded it. In the days of its splendor she had witnessed provisions and revenues of all sorts entering its lofty walls, but though processions glittered in its interior, nothing was known by her to have been exported save a matin and vesper moan, which, accompanying the wind as it swept along the valley, was heard gradually dying, until, in a few moments, it had either ceased to exist, or it had lost itself among the calm, gentle rustling of the leaves. Lastly, she had seen the monks of St. Bernhard driven from their fastness—and from their holy cells, as with full splendor she had since periodically gazed in midnight upon the convent, too often had she heard—first, the scream of the poor maniac, uttered, as her round gentle light shone mildly upon his brain; and then his wild laugh of grief, as, starting from a distempered sleep, he forced his burning forehead against the barred window of his cell, as if, like Henri Quatre,—

“ Pour prendre la lune avec ses dents.”

As she proceeded in her silent course, shining successively into each window of the monastery, how often did she now see the criminal lying on the couch of the bigot—and the prostitute solitarily immured in the cell of celibacy! The madman is now soundly sleeping where the fanatic had in vain sought for repose—and the knave unwillingly suffering for theft where the hypocrite had voluntarily confined himself!

From a crowd of these reflections, which, like mushrooms, rapidly grew up by the light of the moon, I was aroused by Katherinchen and her satellite Luy, whose heads (scarcely visible from the shadow of the great gateway), pointing homewards, mildly hinted that it was time I should return there; but on my entering the convent, rather an odd scene presented itself. The supper of the lunatics, distributed in separate plates, being ready in the great

kitchen, like a pack of hounds, they were all of a sudden let loose, and their appetites sufficiently governing their judgments, each was deemed perfectly competent to hunt for his own food, which was no sooner obtained, than, like an ant, he busily carried it off to his cell. The prisoners were also fed from another kitchen at the same hour; and as certain cravings, which with considerable dignity I had long repressed, were painfully irritated by the very savory smells which assailed me, stopping for a moment, I most gladly partook of the madman's fare, and then, full of soup and of the odd scenes I had witnessed, leisurely seating myself in my saddle, guided by Katherinchen, and followed by Luy, we retraced our intricate paths through the forest, until, late at night, we found ourselves once again in sight of the little lamps which light up the garden and bowers of my resting-place, or caravanseraï—the New Bad-Haus of Schlangenbad.

## JOURNEY TO MAINZ.

HAVING occasion to go to Mainz, I sent over-night to apprise the ass, Katherinchen, and the groom of her bedchamber, Luy, that I should require the one to carry, the other to follow me to that place. Accordingly, when seven o'clock, the hour of my departure, arrived, on descending the staircase of the great Bad-Haus, I found Luy in light marching order, leaning against one of the plane trees in the shrubbery, but no quadruped! In the man's dejected countenance it was at once legible that his Katherinchen neither was nor would be forthcoming; and he had begun to ejaculate a very long-winded lamentation, in which I heard various times repeated something about sacks of flour and Langen-Schwalbach: however, Luy's sighs smelt so strongly of rum, that not feeling as sentimental on the subject as himself, I at once prevailed upon him to hire for me from a peasant a little long-tailed pony, which he accordingly very soon brought to the door. The wretched creature (which for many years had evidently been the property of a poor man) had been employed for several months in the driest of all worldly occupations, namely, in carrying hard stone bottles to the great brunnen of Nieder-Selters, and had only the evening before returned from that uninteresting job. It was evident she had had allotted to her much more work than food, and as she stood before me with a drooping head, she shut her eyes as if she were going to sleep. I at first determined on sending the poor animal back, but being assured by Luy that, in that case, she would have much harder work to perform, I reluctantly mounted her, and at a little jog-trot, which seemed to be her best—her worst—in fact, her only pace, we both, in very humble spirits, placidly proceeded towards Mainz.

Luy, who, besides what he had swallowed, had naturally a great deal of spirit of his own, by no means, however, liked being left behind ; and though I had formally bidden him adieu, and was greatly rejoiced that I had done so, yet, while I was ascending the mountain, happening to look behind me, I saw the fellow following me at a distance like a wolf. I, therefore, immediately pulled up my rein, a hint which the pony most readily understood, and as Luy came up, I told him very positively he must return. Seeing that he was detected, he at once gave up the point ; yet the faithful vassal, still having a hankering to perform for me some little parting service, humbly craved permission to see if the pony's shoes were, to use the English expression, "all right." The two fore ones were declared by him (with a hiccup) to be exactly as they should be ; but no sooner did he proceed to make his tipsy reflections on the hind ones, than in one second the pony seemed by magic converted into a mad creature ! Luy fell, as if struck by lightning, to the ground, while the tiny thing, with its head between its legs (for the rein had been lying loose on its neck), commenced a series of most violent kicks, which I seriously thought would never come to an end.

As good luck would have it, I happened, during the operation, to cleave pretty closely to my saddle, but what thunder-clap had so suddenly soured the mild disposition of my palfrey, I was totally unable to conceive ! It turned out, however, that the poor thing's paroxysm had been caused by an unholy alliance that had taken place between the rpot of her tail and the bowl of Luy's pipe, which, on his reeling against her, had become firmly entangled in the hair, and it was because it remained there for about half a minute, burning her very violently, that she had kicked, or, as a lawyer would term it, had protested in the violent manner and form I have described.

After I had left Luy, it took some time before the poor frightened creature could forget the strange mysterious sensation she had experienced ; however, her mind, like her tail, gradually becoming easy, her head drooped, the rein again hung on her neck, and in a mile or two we continued to jog on together in as good and sober fellowship as if no such eccentric calamity had befallen us.

As we were thus ascending the mountain by a narrow path, we came suddenly to a tree laden with most beautiful black cherries, evidently dead ripe. The poor idiot of Schlangenbad had escaped from the hovel in which he had passed so many years of his vacant existence, and I here found him literally gorging himself with the fruit. For a moment he stopped short in his meal, wildly rolling his eyes, and looking at me, as if his treacherous, faithless brain could not clearly tell him whether I was a friend or an enemy ; however, his craving stomach being much more violent than any reflections the poor creature had power to entertain, he suddenly seemed to abandon all thought, and again greedily returned to his work. He was a man of about thirty, with features, separately taken, remarkably handsome ; he had fine hazel eyes, an aquiline nose, and a good mouth ; yet there was a horrid twist in the arrangement in which not only his features but his whole frame was put together, which, at a single glance, pointed him out to me as one of those poor beings who, here and there, are mysteriously sent to make their appearance on this earth, as if practically to explain to mankind, and negatively to prove to them, the inestimable blessing of reason, which is but too often thanklessly enjoyed.

The cherries, which were hanging in immense clusters around us, were plucked five or six at a time by the poor lame creature before me ; but his thumb and two fore-fingers being apparently paralyzed, he was obliged to grasp the fruit with his two smallest, and thus, by a very awkward turn of his elbow, he seemed apparently to be eating the cherries out of the palm of his hand, which was raised completely above his head.

Not a cherry did he bite, but with canine voracity, he continued to swallow them, stones and all ; however, there was evidently a sharp angle or tender corner in his throat, for I particularly remarked, that whenever the round fruit passed a certain point, it caused the idiot's eyes to roll, and a slight convulsion in his frame continued until the cherry had reached the place of its destination.

The enormous quantity of ripe fruit which I saw this poor creature swallow in the way I have described quite astonished me ; however, it was useless to attempt to offer him advice, so instead

I gave him what all people like so much better—a little money—partly to enable him to buy himself richer food, and partly because I wished to see whether he had sense enough to attach any value to it.

The silver was no sooner in his hand than, putting it most rationally into the loose pocket of his ragged, coarse cloth trowsers, he instantly returned to his work with as much avidity as ever. Seeing that there was to be no end to his meal, I left him hard at it, and continued to ascend the hill, until the path, suddenly turning to the right, took me by a level track into the great forest.

The sun had hitherto been very unpleasantly hot, but I was now sheltered from its rays, while the pure mountain air gave to the foliage a brightness which, in the Schlangenbad woods, I have so often stopped to admire. Although it was midsummer, the old brown beech leaves of the last year still covered the surface of the ground; yet they were so perfectly dry, that far from there being anything unhealthy or gloomy in their appearance, they formed a very beautiful contrast with the bright, clean, polished leaves, as well as with the white, shining bark of the beech trees out of which they had only a year ago sprung into existence. This russet covering of the ground was, generally speaking, in shade, but every here and there were bright sparkling patches of sunshine, which, having penetrated the foliage, shone like gaudy patterns in a dark carpet.

As the breeze gently stole among the trees, their branches in silence bowing as it passed them, these brown leaves, being crisp and dry, occasionally moved;—occasionally they were more violently turned over by small fallow deer, which sometimes darted suddenly across my path, their skin clean as the foliage on which they slept—their eye darker than the night, yet brighter than the pure stream from which they drank.

Enjoying the variety of this placid scene, I took every opportunity, in search of novelty, to change my track; still from the position of the sun, always knowing whereabouts I was, I contrived ultimately to proceed in the direction I desired, and after having been for a considerable time completely enveloped in the forest, I suddenly burst into hot sunshine close to Georgenborn, a little village, hanging most romantically on the mountain's side.

The Rhine, and the immense country beyond it, now flashed upon my view, and as I trotted along the unassuming street, it was impossible to help admiring the magnificent prospect which these humble villagers constantly enjoyed; however, the mind, like the eye, soon becomes careless of the beauties of creation, and as my pony jogged onwards in his course, I found that the cottagers looked upon us both with much greater interest than upon that everlasting traveller the Rhine. Every woman we met, with great civility grunted "Guten Morgen!" as we passed her, while each mountain peasant seen standing at a door, or even at a window, made obeisance to us as we crossed his meridian, all people's eyes following us as far as they could reach.

From Georgenborn, descending a little, we crossed a piece of table or level land, on which there stood a rock of a very striking appearance. Where it had come from, Heaven (from whence apparently it had fallen) probably only knows. As if from the force with which it had been dropped upon its site, it had split into two pieces, separated by a yawning crevice, yet small trees or bushes had grown upon each summit, while the same beech foliage appeared in the forest which surrounded them.

Passing close beneath this rock, I continued trotting towards the east for about a league, when, gradually descending into a milder climate, I was hailed by the vineyards which luxuriously surrounded the sequestered little village of Frauenstein.

Upon a rock overhanging the hamlet, there stood solemnly before me the remains of the old castle of Frauenstein, or Frankenstein, supposed to have been built in the thirteenth century. In the year 1300 it was sold to the Archbishop Gerhard, of Mainz, but soon afterwards, being ruined by the Emperor Albrecht I. in a tithe war which he waged against the prelate, it was restored to its original possessors.

But what more than its castle attracted my attention in the village of Frauenstein, was an immense plane tree, the limbs of which had originally been trained almost horizontally, until, unable to support their own weight, they were now maintained by a scaffolding of stout props. Under the parental shadow of this venerable tree, the children of the village were sitting in every sort of group and attitude; one or two of their mothers, in loose,

easy dishabille, were spinning, many people were leaning against the upright scaffolding, and a couple of asses were enjoying the cool shade of the beautiful foliage, while their drivers were getting hot and tipsy in a wine-shop, the usual sign of which is in Germany the branch of a tree fixed to the door-post.

As I had often heard of the celebrated tree of Frauenstein, before which I now stood, I resolved not to quit it until I had informed myself of its history, for which I well knew I had only to apply to the proper authorities ; for in Germany, in every little village, there exists a huge volume either deposited in the church, or in charge of an officer called the *Schuldheisz*, in which the history of every castle, town, or object of importance is carefully preserved. The young peasant reads it with enthusiastic delight, the old man reflects upon it with silent pride, and to any traveller searching for antiquarian lore, its venerable pages are most liberally opened, and the simple information they contain generously and gratuitously bestowed.

On inquiring for the history of this beautiful tree, I was introduced to a sort of doomsday-book about as large as a church Bible ; and when I compared this volume with a little secluded spot so totally unknown to the world as the valley or glen of Frauenstein, I was surprised to find that the auto-biography of the latter could be so bulky,—in short, that it had so much to say of itself. But it is the common weakness of man, and particularly, I acknowledged, of an old man, to fancy that all his thoughts, as well as actions, are of vast importance to the world ; why, therefore, should not the humble Frauenstein be pardoned for an offence which we are all in the habit of committing ?

In this ancient volume, the *rigmarole* history of the tree was told with so much eccentric German genius, it displayed such a graphic description of highborn sentiments and homely life, and altogether it formed so curious a specimen of the contents of these strange sentimental village histories, that I procured the following literal translation, in which the German idiom is faithfully preserved at the expense of our English phraseology.



## LEGEND OF THE GREAT PLANE TREE OF FRAUENSTEIN.

THE old Count Kuno seized with a trembling hand the pilgrim's staff—he wished to seek peace for his soul, for long repentance consumed his life. Years ago he had banished from his presence his blooming son, because he loved a maiden of ignoble race. The son, marrying her, secretly withdrew. For some time the Count remained in his castle in good spirits—looked cheerfully down the valley—heard the stream rush under his windows—thought little of perishable life. His tender wife watched over him, and her lovely daughter renovated his sinking life; but he who lives in too great security is marked in the end by the hand of God, and while it takes from him what is most beloved, it warns him that here is not our place of abode.

The “Haus-frau” (wife) died, and the Count buried the companion of his days; his daughter was solicited by the most noble of the land, and because he wished to ingraft this last shoot on a noble stem, he allowed her to depart, and then solitary and alone he remained in his fortress. So stands deserted upon the summit of the mountain, with withered top, an oak!—moss is its last ornament—the storm sports with its last few dry leaves.

A gay circle no longer fills the vaulted chambers of the castle—no longer through them does the cheerful goblet’s “clang” resound. The Count’s nightly footsteps echo back to him, and by the glimmer of the chandeliers the accoutred images of his ancestors appear to writhe and move on the wall as if they wished to speak to him. His armor, sullied by the web of the vigilant spider, he could not look at without sorrowful emotion. Its gentle creaking against the wall made him shudder.

“Where art thou,” he mournfully exclaimed, “thou who art banished? oh my son, wilt thou think of thy father, as he of thee thinks—or . . . art thou dead? and is that thy flitting spirit which rustles in my armor, and so feebly moves it? Did I but know where to find thee, willingly to the world’s end would I in repentant wandering journey—so heavily it oppresses me what I have done to thee!—I can no longer remain—forth will I go to the God of Mercy, in order, before the image of Christ in the Garden of Olives, to expiate my sins!”

So spoke the aged man—enveloped his trembling limbs in the garb of repentance—took the cockle-hat—and seized with the right hand (that formerly was accustomed to the heavy war-sword) the light long pilgrim's staff. Quietly he stole out of the castle, the steep path descending, while the porter looked after him astounded, without demanding "Whither?"

For many days the old man's feet bore him wide away; at last he reached a small village, in the middle of which, opposite to a ruined castle, there stands a very ancient plane tree. Five arms, each resembling a stem, bent towards the earth, and almost touched it. The old men of former times were sitting underneath it, in the still evening, just as the Count went by; he was greeted by them, and invited to repose. As he seated himself by their side, "You have a beautiful plane tree, neighbors," he said.

"Yes," replied the oldest of the men, pleased with the praise bestowed by the pilgrim on the tree; "it was nevertheless PLANTED IN BLOOD!"

"How is that?" said the Count.

"That will I also relate," said the old man. "Many years ago there came a young man here, in knightly garb, who had a young woman with him, beautiful and delicate, but, apparently from their long journey, worn out. Pale were her cheeks, and her head, covered with beautiful golden locks, hung upon her conductor's shoulder. Timidly he looked round—for, from some reason, he appeared to fear all men; yet, in compassion for his feeble companion, he wished to conduct her to some secure hut, where her tender feet might repose. There, under that ivy-grown tower, stands a lonely house belonging to the old lord of the castle; thither staggered the unhappy man with his dear burden, but scarcely had he entered the dwelling, than he was seized by the Prince, with whose niece he was clandestinely eloping. Then was the noble youth brought bound, and where this plane tree now spreads its roots flowed his young blood! The maiden went into a convent; but before she disappeared he had this plane tree planted on the spot where the blood of her lover flowed: since then it is as if a spirit life were in the tree that cannot die, and no one likes a little twig to cut off, or pluck a cluster of blossoms, because he fears it would bleed."

"God's will be done!" exclaimed suddenly the old Count, and departed.

"That is an odd man," said the most venerable of the peasants, eyeing the stranger who was hastening away; "he must have something that heavily oppresses his soul, for he speaks not, and hastens away; but, neighbors, the evening draws on apace, and the evenings in spring are not warm; I think in the white clouds yonder, towards the Rhine, are still concealed some snow-storms—let us come to the warm hearth."

The neighbors went their way, while the aged Count, in deep thought, passed up through the village, at the end of which he found himself before the churchyard. Terrific black crosses looked upon the traveller—the graves were netted over with brambles and wild roses—no foot tore asunder the entwinement. On the right hand of the road there stands a crucifix, hewn with rude art. From a recess in its pedestal a flame rises towards the bloody feet of the image, from a lamp nourished by the hand of devotion.

"Man of sorrow," thus ascended the prayer of the traveller, "give me my son again—by thy wounds and sufferings, give me peace—peace!"

He spoke, and turning round towards the mountain, he followed a narrow path, which conducted him to a brook, close under the flinty, pebbly grape hill. The soft murmurs of its waves rippling here and there over clear, bright stones, harmonized with his deep devotion. Here the Count found a boy and a girl, who, having picked flowers, were watching them carried away as they threw them into the current.

When these children saw the pilgrim's reverend attire, they arose—looked up—seized the old man's hand, and kissed it. "God bless thee, children!" said the pilgrim, whom the touch of their little hands pleased. Seating himself on the ground, he said, "Children, give me to drink out of your pitcher."

"You will find it taste good out of it, stranger-man," said the little girl; "it is our father's pitcher in which we carry him to drink upon the vine-hill. Look, yonder, he works upon the burning rocks—alas! ever since the break of day; our mother often takes out food to him."

"Is that your father," said the Count, "who with the heavy pickaxe is tearing up the ground so manfully, as if he would crush the rocks beneath?"

"Yes," said the boy, "our father must sweat a good deal before the mountain will bring forth grapes; but when the vintage comes, then how gay is the scene?"

"Where does thy father dwell, boy?"

"There in the valley beneath, where the white gable end peeps between the trees: come with us, stranger-man, our mother will most gladly receive you, for it is her greatest joy when a tired wanderer calls in upon us."

"Yes," said the little girl, "then we always have the best dishes; therefore *do* come—I will conduct thee."

So saying, the little girl seized the old Count's hand, and drew him forth—the boy, on the other side, keeping up with them, sprang backwards and forwards, continually looking kindly at the stranger, and thus, slowly advancing, they arrived at the hut.

The Haus-frau (wife) was occupied in blowing the light ashes to awaken a slumbering spark, as the pilgrim entered: at the voices of her children she looked up, saw the stranger, and raised herself immediately; advancing towards him with a cheerful countenance, he said—

"Welcome, reverend pilgrim, in this poor hut—if you stand in need of refreshment after your toilsome pilgrimage, seek it from us; do not carry the blessing which you bring with you farther."

Having thus spoken, she conducted the old man into the small but clean room. When he had sat down, he said—

"Woman! thou hast pretty and animated children; I wish I had such a boy as that!"

"Yes!" said the Haus-frau, "he resembles his father—free and courageously he often goes alone upon the mountain, and speaks of castles he will build there. Ah! sir, if you knew how heavy that weighs upon my heart!"—(the woman concealed a tear.)

"Counsel may here be had," said the Count; "I have no son, and will of yours, if you give him me, make a knight—my castle will some of these days be empty—no robust son bears my arms."

"Dear mother!" said the boy, "if the castle of the aged man is empty, I can surely, when I am big, go thither?"

"And leave me here alone?" said the mother.

"No, you will also go!" said the boy warmly; "how beautiful it is to look from the height of a castle into the valley beneath!"

"He has a true knightly mind," said the Count; "is he born here in the valley?"

"Prayer and labor," said the mother, "is God's command, and they are better than all the knightly honors that you can promise the boy—he will, like his father, cultivate the vine, and trust to the blessing of God, who rain and sunshine gives: knights sit in their castles and know not how much labor, yet how much blessing and peace can dwell in a poor man's hut! My husband was oppressed with heavy sorrow; alas! on my account was his heartfelt grief; but since he found this hut, and works here, he is much more cheerful than formerly; from the tempest of life he has entered the harbor of peace—patiently he bears the heat of the day, and when I pity him, he says, 'Wife, I am indeed now happy;' yet frequently a troubled thought appears to pierce his soul—I watch him narrowly—a tear then steals down his brown cheeks. Ah! surely he thinks of the place of his birth—of a now very aged grey father—and while I see you, a tear also comes to me—so is perhaps now—"

At this minute the little girl interrupted her, pulled her gently by the gown, and spoke—

"Mother! come into the kitchen; our father will soon be home."

"You are right," said the mother, leaving the room; "in conversation I forget myself."

In deep meditation the aged Count sat and thought, "Where may, then, this night my son sleep . . . ?"

Suddenly he was roused from his deep melancholy by the lively boy, who had taken an old hunting-spear from the corner of the room, and placing himself before the Count he said—

"See! thus my father kills the wild boar on the mountains—there runs one along! my father cries 'Huy!' and immediately the wild boar throws himself upon the hunter's spear; the spear

sticks deep into the brain ! it is hard enough to draw it out !” The boy made actions as if the boar was there.

“ Right so, my boy !” said the aged man ; “ but does thy father, then, often hunt upon these mountains ?”

“ Yes ! that he does, and the neighbors praise him highly, and call him the valiant extirpator, because he kills the boars which destroy the corn !”

In the midst of this conversation the father entered ; his wife ran towards him, pressed his sinewy hand, and spoke—

“ You have had again a hot laboring day !”

“ Yes,” said the man, “ but I find the heavy pickaxe light in hand when I think of you. God is gracious to the industrious and honest laborer, and that he feels truly when he has sweated through a long day.”

“ Our father is without !” cried suddenly the boy, threw the hunter’s spear into the middle of the room, and ran forwards. The little girl was already hanging at his knees.

“ Good evening, father,” cried the boy ; “ come quick into the room,—there sits a stranger-man—a pilgrim whom I have brought to you !”

“ Ah ! there you have done well,” said the father ; “ one must not allow one tired to pass one’s gate without inviting him in. Dear wife,” continued he, “ does not labor well reward itself, when one can receive and refresh a wanderer ? Bring us a glass of our best home-grown wine—I do not know why I am so gay to-day, and why I do not experience the slightest fatigue.”

Thus spoke the husband—went into the room—pressed the hand of the stranger, and spoke—

“ Welcome, pious pilgrim ! your object is so praiseworthy ; a draught taken with so brave a man must taste doubly good !”

They sat down opposite to each other in a room half-dark—the children sat upon their father’s knees.

“ Relate to us something, father, as usual !” said the boy.

“ That won’t do to-day,” replied the father ; “ for we have a guest here—but what does my hunter’s spear do there ? have you been again playing with it ? carry it away into the corner.”

“ You have there,” said the pilgrim, “ a young knight who knows already how to kill boars—also you are, I hear, a renowned

hunter in this valley ; therefore you have something of the spirit of a knight in you."

" Yes ! " said the vine-laborer, " old love rusts not, neither does the love of arms ; so often as I look upon that spear, I wish it were there for some use....formerly....but, aged sir, we will not think of the past ! Wife ! bring to the reverend — "

At this moment the Haus-frau entered, placed a jug and goblets on the table, and said—

" May it refresh and do thee good ! "

" That it does already, " said the pilgrim, " presented by so fair a hand, and with such a friendly countenance ! "

The Haus-frau poured out, and the men drank, striking their glasses with a good clank ; the little girl slipped down from her father's knee, and ran with the mother into the kitchen ; the boy looked wistfully into his father's eyes smilingly, and then towards the pitcher—the father understood him, and gave him some wine ; he became more and more lively, and again smiled at the pitcher.

" This boy will never be a peaceful vine-laborer as I am, " said the father ; " he has something of the nature of his grandfather in him ; hot and hasty, but in other respects a good-hearted boy—brave and honorable....Alas ! the remembrance of what is painful is most apt to assail one by a cheerful glass.....If he did but see thee....thee....child of the best and most affectionate mother—on thy account he would not any longer be offended with thy father and mother : thy innocent gambols would rejoice his old age—in thee would he see the fire of his youth revived again—but.... "

" What dost thou say there ? " said the pilgrim, stopping him abruptly ; " explain that more fully to me ! "

" Perhaps I have already said too much, reverend father, but ascribe it to the wine which makes one talkative ; I will no more afflict thee with my unfortunate history ! "

" SPEAK ! " said the pilgrim, vehemently and beseechingly ; " SPEAK ! who art thou ? "

" What connexion hast thou with the world, pious pilgrim, that you can still trouble yourself about one who has suffered much, and who has now arrived at the port of peace ? "

" SPEAK ! " said the pilgrim ; " I must know thy history. "

"Well!" replied he, "let it be!—I was not born a vine-laborer—a noble stem has engendered me—but love for a maiden drove me from my home."

"Love?" cried the pilgrim, moved.

"Yes! I loved a maiden, quite a child of nature, not of greatness—my father was displeased—in a sudden burst of passion he drove me from him—wicked relations, who, he being childless, would inherit, inflamed his wrath against me, and he, whom I yet honor, and who also surely still cherishes me in his heart—he...."

The pilgrim suddenly rose, and went to the door.

"What is the matter with thee?" said the astonished vine-laborer; "has this affected thee too much?"

The boy sprang after the aged man, and held him by the hand.

"Thou wilt not depart, pilgrim?" said he.

At this minute the Haus-frau entered with a light. At one glance into the countenance of the vine-laborer, the aged Count exclaimed, "My Son!" and fell motionless into his arms. As his senses returned, the father and son recognized each other. Adelaide, the noble, faithful wife, weeping, held the hands of the aged man, while the children knelt before him.

"Pardon, father!" said the son.

"Grant it to me!" replied the pilgrim, "and grant to your father a spot in your quiet harbor of peace, where he may end his days. Son! thou art of a noble nature, and thy lovely wife is worthy of thee—thy children will resemble thee—no ignoble blood runs in their veins. Henceforth bear my arms; but as an honorable remembrance for posterity, add to them a pilgrim and the pickaxe, that henceforth no man of high birth may conceive that labor degrades man—or despise the peasant who in fact nourishes and protects the nobleman."

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ON leaving Frauenstein, which lies low in the range of the Taunus hill, I found that every trot my pony took introduced me to a more genial climate and to more luxuriant crops. But vegetation did not seem alone to rejoice in the change. The human face became softer and softer as I proceeded, and the stringy,



weather-beaten features of the mountain peasant were changed for countenances pulpy, fleshy, and evidently better fed. As I continued to descend, the cows became larger and fatter, the horses higher as well as stouter, and a few pigs I met had more lard in their composition than could have been extracted from the whole Langen-Schwalbach drove, with their old driver, the Schwein-General, to boot. Jogging onwards, I began at last to fancy that my very own mind was becoming enervated; for several times, after passing well-dressed people, did I catch myself smoothing with my long staff the rough shaggy mane of my pony, or else brushing from my sleeve some rusty hairs, which a short half-hour ago I should have felt were just as well sticking upon my coat as on his.

Instead of keen, light mountain air, I now felt myself overpowered by a burning sun; but in compensation, Nature displayed crops which were very luxuriant of their sorts. The following is a list of those I passed, in merely riding from Frauenstein to Mainz; it will give some idea of the produce of that highly-favored belt, or district, of Nassau (known by the name of the Rhein-gau) which lies between the bottom of the Taunus hills and the Rhine:—

Vineyards,  
Hop-gardens,  
Fields of Kidney-beans,  
Tobacco,  
Hemp,  
Flax,  
Buck Wheat,  
Kohl-Rabi,  
Mangel-Wurzel,  
Fields of Beans and Peas,  
Indian Corn,  
Wheat of various sorts,  
Barley,  
Oats,  
Rye,  
Rape,  
Potatoes,  
Carrots,  
Turnips,  
Clover of various sorts,  
Grass,  
Lucerne,  
Tares.

Plum Trees of several sorts,  
Standard Apricots,  
Peaches,  
Nectarines,  
Walnuts,  
Pears, } of various sorts,  
Apples, }  
Spanish Chestnuts,  
Horse Chestnuts,  
Almonds,  
Quinces,  
Medlars,  
Figs,  
Wild Raspberries,  
Wild Gooseberries,  
Wild Strawberries,  
Currants,  
Gooseberries,  
Whortleberries,  
Rhubarb,  
Cabbages of all sorts,  
Garlick,  
Tomatos.

To any one who has been living in secluded retirement, even for a short time, a visit to a populous city is a dram, causing an excitement of the mind, too often mistaken for its refreshment. Accordingly, on my arrival at Mainz, I must own, for a few minutes, I was gratified with every human being or animal that I met—at all the articles displayed in the shops—and for some time, in mental delirium, I revelled in the bustling scene before me. However, having business of some little importance to transact, I had occasion, more than once, to walk from one part of the town to another, until getting leg-weary, I began to feel that I was not suited to the scene before me; in short, that the crutches made by Nature for declining life are quietness and retirement; I, therefore, longed to leave the sunshiny scene before me, and to ascend once again to the clouds of Schlangenbad, from which I had so lately fallen.

With this object I had mounted my pony, who, much less sentimental than myself, would probably most willingly have expended the remainder of his existence in a city which, in less than three hours, had miraculously poured into his manger three feeds of heavy oats; and I was actually on the bridge of boats which crosses the Rhine, when, finding that the saddle was pressing upon his withers, I inquired where I could purchase any sort of substance to place between them, and being directed to a tailor celebrated for supplying all the government postilions with leather breeches, I soon succeeded in reaching a door which corresponded with the street and number that had been given to me; however, on entering, I found nothing but a well-staircase, pitch dark, with a rope instead of a hand-rail.

At every landing-place, inquiring for the artist I was seeking, I was always told to go up higher; at last, when I reached the uppermost stratum of the building, I entered a room which seemed to be made of yellow leather, for on two sides buckskins were piled up to the ceiling; leather breeches, trowsers, drawers, gloves, &c., were hanging on the other walls, while the great table in the middle of the room was covered with skinny fragments of all shapes and sizes. In this new world which I had discovered, the only inhabitants consisted of a master and his son. The former was a mild tall man of about fifty, but a human

being so very thin, I think, I never before beheld! He wore neither coat, waistcoat, neckcloth, nor shirt, but merely an elastic worsted dress (in fact, a Guernsey frock), which fitted him like his skin, the rest of his lean figure being concealed by a large, loose, coarse linen apron. The son, who was about twenty-two, was not bad-looking, but "*talis pater, talis filius*," he was just as thin as his father, and really, though I was anxious hastily to explain what I wanted, yet my eyes could not help wandering from father to son, and from son to father, perfectly unable to determine which was the thinnest, for though one does not expect to find very much power of body or mind among tailors of any country (nor indeed do they require it), yet really this pair of them seemed as if they had not strength enough united to make a pair of knee-breeches for a skeleton.

Having gravely explained the simple object of my visit, I managed to grope my way down and round, and round and down the well-staircase, stopping only occasionally to feel my way, and to reflect with several degrees of pity on the poor thin beings I had left above me; and even when I got down to my pony (he had been waiting for me very patiently), I am sure we trotted nearly a couple of hundred yards before I could shake out of my head the wan, spectre-like appearance of the old man, or the weak, slight, hectic-looking figure of the young one; and I finished by sentimentally settling in my own mind that the father was consumptive—that the son was a chip from the same block—and that they were both galloping, neck and neck, from their breeches-board to their graves, as hard as they could go.

These gloomy reflections were scarcely a quarter of a mile long, when I discovered that I had left my memorandum-book behind me, and so, instantly returning, I groped my way to the top of the identical staircase I had so lately descended. I was there told that the old gentleman and his son were at dinner, but, determining not to lose my notes, in I went—and I cannot describe one-hundredth part of the feelings which came over me, when I saw the two creatures upon whom I had wasted so much pity and fine sentiment, for there they sat before me on their shop-board, with an immense wash-hand basin, that had been full of common blue Orleans plums, which they were still munching

with extraordinary avidity. A very small piece of bread was in each of their left hands, but the immense number of plum-stones on both sides of them betrayed the voracity with which they had been proceeding with their meal.

"THIN!—no wonder you are THIN!" I muttered to myself; "no wonder that your chests and your back-bones seem to touch each other!"

Never before had I, among rational beings, witnessed such a repast, and it really seemed as if nothing could interrupt it, for all the time I was asking for what I wanted, both father and son were silently devouring these infernal plums; however, after remounting my pony, I could not help admitting that the picture was not without its tiny moral. Two German tailors had been cheerfully eating a vegetable dinner—so does the Italian who lives on macaroni;—so does the Irish laborer who lives on potatoes;—so do the French peasants who eat little but bread; so do the millions who subsist in India on rice—in Africa on dates—in the South-Sea Islands and West Indies on the bread-tree and on yams; in fact, only a very small proportion of the inhabitants of this globe are carnivorous: yet, in England, we are so accustomed to the gouty luxury of meat, that it is now almost looked upon as a necessary; and though our poor, we must all confess, generally speaking, are religiously patient, yet so soon as the middle classes are driven from animal to vegetable diet, they carnivorously both believe and argue that they are in the world remarkable objects of distress—that their country is in distress—that "things cannot last;" in short, pointing to an artificial scale of luxury, which they themselves have hung up in their own minds, or rather in their stomachs, they persist that vegetable diet is low diet—that being without roast beef is living below zero, and that molares, or teeth for grinding the roots and fruits of the earth, must have been given to mankind in general, and to the English nation in particular—by mistake.

After re-crossing the Rhine by the bridge of boats, the sun being oppressively hot, I joyfully bade adieu to the sultry dry city and garrison of Mainz.

As I gradually ascended towards my home, I found the air becoming cooler and fresher, the herbage greener and greener,

the foliage of the beech-trees brighter and cleaner ; everything in the valley seemed in peaceful silence to be welcoming my return ; and when I came actually in sight of the hermitage of Schlangenbad, I could not help muttering in triumph to myself, "*Hard features—hard life—lean pigs, and lovely nature, for ever !*"

## EXCURSION TO THE NIEDERWALD.

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WISHING to see Rudesheim and its neighborhood, I one morning left Schlangenbad very early, in a hired open carriage, drawn by a pair of small, punchy horses.

We were to get first to the Rhine at the village of Ellfeld, and we accordingly proceeded about a league on the great macadamized road towards Mainz, when, turning to the right, we passed under the celebrated hill of Rauenthal, and then very shortly came in sight of the retired peaceful little village of Neudorf. The simple outline of this remote hamlet, as well as the costume and attitudes of a row of peasants, who, seated on a grassy bank at the road-side, were resting from their labor, formed the subject of an interesting sketch which the Paneidolon presented to me in a very few minutes.

This exceedingly clever, newly-invented instrument, the most silent—the most faithful—and one of the most entertaining *compagnons de voyage* which any traveller can desire, consists of a small box, in which can be packed anything it is capable of holding. On being emptied for use, all that is necessary is to put one's head into one side, and then trace with a pencil the objects which are instantly seen most beautifully delineated at the other.

Whether the perspective be complicated or simple—whether the figures be human or inhuman, it is all the same, for they are traced with equal facility, rain not even retarding the operation. The Paneidolon also possesses an advantage which all very modest people will, I think, appreciate; for the operator's face being (like Jack's) "in a box," no person can stare at it or the drawing; whereas, while sketching with the camera lucida, everybody must have observed that the village peasants in crowds, not only watch every line of the pencil, but laugh outright at the

contortion of countenance with which the poor Syntax in search of the picturesque, having one optic closed, squints with the other through a hole scarcely bigger than the head of a pin, standing all the time in the inquisitive attitude of a young magpie looking into a marrow-bone.

On leaving Neudorf, getting into a cross country road or *chemin de terre*, we began, with the carriage-wheel dragged, an uninterrupted descent, which was to lead us to the banks of the Rhine. The horses (which had no blinkers) having neither to pull nor to hold back, were trotting merrily along, occasionally looking at me—occasionally biting at each other: everything was delightful, save and except a whiff of tobacco, which, about six times a minute, like a sort of pulsation, proved that my torpid driver was not really, as he appeared to be—a corpse; when, all of a sudden, as we were jolting down a narrow ravine, surmounted by vineyards, I saw, about a hundred yards before us, a cart heavily laden, drawn by two little cows. There happened at the moment to be a small road at right angles on our left, into which we ought to have turned to let our opponent pass; but either the driver did not see, or would not see, the humble vehicle, and so onwards he recklessly drove, until our horses' heads and the cows' horns being nearly close together, the dull, heavy lord of the creation pulled at his reins and stopped.

The road was so narrow, and the banks of the ravine so precipitous, that there was scarcely room on either side of the vehicle for a human being to pass; and the cows and horses being vis-à-vis, or "at issue," the legal question now arose, which of the two carriages was to retrograde.

As, without metaphor, I sat on my woolsack, or cushion stuffed with wool, my first judgment was, that the odds were not in favor of the defendant, the poor old woman,—for she had not only to contend with the plaintiff (my stupid driver), his yellow carriage, and two bay horses, but the hill itself was sadly against her; her opponent loudly exclaiming that she and her cows could retire easier than he could. The toothless old woman did not attempt to plead for herself; but what was infinitely better, having first proved, by pushing at her cows' heads with all her force, that they actually did not know how to back, she leant against the

bank, showing us a face which had every appearance of going to sleep. Seeing affairs in this state, I got out of the carriage, and quietly walked on : however, I afterwards learned, with great pleasure, that the old woman gained her cause, and that the squabble had ended by the yellow carriage retreating to the point where its stupid, inanimate driver ought to have stopped it.

On arriving at the bottom of the lane, we reached that noble road, running parallel with and close to the Rhine, which was brought into its present excellent state in the time of Napoleon. Along it, with considerable noise, we trotted steadily, stopping only once every half-hour to pay a few kreuzers at what was called the *Barrière*. No barrier, however, existed, there being nothing to mark the fatal spot but an inanimate, party-colored post, exhibiting, in stripes of blue and orange, the government colors of Nassau.

On the horses stopping, which they seemed most loyally to do of their own accord, the person whose office it was to collect this road-money, or *chausséegelt*, in process of time appeared at a window with a heavy pipe hanging in his mouth, and in his hand an immense long stick, to the end of which there was affixed a small box containing a ticket, in exchange for which I silently dropped my money into this till. Not a word was spoken, but, with the gravity of an angler, the man, having drawn in his rod, a whiff of tobacco was vomited from his mouth, and then the window, like the transaction—closed.

After proceeding for some hours, having passed through Erbach and Hattenheim, we drove through the village of Johannisberg, which lies crouching at the foot of the hill so remarkable on the Rhine for being crowned with the white, shining habitation of Prince Metternich. The celebrated vineyards on this estate were swarming with laborers, male and female, who were seen busily lopping off the exuberant heads of the vines, an operation which with arms lifted above their heads, was not inelegantly performed, with a common sickle.

The Rhine had now assumed the appearance of a lake, for which, at this spot, it is so remarkable, and Rudesheim, to which I was proceeding, appeared to be situated at its extremity ; the



chasm which the river has there burst for itself through the lofty range of the Taunus mountains not being perceptible.

On arriving at Rudesheim, I most joyfully extricated myself from the carriage, and instantly hiring a guide and a mule, I contentedly told the farmer to drive me before him to whatever point in his neighborhood was generally considered to be the best worth seeing; and perfectly unconscious where he would propel me, the man began to beat the mule—the mule began to trot along—and, little black memorandum-book in hand, I began to make my notes.

After ascending a very narrow path, which passed through vineyards, the sun, as I became exposed to it, feeling hotter and hotter, I entered a wild, low, stunted plantation of oak shrubs, which was soon exchanged for a noble wood of oak and beech trees, between which I had room enough to ride in any direction. The shade was exceedingly agreeable; the view, however, was totally concealed, until I suddenly came to a projecting point, on which there was a small temple, commanding a most splendid prospect.

After resting here for a few minutes, my mule and his burden again entered the forest; and, continuing to ascend to a considerable height, we both at last approached a large stone building like a barrack, part of which was in ruins; and no sooner had we reached its southern extremity, than my guide, with a look of vast importance, arrested the progress of the beast. As I beheld nothing at all worth the jolting I had had in the carriage, I felt most grievously disappointed; and though I had no one's bad taste to accuse but my own, in having committed myself to the barbarous biped who stood before me, yet I felt, if possible, still more out of sorts at the fellow desiring me to halloo as loud as I could, he informing me, with a look of indescribable self-satisfaction, that as soon as I should do so, an echo would repeat all my exclamations three times!!!

The man seeing I did not at all enjoy his noisy miracle, made a sign to me to follow him, and he accordingly led me to what appeared to my eyes to be nothing but a large heap of stones held together by brambles. At one side, however, of this confused mass, there appeared to be a hole which looked very much as if it had been intended for an ice-house: however, on entering it, I

found it to be a long, dark, subterranean passage, cut out of the solid rock ; and here, groping my way, I followed my guide, until, coming to a wooden partition or door, he opened it, when, to my great astonishment and delight, I found myself in an octagonal chamber, most deservedly called *Bezauberte Höhle*—the enchanted cave !

It was a cavern or cavity in the rock, with three fissures or embrasures radiating at a small angle ; yet each looking down upon the Rhine, which, pent within its narrow rocky channel, was, at a great depth, struggling immediately beneath us. The sudden burst into daylight, and the brightness of the gay, sunshiny scenes which through the three rude windows had come so suddenly to view (for I really did not know that I was on the brink of the precipice of the Rhine), was exceedingly enchanting, and I was fully enjoying it as well as the reflection that there was no one to interrupt me, when I suddenly fancied that I certainly heard, somewhere or other within the bowels of the living rock in which I was embedded, a faint sound like the melody of female voices, which, in marked measure, seemed to swell stronger and stronger, until I decidedly and plainly heard them in full chorus chanting the following well-known national air of this country :—

### SCHLANGENBADER VOLKSLIED.

*National Air of Schlangenbad.*

*Moderato.*

Bru - der ich und du, Bru - der

ich und du, wir schlafen im - mer - zu.

The first system of the musical score for 'BUBBLES'. It features a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics 'ich und du, wir schlafen im - mer - zu.' are written below the vocal line.

Still und still und im - mer still weil mein mädchen  
:S:

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'Still und still und im - mer still weil mein mädchen'. Below the piano part, there is a section marked ':S:'. The musical notation and accompaniment continue in the same key and time signature.

schla-fen will, stil - le! stil - le!

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'schla-fen will, stil - le! stil - le!'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.



From time to time the earthly or unearthly sounds died away, —lost in the intricate turns of the subterraneous passage;—at last, they were heard as if craving permission to enter, and my guide running to the wooden door, no sooner threw it wide open, than the music at once rushing in like a flood, filled the vaulted chamber in which I stood, and in a few seconds, to my very great surprise, there marched in, two by two, a youthful bridal party! the heads of eight or ten young girls (following a bride and a bridegroom) were ornamented with wreaths of bright green leaves, which formed a pleasing contrast with their brown hair of various shades, and most particularly with the raven black tresses of the bride, which were plaited round her pleasing, modest-looking face very gracefully.

The whole party (the bridegroom the only representative of his sex, of course included), had left Mainz that morning, to spend a happy day in the magic cave; and, certainly, their unexpected appearance gave a fairy enchantment to the scene.

After continuing their patriotic song for some time, suddenly letting go each other's hands, they flew to the three fissures in the rock, and I heard them, with great emphasis, point out to each other Bingenloch, Rheinstein, and other romantic points equally celebrated for their beauty. These youthful people then minutely scanned over the interior of the vaulted grave in which we were all so delightfully buried alive; at last, so like young travellers, they all felt an irresistible desire to scrawl their names upon the

wall ; and, seeing a weather-beaten old man reclining in one corner of the chamber, with about an inch of pencil in his lean, withered hand, the bride, bowing with pleasing modesty and diffidence, asked me to lend it to her.

Her name, and that of her partner, were accordingly inscribed ; and others would, with equal bursts of joy, have been added to the list, but observing that my poor pencil, which would still have lived in my service many a year, and which, in fact, was all I had, was, from its violent rencontres with the hard, gritty wall, actually gasping for life in the illiterate clutches of a great bony bridesmaid, I very civilly managed, under pretence of cutting it, to extract it from her grasp ; and the attention of the youthful party flitting of its own accord to some other object, the stump of my poor crayon was miraculously spared to continue its humble notes of the day's proceedings.

On leaving the enchanted cave, we ascended through a noble oak wood, until reaching a most celebrated pinnacle of the Taunus mountains, we arrived at the RosSEL, an old ruined castle, which, standing on the Niederwald like a weather-beaten sentinel at his post, seemed to be faithfully guarding the entrance of that strange mysterious chasm, through which, at an immense depth beneath, the river was triumphantly and majestically flowing.

Although the view from the ruined top of this castle was very extensive and magnificent, yet the dark struggling river was so remarkable an object, that it at first completely engrossed my attention. While the great mass of water continued to flow on its course, a sort of civil war was raging between various particles of the element. In some places an eddy seemed to be rebelliously trying to stem the stream ; in others the water was slowly revolving in a circle ;—here it was seen tumbling and breaking over a sunken rock—there as smooth as glass. In the middle of these fractious scenes, there lay, as it were, calmly at anchor, two or three islands, covered with poplars and willows, upon one of which stood the ruins of the *Mäusethurm*, or tower of that stingy bishop of Mainz, famous, or rather infamous, in the history of the Rhine, for having been gnawed to death by rats. On the opposite side of the river were to be seen the *Rochus Capelle*, a tower built to commemorate the cessation of the plague, the beautiful castle of

Rheinstein, the residence of Prince Frederick of Prussia, the blue-slated town of Bingen, with its bridge crossing the Nahe, which, running at right angles, here delivers up its waters to the Rhine.

The difference in caste or colors between the two rivers at their point of meeting is very remarkable, the Rhine being clear and green, the Nahe a deep muddy brown; however, they no sooner enter the chasm in the Taunus hills than the distinction is annihilated in the violent hubble-bubble commotions which ensue.

The view beyond these home objects now attracted my attention. The Prussian hills opposite were richly clothed with wood, while on their left lay prostrate the province of Darmstadt, a large brown flat space, studded, as far as the eye could reach, with villages, which, though distinctly remarkable in the foreground, were yet scarcely perceptible in the perspective. Behind my back was the Duchy of Nassau, with several old ruined castles perched on the pinnacles of the wood-covered hills of the Niederwald.

During the whole time that I was placidly enjoying this beautiful picture around and beneath me, the bridal party of young people, equally happy in their way, were singing, laughing, or waltzing; and their cheerful accents, echoing from one old ruin to another, seemed for the moment to restore to these deserted walls that joy to which they had so long been a stranger.

Having at last mounted my mule, I attempted to bid my companions farewell; however, they insisted on accompanying me and my guide through the forest, singing their national airs in chorus as they went. Their footsteps kept pace with their tunes, and as they advanced, their young voices thrilled among the trees with great effect: sometimes the wild melody, like a stop-waltz, suddenly ceased, and they proceeded several paces in silence; then, again, it as unexpectedly burst upon the ear,—in short, like the children of all German schools, they had evidently been taught time and the complete management of their voices, a natural and pleasing accomplishment, which can scarcely be sufficiently admired.

From these young people themselves I did not attempt to extract their little history; but I learnt from my guide in a whisper

(for which I thought there was no great occasion), that the young couple who hand in hand before me were leading the procession through the wood, were VERLOBT (affianced), that is to say, they were under sentence eventually to be married.

This quiet, jog-trot, half-and-half connubial arrangement is very common indeed all over Germany ; and no sooner is it settled and approved of, than the young people are permitted to associate together at almost all times, notwithstanding it is often decreed to be prudent that many years should elapse before their marriage can possibly take place : in short, they are constantly obliged to wait until either their income rises sufficiently, or until butter, meat, bread, coffee, tobacco, and candles sufficiently fall.

As seated on my mule I followed these steady, well-behaved, and apparently well-educated young people through the forest, listening to their cheerful choruses, I could not, during one short interval of silence, help reflecting how differently such unions are managed in different countries on the globe.

A quarter of a century has nearly elapsed since I chanced to be crossing from the island of Salamis to Athens, with a young Athenian of rank, who was also, in his way, "affianced." We spent, I remember, the night together in an open boat, and certainly never did I before or since witness the aching of a lad's heart produce effects so closely resembling the aching of his stomach. My friend lay at the bottom of the trabacolo absolutely groaning with love ; his moans were piteous beyond description, and nothing seemed to afford his affliction any relief but the following stanza, which over and over again he continued most romantically singing to the moon :—

" Quando la notte viene,  
Non ho riposo, O Nice,  
Son misero e infelice  
Esser lontan da te !"

On his arrival at Athens he earnestly entreated me to call for him on the object of his affection, for he himself, by the custom of his country, was not allowed to see her, precisely from the very same reason which permitted the young German couple to

stroll together through the lonely, lovely forest of the Niederwald, namely—because they were "*verlobt*."

The bridal party now separated themselves from my guide, my mule, and myself; they, waving their handkerchiefs to us, descended a path on the right; we continuing the old track, which led us at last to the village of Rudesheim.

As soon as the horses could be put to my carriage, it being quite late, I set out by moonlight, to return. Vineyards, orchards, and harvest were now veiled from my view, but the castle of Prince Metternich—the solitary tower of Scharfenstein, and the dark range of the Taunus mountains had assumed a strange, obscure, and supernatural appearance magnificently contrasted with the long bright, serpentine course of the Rhine, which, shining from Bingen to Mainz, glided joyfully along, as if it knew it had attracted to itself the light which the landscape had lost.

On leaving the great chaussée, which runs along the banks of the river, like the towing-path of a canal, we ascended the cross road, down which we had trundled so merrily in the morning, and without meeting cows, carts, toothless old women, or any other obstruction, I reached about mid-night the Bad-Haus of Schlangenbad. On ascending the staircase, I found that the two little lamps in the passage had expired; however, the key of my apartments was in my pocket, the moon was shining through the window upon my table, and so, before one short hour had elapsed, Rudesheim—the niggardly Bishop of Mainz, with his tower and rats—the bridal party—the enchanted cave—the lofty Rossel, and the magnificent range of the Niederwald, were all tumbling head over heels in my mind, while I lay humbly and quietly beneath them—asleep.



## WIESBADEN.

THE day at last arrived for my departure from the green, happy little valley of Schlangenbad. Whether or not its viper baths really possess the effect ascribed to them, of tranquillizing the nerves, I will not presume to declare; but that the loneliness and loveliness of the place can fascinate, as well as tranquillize, the mind, I believe as firmly, as I know that the Schlangenbad water rubs from the body the red rust of Langen-Schwalbach.

Those who, on the tiny surface of this little world, please themselves with the playing what they call "the great game of life," would of course abhor a spot in which they could neither be envied nor admired; but to any grovelling-minded person, who thinks himself happy when he is quiet and clean, I can recommend this humble valley as a retreat exquisitely suited to his taste.

After casting a farewell glance round apartments to which I felt myself most unaccountably attached, descending the long staircase of the New Bad-Haus, I walked across the shrubbery to my carriage, around which had assembled a few people, who, I was very much surprised to find, were witnessing my departure with regret!

Luy, who had followed my (I mean Katherinchen's) footsteps so many a weary hour, strange as it may sound (and so contrary to what the poor ass must have felt), was evidently sorry I was going. The old "Bad" man's countenance looked as serious and as wrinkled on the subject as the throat of his toad—his wan, sallow-faced Jezebel of a wife stood before the carriage-steps waving her lean hand in sorrow; and the young maid of the Bad-Haus who had made my bed, merely because I had troubled her to do so for a longer period than any other visitor, actually began

to shed some tears. The whole group begged permission to kiss my hand, and there was so much kind feeling evinced, that I felt quite relieved when I found that the postilion and his horses had roughly spoiled the picture : in short, that they were trotting and trumpeting me along the broad macadamized road which leads to Wiesbaden.

As I had determined on visiting the Duke of Nassau's hunting-seat "Die Platte" in my way to Wiesbaden, after proceeding about four miles, I left the carriage in the high road, and walking through the woods toward my object, I passed several very large plantations of fir-trees which had been sown so unusually thick that they were completely impervious, even to a wild boar ; for not only were the trees themselves merely a few inches asunder, but their branches, which feathered to the ground, interlaced one with another until they formed altogether an impenetrable jungle. Through this mass of vegetation, narrow paths, about three feet broad, were cut in various directions to enable the deer to traverse the country.

In passing through the beech forest, I observed that the roads or cuts were often as much as forty or fifty feet in breadth, and every here and there the boughs and foliage were artificially entwined in a very ingenious manner, leaving small loop-holes through which the Duke, his visitors, or his huntsmen, might shoot at the game as they wildly darted by. A single one of these verdant batteries might possibly be observed and avoided by the cautious, deep-searching eye of the deer, but they exist all over the woods in such numbers, that the animals, accustomed to them from their birth, can fear nothing from them, until the fatal moment arrives, when their experience, so dearly bought, arrives too late.

After advancing for about an hour through these green streets, I came suddenly upon the Duke's hunting-seat, the Platte, a plain white stone, cubic building, which, as if disdaining gardens, flower-beds, or any artificial embellishment, stands alone, on a prominent edge of the Taunus hills, looking down upon Wiesbaden, Mainz, Frankfurt, and over the immense flat, continental-looking country which I have already described. Its situation is very striking ; and though, of course, it is dreadfully exposed to the winter's blast, yet, as a sporting residence, during the sum-

mer or autumn months, nothing, I think, can surpass the beauty and unrestrained magnificence of its view.

Before the entrance door, in attitudes of great freedom, stand two immense bronze statues of stags, most beautifully executed, and on entering the apartments, which are lofty and grand, every article of furniture, as well as every ornament, is ingeniously composed of pieces, larger or smaller, of buck-horn. Immense antlers, one above another, are ranged in the hall, as well as on the walls of the great staircase; and certainly, when a sportsman comes to the Platte on a visit to the Duke of Nassau, everything his eyes can rest on not only reminds him of his favorite pursuit, but seems also to promise him as much of it as the keenest hunter can desire: in short, without the slightest pretension, the Platte is nobly adapted to its purpose, and with great liberality it is open at almost all times to the inspection of "gentlemen sportsmen" and travellers from all parts of the globe. About twelve hundred feet beneath it, in a comparatively flat country, bounded on two sides by the Rhine and the Main, lies WIESBADEN, the capital of the Duchy of Nassau, the present seat of its Government, and the spot by far the most numerously attended as a watering-place.

Looking down upon it from the Platte, this town or city is apparently about three-quarters of an English mile square, one quarter of this area being covered with a rubbishy old, the remainder with a staring, formal new town, composed of streets of white stone houses, running at right angles to each other. As I first approached it, it appeared to me to be as hot, as formal, and as uninteresting a place as I ever beheld; however, as soon as I entered it, I very soon found out that its inhabitants, and indeed its visitors, entertain a very different opinion of the place, they pronouncing it to be one of the most fashionable, and consequently most agreeable, watering-places in all Germany.

In searching for a lodging, I at once went to most of the principal hotels, several of which I found to be grievously afflicted with smells, which (though I most politely bowed to every person I met in the passage) it did not at all suit me to encounter. At one place, as an excuse for not taking the unsavory suite of apartments which were offered to me, I ventured quietly to remark, that they were very much dearer than those I had just left. The

master at once admitted the fact, but craning himself up into the proudest attitude his large stomach would admit of, he observed—  
“*Mais . . . Monsieur ! savez-vous que vous aurez à Wiesbaden plus d’amusement dans une heure, que vous n’auriez à Schlangenbad dans un an ? . . .*”

In the horrid atmosphere in which I stood, I had no inclination to argue on happiness or any subject ; so hastening into the open air, I continued my search, until finding the landlord at the Englisches Hof civil, obliging, and exceedingly anxious to humor all my old fashioned English whims and oddities, I accepted the rooms he offered me, and thus for a few days dropped my anchor in the capital of the duchy of Nassau.

About twelve thousand strangers are supposed annually to visit this gay watering-place, and consequently, to pen up all this fashionable flock within the limits of so small a town, requires no little ramming, cramming, and good arrangement. The dinner hour, or time of the tables-d’hôte, as at Langen-Schwalbach, Schlangenbad, and indeed all other places in Germany, was one o’clock, and the crowds of well-dressed hungry people who, at that hour, following their appetites, were in different directions seen slowly but resolutely advancing to their food, was very remarkable. Voluntarily enlisting into one of these marching regiments, I allowed myself to be carried along with it, I know not where, until I found myself, with a very empty stomach and a napkin on my knees, quietly seated at one of three immense long tables, in a room with above 250 people, all secretly as hungry as myself.

The quantity of food and attention bestowed upon me for one florin filled me with astonishment, “and certainly,” said I to myself, “a man may travel very far indeed before he will find provisions and civility cheaper than in the duchy of Nassau !” The meat alone which was offered to me, if it had been thrown at my head raw, would have been not only a most excellent bargain, but much more than any one could possibly have expected for the money ; but when it was presented to me, cooked up with sauces of various flavors, attended with omelettes, fruits, tarts, puddings, preserves, fish, &c., &c., and served with a quantity of politeness and civility which seemed to be infinite, I own I felt that in the

scene around me there existed quite as much refreshment and food for the mind as for the body.

It is seldom or never that I anywhere pay the slightest attention to dinner conversation, the dishes, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, being, in my opinion, so very much better ; however, much against my will, I overheard some people talking of a duel, which I will mention, hoping it may tend to show by what disgusting, fiend-like sentiments this practice can be disgraced.

A couple of Germans, having quarrelled about some beautiful lady, met with sabres in their hands to fight a duel. The ugly one, who was of course the most violent of the two, after many attempts to deprive his hated adversary of life, at last aimed a desperate blow at his head, which, though it missed its object, yet fell upon, and actually cut off, the good-looking man's nose. It had scarcely reached the ground, when its owner, feeling that his beauty was gone, instantly threw away his sword, and with both arms extended, eagerly bent forwards with the intention to pick up his own property and replace it ; but the ugly German no sooner observed the intention, than darting forwards with the malice of the Devil himself, he jumped upon the nose, and before its master's face crushed it and ground it to atoms !

In strolling very slowly about the town, after dinner, the first object which aroused my curiosity was a steam I observed rising through the iron gratings, which, at the corners of the streets, covered the main drains or common sewers of the town. At first I thought it proceeded from washerwomen, pig-scalders, or some such artificial cause ; but I no sooner reached the great Kochbrunnen (boiling spring), than I learnt it was the natural temperature of the Wiesbaden waters that had thus attracted my attention.

As I stood before this immense cauldron, with eyes staring at the volume of steam which was arising from it, and with ears listening to a civil person who was voluntarily explaining to me that there were fifteen other springs in the town, their temperature being at all times of the year about 140° of Fahrenheit, I could not help feeling a sort of unpleasant sensation, similar to what I had experienced on the edges of Etna and Vesuvius ; in short, I had been so little accustomed to live in a town heated by

subterranean fire, that it just crossed my mind, whether, in case the engineer below, from laziness, should put on too many coals at once, or, from carelessness, should neglect to keep open his proper valves, an explosion might not take place, which would suddenly send me, Koch-brunnen, Wiesbaden, and Co., on a shooting excursion to the Duke's lofty hunting-seat, the Platte. The ground in the vicinity of these springs is so warm, that in winter the snow does not remain upon it; and formerly, when these waters used to flow from the town into a small lake, from not freezing, it became in hard weather the resort of birds of all descriptions: indeed, even now, they say that that part of the Rhine into which the Wiesbaden waters eventually flow is observed to be remarkably free from ice.

Wiesbaden, inhabited by people called Mattiaci, was not only known to the Romans, but fortified by the twenty-second legion, who also built baths, the remains of which exist to the present day. Even in such remote ages, it was observed that these waters retained their heat longer than common water, or salt water, of the same specific gravity, heated to the same degree: indeed, Pliny remarked—“*Sunt et Mattiaci in Germania fontes calida, quorum haustus triduo fervet.*”

The town of Wiesbaden is evidently one which does not appreciate the luxury of “home, sweet home!” for it is built, not for itself, but for strangers; and though most people loudly admire the size of the buildings, yet, to my mind, there is something very melancholy in seeing houses so much too fine for the style of inhabitants to whom they belong. A city of lodging-houses, like an army of mercenaries, may to each individual be a profitable speculation; but no brilliant uniform, or external show, can secretly compensate for the want of national self-pride which glows in the heart of a soldier, standing under his country's colors, or in the mind of a man living consistently in his own little home.

About twenty years ago, the inhabitants of Wiesbaden were pent up in narrow, dirty streets, surrounded by swampy ditches and an old Roman wall. A complete new town has since been erected, and accommodation has thus been afforded for upwards

of 12,000 strangers, the population of the place, men, women, and children included, scarcely amounting to 8000 souls.

During the gay season, of course all is bustle and delight ; but I can conceive nothing less cheerful than such a place must become, when all its motley visitors having flown away, winter begins to look it in the face ; however, certainly the inhabitants of Wiesbaden do not seem to view the subject at all in this point of view, for they all talk with great pride of their fine new town, and strut about their large houses like children wearing men's shoes ten times too big for their feet.

The most striking object at Wiesbaden is a large square, bounded on one side by a handsome theatre, on two others by a colonnade of shops, and on a third by a very handsome building called the Cursaal, an edifice 430 feet in length, having, in front, a portico supported by six Ionic columns, above which there is inscribed in gold letters—

FONTIBUS MATTIACIS, MDCCCX.

On entering the great door, I found myself at once in a saloon, or ball-room, 130 feet in length, 60 in breadth, and 50 in height, in which there is a gallery supported by 32 marble pillars of the Corinthian order ; lustres are suspended from the ceiling, and, in niches in the wall, there are twelve white marble statues, which were originally intended for Letitia Bonaparte, and which the Wiesbaden citizens extol by saying that they cost about 1200*l*.

Branching from this great assembly-room, there are several smaller apartments, which in England would be called hells, or gambling-rooms.

The back of the Cursaal looks into a sort of parade, upon which, after dinner, hundreds of visitors sit in groups, to drink cheap coffee, listen to a band of most excellent, cheap music, and admire, instead of swans, an immense number of snail-gobbling ducks and ducklings, which, swimming about a pond, shaded by weeping willows and acacias, come when they are called, and, duck-like, of course eat whatever is thrown to them.

Beyond this pond, which is within fifty yards of the Cursaal, there is a nice shrubbery, particularly pleasing to the stranger

from the reflection that, at very great trouble, and at considerable expense, it has been planted, furnished with benches, and tastefully adorned by the inhabitants of Wiesbaden, for the gratification of their guests. From it a long shady walk, running by the side of a stream of water, extends for about two miles, to the ruins of the ancient castle of Sonneburg.

Among the buildings of Wiesbaden, the principal ones, after the Cursaal and theatre, are the Schlosschen, containing a public library and museum, the hotels of the Four Seasons, the Eagle, the Englischen Hof, the Rose, and the Schützenhof.

The churches are small, and seem adapted in size to the old, rather than to the new town. By far the greatest proportion of the inhabitants are Protestants, and their place of worship is scarcely big enough to hold them. - At the southern extremity of the town there exists a huge pile of rubbish, with several high modern walls in ruins.

It appears that a few years ago, the Catholics at Wiesbaden determined on building a church, which was to vie in magnificence with the Cursaal, and other gaudy specimens of the new town.

Eighty thousand florins were accordingly raised by subscription, and the huge edifice was actually finished, the priests were shaved, and everything was ready for the celebration of mass, when à propos to nothing, "*occidit una domus!*" down it came thundering to the ground!

Whether it was blown up by subterranean heat, or burst by the action of frost,—whether it was the foundation, or the fine arched roof which gave way, are points which at Wiesbaden are still argued with acrimony and eagerness; and, to this day, men's mouths are seen quite full of jagged consonants, as they condemn or defend the architect of the building—poor unfortunate Mr. Scrumpf!

After having made myself acquainted with the geography of Wiesbaden, I arose one morning at half-past five o'clock to see the visitors drinking the waters. The scene was really an odd one. The long parade, at one extremity of which stood smoking and fuming the great Koch-brunnen, was seen crowded with respectably-dressed people, of both sexes, all walking (like so



many watchmen, carrying lanterns) with glasses in their hands, filled, half filled, or quarter filled with the medicine which had been delivered to them from the brunnen so scalding hot, that they dared not even sip it, as they walked, until they had carried it for a considerable time.

It requires no little dexterity to advance in this way, without spilling one's medicine, to say nothing of scalding or slopping it over one's fellow-patients. Every person's eye, therefore, whatever may be the theme of his conversation, was intently fixed upon his glass; some few carried the thing along with elegance, but I could not help remarking that the greater proportion of people walked with their backs up, and were evidently very little at their ease. A band of wind-instruments was playing, and an author, a native of Wiesbaden, in describing this scene, has sentimentally exclaimed—"Thousands of glasses are drunk by the sound of music!"

Four or five young people, protected by a railing, are employed the whole morning in filling, as fast as they can stoop down to the brunnen to do so, the quantities of glasses, which, from hands in all directions, are extending towards them; but so excessively hot is the cauldron, that the greater proportion of these glasses were, I observed, cracked by it, and several I saw fall to pieces when delivered to their owners. Not wishing to appear eccentric, which, in this amphibious picture, any one is who walks about the parade without a glass of scalding hot water in his hand, I purchased a goblet, and the first dip it got cracked it from top to bottom.

In describing the taste of the mineral water of Wiesbaden, were I to say that, while drinking it, one hears in one's ears the cackling of hens, and that one sees feathers flying before one's eyes, I should certainly grossly exaggerate; but when I declare that it exactly resembles very hot chicken-broth, I only say what Dr. Granville said, and what in fact everybody says, and must say, respecting it, and certainly I do wonder why the common people should be at the inconvenience of making bad soup, when they can get much better from Nature's great stock-pot—the Koch-brunnen of Wiesbaden. At all periods of the year, summer or winter, the temperature of this broth remains the same;

and when one reflects that it has been bubbling out of the ground and boiling over, in the very same state, certainly from the time of the Romans, and probably from the time of the Flood, it is really astonishing to think what a most wonderful apparatus there must exist below, what an inexhaustible stock of provisions to ensure such an everlasting supply of broth, always formed of exactly the same eight or ten ingredients—always salted to exactly the same degree, and always served up at exactly the same heat.

One would think that some of the particles in the recipe would be exhausted ; in short, to speak metaphorically, that the chickens would at last be boiled to rags, or that the fire would go out for want of coals ; but the oftener one reflects on these sort of subjects, the oftener is the old-fashioned observation forced upon the mind, that let a man go where he will, Omnipotence is never from his view.

As, leaning against one of the columns of the arcade under which the band was playing, I stood with my medicine in my hand, gazing upon the strange group of people, who, with extended glasses, were crowding and huddling round the Koch-brunnen, each eagerly trying to catch the eye of the young water-dippers, I could not help feeling, as I had felt at Langen-Schwalbach, whether it could be possible for any prescription to be equally beneficial to such differently made patients. To repeat all the disorders which it is said most especially to cure, would be very nearly to copy the sad list of ailments to which our creaky frames are subject. The inhabitants of Wiesbaden rant, the hotel-keepers rave, about the virtues of this medicine. Stories are most gravely related of people crawling to Wiesbaden and running home. In most of the great lodging-houses crutches are triumphantly displayed, as having belonged to people who left them behind.

It is good, they say, for the stomach—good for the skin—good for ladies of all possible shapes and ages—for all sorts and conditions of men. It lulls pain—therefore it is good, they say, for people going out of this wretched world, yet equally good is it, they declare, for those whose kind, fond parents earnestly wish them to come in. For a head-ache, drink, the innkeepers exclaim, at the Koch-brunnen ! For gout in the heels, soak the body, the

doctors say, in the chicken-broth!—in short, the valetudinarian, reclining in his carriage, has scarcely entered the town, than, say what he will of himself, the inhabitants will seem to agree in repeating—“*Bene, bene respondere, dignus es entrare nostro docto corpore!*”

However, there would be no end in stating what the Wiesbaden-water is said to be good for; a much simpler course is to explain, that doctors do agree in saying that it is *not* good for complaints where there is any disposition to inflammation or regular fever, and that it changes consumption into—death.

By about seven o'clock, the vast concourse of people who had visited the Koch-brunnen had imbibed about as much of the medicine as they could hold, and accordingly, like swallows, almost simultaneously departing, the parade was deserted; the young water-dippers had also retired to rest, and every feature in the picture vanished, except the smoking, misty fumes of the water, which now, no longer in request, boiled and bubbled by itself, as it flowed into the drains by which it eventually reached the Rhine.

The first act of the entertainment being thus over, in about a quarter of an hour the second commenced: in short, so soon as the visitors, retiring to their rooms, could divest or denude themselves of their garments, I saw stalking down the long passage of my lodging-house one heavy German gentleman after another, whose skull-cap, dressing-gown, and slippers plainly indicated that he was proceeding to the bath. In a short time, lady after lady, in similar dishabille, was seen following the same course. Silence, gravity, and incognito, were the order of the day: and though I bowed as usual in meeting these undressed people, yet the polite rule is, not, as at other moments, to accompany the inclination with a gentle smile, but to dilute it with a look which cannot be too solemn or too sad.

There was something to my mind so very novel in bathing in broth, that I resolved to try the experiment, particularly as it was the only means I had of following the crowd. Accordingly, retiring to my room, in a minute or two I also, in my slippers and black dressing-gown, was to be seen, staff in hand, mournfully walking down the long passage, as slowly and as gravely as if I

had been in such a procession all my life. An infirm elderly lady was just before me—some lighter-sounding footsteps were behind me—but without raising our eyes from the ground, we all moved on just as if we had been corpses gliding or migrating from one churchyard to another.

After descending a long well-staircase, I came to a door, which I no sooner opened, than of its own accord, it slammed after me exactly as, five seconds before, it had closed upon the old lady who preceded me, and I now found myself in an immense building, half filled with steam.

A narrow passage or aisle conducted me down the middle, on each side of me there being a series of doors opening into the baths, which, to my very great astonishment, I observed, were all open at top, being separated from each other by merely a half-inch boarded partition, not seven feet high !

Into several of these cells there was literally nothing but the steam to prevent people in the houses of the opposite side of the street from looking—a very tall man in one bath could hardly help peeping into the next, and in the roof or loft above the ceiling, there were several loop-holes, through which any one might have had a bird's-eye view of the whole unfledged scene. The arrangement, or rather want of arrangement, was altogether most astonishing ; and as I walked down the passage, my first exclamation to myself was, " Well, thank Heaven, this would not do in England !" To this remark, the Germans would of course say, that low, half-inch scantling is quite sufficient among well-bred people, whatever coarser protection might be requisite among us rude English ; but though this argument may sound triumphant, yet delicacy is a subject which is not fit for noisy discussion. Like the bloom on fruit, it does not bear touching ; and if people of their own accord do not feel that the scene I have described is indelicate, it is quite impossible to prove it to them, and therefore " the less said is the soonest mended."

As I was standing in the long passage, occupying myself with the above reflections, a nice, healthy old woman, opening a door, beckoned to me to advance, and accordingly with her I entered the little cell. Seeing I was rather infirm, and a stranger, she gave me, with two towels, a few necessary instructions,—such as

that I was to remain in the mixture about thirty-five minutes, and beneath the fluid to strike with my arms and legs as strenuously as possible.

The door was now closed, and my dressing-gown being carefully hung upon a peg (a situation I much envied it), I proceeded, considerably against my inclination, to introduce myself to my new acquaintance, whose face, or surface, was certainly very revolting; for a white, thick, dirty, greasy scum, exactly resembling what would be on broth, covered the top of the bath. But all this, they say, is exactly as it should be, and, indeed, the bathers at Wiesbaden actually insist on its appearance, as it proves, they argue, that the bath has not been used by any one else. In most places, in ordering a warm bath, it is necessary to wait till the water be heated, but at Wiesbaden the springs are so exceedingly hot, that the baths are obliged to be filled over-night; in order to be cool enough in the morning; and the dirty scum I have mentioned is the required proof that the water has, during that time, been undisturbed.

Resolving not to be bullied by the ugly face of my antagonist, I entered my bath, and in a few seconds I lay horizontally, calmly soaking, like my neighbors. Generally speaking a dead silence prevailed; occasionally an old man was heard to cough,—sometimes a young woman was gently heard to sneeze,—and two or three times there was a sudden heavy splash in the cell adjoining mine, which proceeded from the leg of a great awkward German Frau, kicking, by mistake above, instead of (as I was vigorously doing) beneath the fluid. Every sigh that escaped was heard, and whenever a patient extricated him or herself from the mess, one could hear puffing and rubbing as clearly as if one had been assisting at the operation.

In the same mournful succession in which they had arrived, the bathers, in due time, ascended, one after another, to their rooms, where they were now permitted to eat—what they had certainly well enough earned—their breakfast. As soon as mine was concluded, I voted it necessary to clean my head, for from certain white particles which float throughout the bath, as thickly as, and indeed very much resembling, the mica in granite, I found that my hair was in a sickly state, in which I did not feel

disposed it should remain. I ought, however, most explicitly to state, that the operation I here imposed upon myself was an act of eccentricity, forming no part of the regular system of the Wiesbaden bathers—indeed, I should say that the art of cleaning the hair is not anywhere much encouraged among the Germans, who, perhaps with reason, rather pride themselves in despising any sort of occupation or accomplishment which can at all be called—superficial.

Before I quit the subject of bathing, I may as well at once observe, that one of my principal reasons for selecting the apartments I occupied at the Englischen Hof was, that the window of my sitting-room looked into the horse-bath, which was immediately beneath them. Three or four times a-day horses, lame or chest-foundered, were brought to this spot. As the water was hot, the animals, on first being led into it, seemed much frightened, splashing, and violently pawing with their fore feet as if to cool it, but becoming at last more accustomed to the strange sensation, they very quickly seemed exceedingly to enjoy it. Their bodies being entirely covered, the halter was then tied to a post, and they were thus left to soak for half or three-quarters of an hour. The heat seemed to heighten the circulation of their blood, and nothing could look more animated than their heads, as, peeping out of the hot fluid, they shook their dripping manes and snorted at every carriage, and horse, which they heard passing.

The price paid for each bathing of each horse is eighteen kreuzers, and this trifling fact always appeared to me to be the most satisfactory proof I could meet with of the curative properties of the Wiesbaden baths: for though it is, of course, the interest of the inhabitants to insist on their efficacy, yet the poor peasant would never, I think, continue for a fortnight to pay sixpence a-day, unless he knew, by experience of some sort or other, that his animal would really derive benefit.

One must not, however, carry the moral too far, for even if it be admitted that these baths cure horses' strains and other effects of *over-work*, it does not follow that they are to be equally beneficial in gout, and other human complaints, which we all know are the effects of *under-work*, or want of exercise.

For more than half an hour I had been indolently watching

this amphibious scene, when the landlord entering my room said, that the Russian Prince G———n wished to speak to me on some business ; and the information was scarcely communicated, when I perceived his Highness standing at the threshold of my door. With the attention due to his rank, I instantly begged he would do me the honor to walk in ; and, after we had sufficiently bowed to each other, and I had prevailed upon my guest to sit down, I gravely requested him, as I stood before him, to be so good as to state in what way I could have the good fortune to render him any service. The Prince very briefly replied, that he had called upon me, considering that I was the person in the hotel best capable (he politely inclined his head) of informing him by what route it would be most advisable for him to proceed to London, it being his wish to visit my country.

In order at once to solve this very simple problem, I silently unfolded and spread out upon the table my map of Europe ; and each of us, as we leant over it, placing a fore-finger on or near Wiesbaden—(our eyes being fixed upon Dover)—we remained in this reflecting attitude for some seconds, until the Prince's finger first solemnly began to trace its route. In doing this I observed that his Highness's hand kept swerving far into the Netherlands ; so, gently pulling it by the thumb towards Paris, I used as much force as I thought decorous, to induce it to advance in a straight line ; however, finding my efforts ineffectual, suddenly letting it go, I ventured, with respectful astonishment, to ask, " Why travel by so uninteresting a route ?"

The Prince at once acknowledged that the road I had recommended would, by visiting Paris, afford him the greatest pleasure, but he frankly told me that no Russian, not even a personage of his rank, could enter that capital without first obtaining a written permission from the Emperor!!!

These words were no sooner uttered than I felt my fluent civility suddenly begin to coagulate ; the attention I paid my guest became forced and unnatural—I was no longer at my ease ; and though I bowed, strained, and endeavored to be, if possible, more respectful than ever, yet I really could hardly prevent my lips from muttering aloud that I had sooner die a homely English peasant than live to be a Russian Prince ! In short, his Highness's

words acted upon my mind like thunder upon beer ; and, moreover, I could almost have sworn that I was an old lean wolf, contemptuously observing a bald ring rubbed by the collar upon the neck of a sleek, well-fed mastiff dog : however, recovering myself, I managed to give as much information as it was in my humble power to afford, and my noble guest then taking his departure, I returned to my open window, to give vent in solitude (as I gazed on the horse-bath) to my own reflections upon the subject.

Although the petty rule of my life has been never to trouble myself about what the world calls "politics"—(a fine word, by-the-by, much easier expressed than understood)—yet, I must own, I am always happy when I see a nation enjoying itself, and melancholy when I observe any large body of people suffering pain or imprisonment. But of all sorts of imprisonment, that of the mind is, to my taste, the most cruel ; and, therefore, when I consider over what immense dominions the Emperor of Russia presides, and how he governs, I cannot help sympathizing most sincerely with those innocent sufferers who have the misfortune to be born his subjects ; for if a Russian Prince be not freely permitted to go to Paris, in what a melancholy state of slavery and debasement must exist the minds of what we call the lower classes ?

As a sovereign remedy for this lamentable political disorder, many very sensible people in England prescribe, I know, that we ought to have recourse to arms. I must confess, however, it seems to me that one of the greatest political errors England could commit would be to declare, or to join in declaring war against Russia ; in short, that an appeal to brute force would, at this moment, be at once most unscientifically to stop an immense moral engine, which, if left to its work, is quite powerful enough, without bloodshed, to gain for humanity, at no expense at all, its object. The individual who is, I conceive, to overthrow the Emperor of Russia—who is to direct his own legions against himself—who is to do what Napoleon at the head of his Great Army failed to effect, is the little child, who, lighted by the single wick of a small lamp, sits at this moment perched above the great steam-press of our "Penny Magazine," feeding it, from morning



till night, with blank paper, which, at almost every pulsation of the engine, comes out stamped on both sides with engravings, and with pages of plain, useful, harmless knowledge, which, by making the lower orders acquainted with foreign lands, foreign productions—various states of society, &c., tend practically to inculcate “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace—good will towards men.” It has already been stated, that what proceeds from this press is now greedily devoured by the people of Europe; indeed, even at Berlin, we know it can hardly be reprinted fast enough.

This child, then,—“this sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,” is the only army that an enlightened country like ours should, I humbly think, deign to oppose to one who reigns in darkness—who trembles at daylight, and whose throne rests upon ignorance and despotism. Compare this mild, peaceful, intellectual policy, with the dreadful, savage alternative of going to war, and the difference must surely be evident to every one. In the former case, we calmly enjoy, first of all, the pleasing reflection, that our country is generously imparting to the nations of Europe the blessings she is tranquilly deriving from the purification and civilisation of her own mind;—far from wishing to exterminate, we are gradually illuminating, the Russian peasant—we are mildly throwing a gleam of light upon the fetters of the Russian Prince; and surely every well-disposed person must see, that, if we will only have patience, the result of this noble, temperate conduct must produce all that reasonable beings can desire. But, on the other hand, if we appeal to arms—if, losing our temper and our head, we endeavor (as the bear is taught to dance) to civilize the Emperor of Russia by hard blows, we instantly consolidate all the tottering elements of his dominions; we give life, energy, and loyalty to his army; we avert the thoughts of his princes from their own dishonor; we inflame the passions, instead of awakening the sober judgment of his subjects, and thus throwing away both our fulcrum and our lever, by resorting to main strength, we raise the savage not only to a level with ourselves, but actually make ourselves decidedly his inferior; for Napoleon’s history ought surely sufficiently to instruct us, that the weapons of this northern Prince of Darkness—(his climate

and his legions)—even if we had an army, we ought not, in prudence, to attack ; but the fact is, our pacific policy has been to try to exist without an army,—in the opinion of all military men we have even disarmed ourselves too much, and, in this situation, suddenly to change our system, and without arms or armor to attack one who is almost invulnerable, would be most irrationally to paralyze our own political machinery.

If, by its moral assistance, we wisely intend, under the blessings of Heaven, to govern and be governed, we surely ought not from anger to desert its standard ; and, on the other hand, it must be equally evident that before we determine on civilizing the Emperor of Russia, by trying the barbarous experiment of whether his troops or ours can, without shrinking, eat most lead, it would be prudent to create an army, as well as funds able to maintain it ; for—

“Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in  
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee !”

---

Being desirous to observe the way in which a Sunday evening was passed in Germany, at seven o'clock on that day I followed a crowd of people into the theatre, and found the house so full, that I had great difficulty in obtaining a seat. The performance was a complete surprise to me, for though ages ago, when I was young, I had been in the habit of regularly attending for years together, an Italian theatre, yet never having before witnessed a German opera, I did not know it was possible so completely to adapt the sounds of music to every varying thought and sentiment in a play : in short, the words of the play, and the notes of the orchestra, were as nearly as possible fac-similes of each other ; demi-semi-quavers, crotchets, and minims being made most ingeniously to mimic, not only exclamations, but marks of admiration, notes of interrogation, colons, and full stops.

The musical emphasis which accompanied every line throughout the piece, while it merely astonished me, seemed to be most scientifically appreciated by the audience, whose countenances of

severe attention were very remarkable ; no interruption, however, of any sort took place, their feelings of approbation or censure being equally mute. In the various departments of the performance, a great deal of natural talent was displayed, and whether one attended to the music—to the style of acting—to the scenery—or even to a dish of devils, which made their appearance, most strangely garnished with toads, bats, serpents, and nondescript-beings, one could not help admitting that, in spite of its torpor, there must exist a considerable quantity of latent genius, imagination, and taste in the audience itself ; indeed, there can be no fairer criterion of the mental character of any country, than its own national spectacles, which are, of course, and must be, made to correspond with, and suit, the palates of those who support them. It is true that that mimic Fashion will occasionally introduce into a country foreign habits not suited to its climate. For instance, of our own fine London opera, Italians say, that without calling upon the English audience itself to sing, their behavior quite clearly proves that they have no real taste for—that they are not capable of relishing—the foreign musical luxury which by the power of money they have purchased : in short, they accuse us of listening, when we ought to be coughing—of talking to each other, when we ought to be breathless from attention—and of most barbarously throwing the light of the theatre upon ourselves instead of on the performers—thus showing that we prefer looking at tiers of red soft cheeks and rows of white pearly teeth, to listening to the chaste, simple melody of music. But whether these foreign remarks respecting an Italian performance be true or not, in our own element, in our own English theatres, the accusation of want of taste does not hold good. The admirers of Shakspeare, Siddons, Kemble, Kean, O'Neil, &c., cannot complain that the writings of the one, or the acting of the others, have not reached the hearts of those to whom they have been directed ; in short, without sympathetic talent throughout the country, those names could never have reached the respective eminences on which they stand, and thus, though they do honor to the country, the country can also claim honor from them.

Remarking to a person who sat next to me, that the Duke of Nassau's box, in the theatre, was empty, he informed me, to my

very great astonishment, that his Highness had just left his own dominions, and had gone to Hanover, TO BATHE IN THE SEA!!! In short, while the world was flocking to swallow and wallow in the waters of Nassau, its noble prince was wandering for the same purpose towards the distant briny waves of the ocean—but, as Mathews says—“*Such is life, and such is man! like the lobster in boiling water—RESTLESS AND NEVER SATISFIED!*”

When the pleasing performance I had been witnessing was at an end, on coming in the open air, I found it was raining. Like myself, most people were without umbrellas; the rain, however, seemed to have no effect upon the tide of human bodies that flowed *en masse* towards the Cursaal, which, ready lighted up, was waiting for the disgorging of the theatre. On entering the great door, each person was required to pay a florin, and as the large room was rapidly very nearly filled, the band struck up, and dancing most vigorously began. I could now scarcely believe my eyes, that the performers, so awkwardly attempting to be active before me, were the identical people whose passive good taste and genius I had, with so much pleasure, been admiring; for with a more awkward, clumsy, inelegant set of dancers I certainly never before had found myself in society. Not only was the execution of their steps violently bad, but their whole style of dancing was of a texture as coarse as dowlas, and most especially, in their mode of waltzing, there was a repetition of sharp, vulgar jerks which it was painfully disagreeable to witness. Leaving, therefore, these dull, heavy tetotums to spin out the evening in their own way, I quitted the great room; but no sooner did I enter the smaller dens, than I found that I had fallen from the frying-pan into the fire, for these “hells” were literally swarming with inhabitants. In each chamber an immense solitary lamp (having a circular reflector) hung over the green cloth table, round which, male and female gamesters, of all ages, were bending, with horrid features of anxiety; and as the powerful rancid oil light shone upon their ill-favored countenances, I could not help with abhorrence leaning backwards, at seeing a group of fellow-creatures huddled together for such a base, low-minded object. In passing through the chambers of this infernal region, I found one worse, if possible, than the other. Under each lamp, there were, here

and there, contrasted with young nibblers, individual countenances, of habitual gamblers, which, as objects of detestation, many a painter, or rather scene-painter, would have been exceedingly anxious to sketch; but I was so completely disgusted with the whole thing, that as quickly as my staff and two legs would carry me, swinging the other arm, I took my departure.

In hastily worming my way through the ball-room, I saw there no reason for changing my opinion; and when I got into the fresh, cool, open air, though I was fully sensible I had not spent my Sunday evening exactly as I ought to have done, yet, in the course of my very long life, I think I never felt more practically disposed to repeat, as in England we are, thank Heaven, still taught to do—

**“Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath Day.”**

THE END.

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NOTES OF A JOURNEY  
FROM  
CORNHILL TO GRAND CAIRO.



# NOTES OF A JOURNEY

FROM

## CORNHILL TO GRAND CAIRO,

BY WAY OF

LISBON, ATHENS, CONSTANTINOPLE,  
AND JERUSALEM :

PERFORMED IN THE STEAMERS OF THE PENINSULAR  
AND ORIENTAL COMPANY.

*Charles Nordhoff*

BY MR. M. A. <sup>*Titmarsh*</sup> TITMARSH, <sup>*author of*</sup>

AUTHOR OF "THE IRISH SKETCH-BOOK," &c.

*William H. Keene*  
*Thackeray*

NEW-YORK:

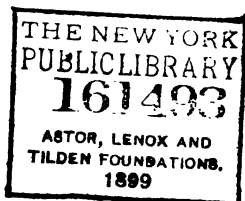
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1846.

*a. b.*

*Sec.*





W. CRAIGHEAD'S Power Press  
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T. E. SMITH, Stereotyper,  
216 William Street.

TO  
CAPTAIN SAMUEL LEWIS,

OF THE PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION  
COMPANY'S SERVICE.

MY DEAR LEWIS,

AFTER a voyage, during which the captain of the ship has displayed uncommon courage, seamanship, affability, or other good qualities, grateful passengers often present him with a token of their esteem, in the shape of teapots, tankards, trays, &c., of precious metal. Among authors, however, bullion is a much rarer commodity than paper, whereof I beg you to accept a little in the shape of this small volume. It contains a few notes of a voyage which your skill and kindness rendered doubly pleasant; and of which I don't think there is any recollection more agreeable, than that it was the occasion of making your friendship.

If the noble Company in whose service you command (and whose fleet alone makes them a third-rate maritime power in Europe) should appoint a few admirals in their navy, I hope to hear that your flag is hoisted on board one of the grandest of their steamers. But, I trust, even there you will not forget the Iberia, and that delightful Mediterranean cruise we had in her in the Autumn of 1844.

Most faithfully yours,

My dear Lewis,

W. M. THACKERAY.

LONDON, December 24, 1845.



## PREFACE.

---

ON the 24th of July, 1844, the writer of this little book went to dine at the —— Club, quite unconscious of the wonderful events which Fate had in store for him.

Mr. William was there, giving a farewell dinner to his friend, Mr. James (now Sir James). These two asked Mr. Titmarsh to join company with them, and the conversation naturally fell upon the tour Mr. James was about to take. The Peninsular and Oriental Company had arranged an excursion in the Mediterranean, by which, in the space of a couple of months, as many men and cities were to be seen as Ulysses surveyed and noted in ten years. Malta, Athens, Smyrna, Constantinople, Jerusalem, Cairo, were to be visited, and everybody was to be back in London by Lord Mayor's-day.

The idea of beholding these famous places inflamed Mr. Titmarsh's mind; and the charms of such a journey were eloquently impressed upon him by Mr. James. "Come," said that kind and hospitable gentleman, "and make one of my family party; in all your life you will never probably have a chance again to see so much in so short a time. Consider—it is as easy as a journey to Paris or to Baden." Mr. Titmarsh considered all these things; but also the difficulties of the situation: he had but six-and-thirty hours to get ready for so portentous a journey—he had engagements at home—finally, could he afford it? In spite of these objections, however, with every glass of claret the enthusiasm somehow rose, and the difficulties vanished.

But when Mr. James, to crown all, said he had no doubt that his friends, the Directors of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, would make Mr. Titmarsh the present of a berth for the voyage, all objections ceased on his part : to break his outstanding engagements—to write letters to his amazed family, stating that they were not to expect him at dinner on Saturday fortnight, as he would be at Jerusalem on that day—to purchase eighteen shirts and lay in a sea stock of Russia ducks,—was the work of four-and-twenty hours ; and on the 26th of July, the Lady Mary Wood was sailing from Southampton with the “subject of the present memoir,” quite astonished to find himself one of the passengers on board.

These important statements are made partly to convince some incredulous friends—who insist still that the writer never went abroad at all, and wrote the following pages, out of pure fancy, in retirement at Putney ; but mainly, to give him an opportunity of thanking the Directors of the Company in question for a delightful excursion.

It was one so easy, so charming, and I think profitable—it leaves such a store of pleasant recollections for after days—and creates so many new sources of interest (a newspaper letter from Beyrout, or Malta, or Algiers, has twice the interest now that it had formerly),—that I can’t but recommend all persons who have time and means to make a similar journey—vacation idlers to extend their travels and pursue it ; above all, young, well-educated men entering life, to take this course, we will say, after that at college ; and, having their book-learning fresh in their minds, see the living people and their cities, and the actual aspect of Nature, along the famous shores of the Mediterranean.

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# A JOURNEY FROM CORNHILL TO CAIRO.

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## I.

### VIGO.

THE sun brought all the sick people out of their berths this morning, and the indescribable moans and noises which had been issuing from behind the fine painted doors on each side of the cabin happily ceased. Long before sunrise, I had the good fortune to discover that it was no longer necessary to maintain the horizontal posture, and, the very instant this truth was apparent, came on deck, at two o'clock in the morning, to see a noble full moon sinking westward, and millions of the most brilliant stars shining overhead. The night was so serenely pure, that you saw them in magnificent airy perspective: the blue sky around and over them, and other more distant orbs sparkling above, till they glittered away faintly into the immeasurable distance. The ship went rolling over a heavy, sweltering, calm sea. The breeze was a warm and soft one; quite different to the rigid air we had left behind us, two days since, off the Isle of Wight. The bell kept tolling its half hours, and the mate explained the mystery of watch and dog-watch.

The sight of that noble scene cured all the woes and discomfitures of sea-sickness at once, and if there were any need to communicate such secrets to the public, one might tell of much more good that the pleasant morning-watch effected; but there are a



set of emotions about which a man had best be shy of talking lightly,—and the feelings excited by contemplating this vast, magnificent, harmonious Nature are among these. The view of it inspires a delight and ecstasy which is not only hard to describe, but which has something secret in it that a man should not utter loudly. Hope, memory, humility, tender yearnings towards dear friends, and inexpressible love and reverence towards the power which created the infinite universe blazing above eternally, and the vast ocean shining and rolling around—fill the heart with a solemn, humble happiness, that a person dwelling in a city has rarely occasion to enjoy. They are coming away from London parties at this time : the dear little eyes are closed in sleep under mother's wing. How far off city cares and pleasures appear to be ! how small and mean they seem, dwindling out of sight before this magnificent brightness of Nature ! But the best thoughts only grow and strengthen under it. Heaven shines above, and the humbled spirit looks up reverently towards that boundless aspect of wisdom and beauty. You are at home, and with all at rest there, however far away they may be ; and through the distance the heart broods over them, bright and wakeful like yonder peaceful stars overhead.

The day was as fine and calm as the night ; at seven bells, suddenly a bell began to toll very much like that of a country church, and on going on deck we found an awning raised, a desk with a flag flung over it close to the compass, and the ship's company and passengers assembled there to hear the captain read the service in a manly respectful voice. This, too, was a novel and touching sight to me. Peaked ridges of purple mountains rose to the left of the ship,—Finisterre and the coast of Galicia. The sky above was cloudless and shining ; the vast dark ocean smiled peacefully round about, and the ship went rolling over it, as the people within were praising the Maker of all.

In honor of the day, it was announced that the passengers would be regaled with champagne at dinner ; and accordingly that exhilarating liquor was served out in decent profusion, the company drinking the captain's health with the customary ora.

tions of compliment and acknowledgment. This feast was scarcely ended, when we found ourselves rounding the headland into Vigo Bay, passing a grim and tall island of rocky mountains which lies in the centre of the bay.

Whether it is that the sight of land is always welcome to weary mariners, after the perils and annoyances of a voyage of three days, or whether the place is in itself extraordinarily beautiful, need not be argued; but I have seldom seen anything more charming than the amphitheatre of noble hills into which the ship now came—all the features of the landscape being lighted up with a wonderful clearness of air, which rarely adorns a view in our country. The sun had not yet set, but over the town and lofty rocky castle of Vigo a great ghost of a moon was faintly visible, which blazed out brighter and brighter as the superior luminary retired behind the purple mountains of the headland to rest. Before the general back-ground of waving heights which encompassed the bay, rose a second semicircle of undulating hills, as cheerful and green as the mountains behind them were grey and solemn. Farms and gardens, convent towers, white villages and churches, and buildings that no doubt were hermitages once, upon the sharp peak of the hills, shone brightly in the sun. The sight was delightfully cheerful, animated, and pleasing.

Presently the captain roared out the magic words, "Stop her!" and the obedient vessel came to a stand-still, at some three hundred yards from the little town, with its white houses clambering up a rock, defended by the superior mountain whereon the castle stands. Numbers of people, arrayed in various brilliant colours of red, were standing on the sand close by the tumbling, shining, purple waves: and there we beheld, for the first time, the royal red and yellow standard of Spain floating on its own ground, under the guardianship of a light blue sentinel, whose musket glittered in the sun. Numerous boats were seen, incontinently, to put off from the little shore.

And now our attention was withdrawn from the land to a sight of great splendor on board. This was Lieutenant Bundy, the guardian of her Majesty's mails, who issued from his cabin in his long swallow-tailed coat, with anchor buttons; his sabre clatter-

ing between his legs ; a magnificent shirt-collar, of several inches in height, rising round his good-humored sallow face ; and above it a cocked hat, that shone so, I thought it was made of polished tin (it may have been that or oilskin), handsomely laced with black worsted, and ornamented with a shining gold cord. A little squat boat, rowed by three ragged gallegos, came bouncing up to the ship. Into this Mr. Bundy and her Majesty's royal mail embarked with much majesty ; and in the twinkling of an eye, the royal standard of England, about the size of a pocket-handkerchief,—and at the bows of the boat, the man-of-war's pennant, being a strip of bunting considerably under the value of a farthing,—streamed out.

"They know that flag, sir," said the good-natured old tar, quite solemnly, in the evening afterwards: "they respect it, sir." The authority of her Majesty's lieutenant on board the steamer is stated to be so tremendous, that he may order it to stop, to move, to go larboard, starboard, or what you will ; and the captain dare only disobey him, *suo periculo*.

It was agreed that a party of us should land for half an hour, and taste real Spanish chocolate on Spanish ground. We followed Lieutenant Bundy, but humbly in the providor's boat ; that officer going on shore to purchase fresh eggs, milk for tea (in place of the slimy substitute of whipped yolk of egg, which we had been using for our morning and evening meal), and, if possible, oysters, for which it is said the rocks of Vigo are famous.

It was low tide, and the boat could not get up to the dry shore. Hence it was necessary to take advantage of the offers of sundry gallegos, who rushed barelegged into the water, to land on their shoulders. The approved method seems to be, to sit upon one shoulder only, holding on by the porter's whiskers ; and though some of our party were of the tallest and fattest men whereof our race is composed, and their living sedans exceedingly meagre and small, yet all were landed without accident upon the juicy sand, and forthwith surrounded by a host of mendicants, screaming—"I say, sir ! penny, sir ! I say, English ! tam your ays ! penny !" in all voices, from extreme youth to the most lousy and venerable old age. When it is said that these beggars were as ragged

as those of Ireland, and still more voluble, the Irish traveller will be able to form an opinion of their capabilities.

Through this crowd we passed up some steep rocky steps, through a little low gate, where, in a little guard-house and barrack, a few dirty little sentinels were keeping a dirty little guard; and by low-roofed, whitewashed houses, with balconies, and women in them,—the very same women, with the very same head clothes, and yellow fans and eyes, at once sly and solemn, which Murillo painted,—by a neat church into which we took a peep, and, finally, into the Plaza del Constitucion, or *grand place* of the town, which may be about as big as that pleasing square, Pump Court, Temple. We were taken to an inn, of which I forget the name, and were shown from one chamber and story to another, till we arrived at that apartment where the real Spanish chocolate was finally to be served out. All these rooms were as clean as scrubbing and whitewash could make them; with simple French prints (with Spanish titles) on the walls; a few rickety half-finished articles of furniture; and, finally, an air of extremely respectable poverty. A jolly, black-eyed, yellow-shawled Dulcinea conducted us through the apartment, and provided us with the desired refreshment.

Sounds of clarions drew our eyes to the Place of the Constitution; and, indeed, I had forgotten to say, that that majestic square was filled with military, with exceedingly small firelocks, the men ludicrously young and diminutive for the most part, in a uniform at once cheap and tawdry,—like those supplied to the warriors at Astley's, or from still humbler theatrical wardrobes: indeed, the whole scene was just like that of a little theatre; the houses curiously small, with arcades and balconies, out of which looked women apparently a great deal too big for the chambers they inhabited; the warriors were in gingham, cottons, and tinsel; the officers had huge epaulets of sham silver lace drooping over their bosoms, and looked as if they were attired at a very small expense. Only the general—the captain-general (Pooch, they told us, was his name: I know not how 't is written in Spanish)—was well got up, with a smart hat, a real feather, huge stars glittering on his portly chest, and tights and boots of the first order. Presently, after a good deal of trumpeting, the little

men marched off the place, Pooch and his staff coming into the very inn in which we were awaiting our chocolate.

Then we had an opportunity of seeing some of the civilians of the town. Three or four ladies passed, with fan and mantle ; to them came three or four dandies, dressed smartly in the French fashion, with strong Jewish physiognomies. There was one, a solemn lean fellow in black, with his collars extremely turned over and holding before him a long ivory-tipped ebony cane, who tripped along the little place with a solemn smirk, which gave one an indescribable feeling of the truth of Gil Blas, and of those delightful bachelors and licentiates who have appeared to us all in our dreams.

In fact we were but half an hour in this little queer Spanish town ; and it appears like a dream, too, or a little show got up to amuse us. Boom ! the gun fired at the end of the funny little entertainment. The women and the balconies, the beggars and the walking Murillos, Pooch and the little soldiers in tinsel, disappeared, and were shut up in their box again. Once more we were carried on the beggars' shoulders out of the shore, and we found ourselves again in the great stalwart roast-beef world ; the stout British steamer bearing out of the bay, whose purple waters had grown more purple. The sun had set by this time, and the moon above was twice as big and bright as our degenerate moons are.

The providor had already returned with his fresh stores, and Bundy's tin hat was popped into its case, and he walking the deck of the packet denuded of tails. As we went out of the bay, occurred a little incident with which the great incidents of the day may be said to wind up. We saw before us a little vessel, tumbling and pflunging about in the dark waters of the bay, with a bright light beaming from the mast. It made for us at about a couple of miles from the town, and came close up, flouncing and bobbing in the very jaws of the paddle, which looked as if it would have seized and twirled round the little boat and its light, and destroyed them for ever and ever. All the passengers, of course, came crowding to the ship's side to look at the bold little boat.

"I SAY!" howled a man; "I say!—a word!—I say! Passagero! Passagero! Passage-e-ro!" We were two hundred yards ahead by this time.

"Go on," says the captain.

"You may stop if you like," says Lieutenant Bundy, exerting his tremendous responsibility. It is evident that the lieutenant has a soft heart, and felt for the poor devil in the boat who was howling so piteously "Passagero!"

But the captain was resolute. His duty was *not* to take the man up. He was evidently an irregular customer—some one trying to escape, possibly.

The lieutenant turned away, but did not make any further hints. The captain was right; but we all felt somehow disappointed, and looked back wistfully at the little boat, jumping up and down far astern now; the poor little light shining in vain, and the poor wretch within screaming out in the most heart-rending accents a last faint, desperate—"I say! Passagero-o!"

We all went down to tea rather melancholy; but the new milk, in the place of that abominable whipped-egg, revived us again; and so ended the great events on board the "Lady Jane Wood" steamer, on the 25th August, 1844.

## II.

## LISBON.—CADIZ.

A GREAT misfortune which befalls a man who has but a single day to stay in a town, is that fatal duty which superstition entails upon him of visiting the chief lions of the city in which he may happen to be. You must go though the ceremony, however much you may sigh to avoid it; and however much you know that the lions in one capital roar very much like the lions in another; that the churches are more or less large and splendid; the palaces pretty spacious, all the world over; and that there is scarcely a capital city in this Europe but has its pompous bronze statue or two of some periwigged, hook-nosed emperor, in a Roman habit, waving his bronze baton on his broad-flanked brazen charger. We only saw these state old lions in Lisbon, whose roar has long since ceased to frighten one. First we went to the church of St. Roch, to see a famous piece of mosaic work there. It is a famous work of art, and was bought by I don't know what king, for I don't know how much money. All this information may be perfectly relied on, though the fact is we did not see the mosaic work; the sacristan, who guards it, was yet in bed; and it was veiled from our eyes in a side chapel by great dirty damask curtains, which could not be removed, except when the sacristan's toilette was done, and at the price of a dollar. So we were spared this mosaic exhibition; and I think I always feel relieved when such an event occurs. I feel I have done my duty in coming to see the enormous animal—if he is not at home, *Virtute meâ me, &c.*,—we have done our best, and mortal can do no more.

In order to reach that church of the forbidden mosaic, we had sweated up several most steep and dusty streets—hot and dusty, although it was but nine o'clock in the morning. Thence the guide conducted us into some little dusty-powdered gardens, in

which the people make believe to enjoy the verdure, and whence you look over a great part of the arid, dreary, stony city. There was no smoke, as in honest London, only dust—dust over the gaunt houses and the dismal yellow strips of gardens. Many churches were there, and tall, half-baked looking public edifices, that had a dry, uncomfortable, earthquaky look, to my idea. The ground-floors of the spacious houses by which we passed, seemed the coolest and pleasantest portions of the mansion. They were cellars or warehouses, for the most part, in which white-jacketted clerks sat smoking easy cigars. The streets were plastered with placards of a bull-fight, to take place the next evening (there was no opera at that season); but it was not a real Spanish tauromachy—only a theatrical combat, as you could see by the picture, in which the horseman was cantering off at three miles an hour, the bull tripping after him with tips to his gentle horns. Mules interminable, and almost all excellently sleek and handsome, were pacing down every street: here and there, but later in the day, came clattering along a smart rider, on a prancing Spanish horse; and in the afternoon a few families might be seen in the queerest, old-fashioned little carriages, drawn by their jolly mules, and swinging between, or rather before, enormous wheels.

The churches I saw were of the florid periwig architecture—I mean, of that pompous, cauliflower-kind-of-ornament, which was the fashion in Louis the Fifteenth's time, at which unlucky period a building mania seems to have seized upon many of the monarchs of Europe, and innumerable public edifices were erected. It seems to me to have been the period in all history when society was the least natural, and perhaps the most dissolute; and I have always fancied that the bloated artificial forms of the architecture partake of the social disorganization of the time. Who can respect a simpering ninny, grinning in a Roman dress and a full-bottomed wig, who is made to pass off for a hero; or a fat woman in a hoop, and of a most doubtful virtue, who leers at you as a goddess? In the palaces which we saw, several court-allegories were represented, which, atrocious as they were in point of art, might yet serve to attract the regard of the moralizer. There were Faith, Hope, and Charity restoring Don John to the arms of his happy Portugal: there were Virtue, Valor, and



Victory saluting Don Emanuel : Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic (for what I know, or some mythologic nymphs) dancing before Don Miguel—the picture is there still, at the Ajuda ; and, ah, me ! where is poor Mig ? Well, it is these state lies and ceremonies that we persist in going to see ; whereas a man would have a much better insight into Portuguese manners, by planting himself at a corner, like yonder beggar, and watching the real transactions of the day.

A drive to Belem is the regular route practised by the traveller who has to make only a short stay, and accordingly a couple of carriages were provided for our party, and we were driven through the long merry street of Belem, peopled by endless strings of mules,—by thousands of gallegos, with water-barrels on their shoulders, or lounging by the fountains to hire,—by the Lisbon and Belem omnibuses, with four mules, jingling along at a good pace ; and it seemed to me to present a far more lively and cheerful, though not so regular, appearance as the stately quarters of the city we had left behind us. The little shops were at full work—the men brown, well-dressed, manly, and handsome : so much cannot, I am sorry to say, be said for the ladies, of whom, with every anxiety to do so, our party could not perceive a single good-looking specimen all day. The noble blue Tagus accompanies you all along these three miles of busy, pleasant street, whereof the chief charm, as I thought, was its look of genuine business—that appearance of comfort which the cleverest court-architect never knows how to give.

The carriages (the canvas one with four seats and the chaise in which I drove) were brought suddenly up to a gate with the royal arms over it ; and here we were introduced to as queer an exhibition as the eye has often looked on. This was the state-carriage house, where there is a museum of huge, old, tumble-down, gilded coaches of the last century, lying here, mouldy and dark, in a sort of limbo. The gold has vanished from the great, lumbering, old wheels and panels ; the velvets are woefully tarnished. When one thinks of the patches and powder that have simpered out of those plate glass windows—the mitred bishops, the big-wigged marshals, the shovel-hatted abbés which they have borne in their time—the human mind becomes affected in

no ordinary degree. Some human minds heave a sigh for the glories of by-gone days ; while others, considering rather the lies and humbug, the vice and servility, which went framed and glazed and enshrined, creaking along in those old Juggernaut cars, with fools worshipping under the wheels, console themselves for the decay of institutions that may have been splendid and costly, but were ponderous, clumsy, slow, and unfit for daily wear. The guardian of these defunct old carriages tells some prodigious fibs concerning them : he pointed out one carriage that was six hundred years old in his calendar ; but any connoisseur in bricabrac can see it was built at Paris in the Regent Orleans' time.

Hence it is but a step to an institution in full life and vigor,—a noble orphan school for one thousand boys and girls, founded by Don Pedro, who gave up to its use the superb convent of Belem, with its splendid cloisters, vast airy dormitories, and magnificent church. Some Oxford gentlemen would have wept to see the desecrated edifice,—to think that the shaven polls and white gowns were banished from it to give place to a thousand children, who have not even the clergy to instruct them. “ Every lad here may choose his trade,” our little informant said, who addressed us in better French than any of our party spoke, whose manners were perfectly gentlemanlike and respectful, and whose clothes, though of a common cotton stuff, were cut and worn with a military neatness and precision. All the children whom we remarked were dressed with similar neatness, and it was a pleasure to go through their various rooms for study, where some were busy at mathematics, some at drawing, some attending a lecture on tailoring, while others were sitting at the feet of a professor of the science of shoemaking. All the garments of the establishment were made by the pupils ; even the deaf and dumb were drawing and reading, and the blind were, for the most part, set to perform on musical instruments, and got up a concert for the visitors. It was then we wished ourselves of the numbers of the deaf and dumb, for the poor fellows made noises so horrible, that even as blind beggars they could hardly get a livelihood in the musical way.

Hence we were driven to the huge palace of Necessidades, which is but a wing of a building that no king of Portugal ought ever to be rich enough to complete, and which, if perfect, might outvie the Tower of Babel. The mines of Brazil must have been productive of gold and silver, indeed, when the founder imagined this enormous edifice. From the elevation on which it stands it commands the noblest views,—the city is spread before it, with its many churches and towers, and for many miles you see the magnificent Tagus, rolling by banks crowned with trees and towers. But, to arrive at this enormous building you have to climb a steep suburb of wretched huts, many of them with dismal gardens of dry, cracked earth, where a few reedy sprouts of Indian corn seemed to be the chief cultivation, and which were guarded by huge plants of spiky aloes, on which the rags of the proprietors of the huts were sunning themselves. The terrace before the palace was similarly encroached upon by these wretched habitations. A few millions, judiciously expended, might make of this arid hill one of the most magnificent gardens in the world ; and the palace seems to me to excel for situation any royal edifice I have ever seen. But the huts of these swarming poor have crawled up close to its gates,—the superb walls of hewn stone stop all of a sudden with a lath-and-plaster *hitch* ; and capitals, and hewn stones for columns, still lying about on the deserted terrace, may lie there for ages to come, probably, and never take their places by the side of their brethren in yonder tall bankrupt galleries. The air of this pure sky has little effect upon the edifices,—the edges of the stone look as sharp as if the builders had just left their work ; and close to the grand entrance stands an outbuilding, part of which may have been burnt fifty years ago, but it is in such cheerful preservation, that you might fancy the fire had occurred yesterday. It must have been an awful sight from this hill to have looked at the city spread before it, and seen it reeling and swaying in the time of the earthquake. I thought it looked so hot and shaky, that one might fancy a return of the fit. In several places still remain gaps and chasms, and ruins lie here and there as they cracked and fell.

Although the palace has not attained anything like its full growth, yet what exists is quite big enough for the monarch of such a little country ; and Versailles or Windsor has not apartments more nobly proportioned. The Queen resides in the Adjuda, a building of much less pretensions, of which the yellow walls and beautiful gardens are seen between Belem and the city. The Necesidades are only used for grand galas, receptions of ambassadors, and ceremonies of state. In the throne-room is a huge throne, surmounted by an enormous gilt crown, than which I have never seen anything larger in the finest pantomime at Drury Lane ; but the effect of this splendid piece is lessened by a shabby old Brussels carpet, almost the only other article of furniture in the apartment, and not quite large enough to cover its spacious floor. The looms of Kidderminster have supplied the web which ornaments the " Ambassadors' Waiting-room," and the ceilings are painted with huge allegories in distemper, which pretty well correspond with the other furniture. Of all the undignified objects in the world, a palace out at elbows is surely the meanest. Such places ought not to be seen in adversity,—splendor is their decency,—and when no longer able to maintain it, they should sink to the level of their means, calmly subside into manufactories, or go shabby in seclusion.

There is a picture-gallery belonging to the palace that is quite of a piece with the furniture, where are the mythological pieces relative to the kings before alluded to, and where the English visitor will see some astonishing pictures of the Duke of Wellington, done in a very characteristic style of Portuguese art. There is also a chapel, which has been decorated with much care and sumptuousness of ornament,—the altar surmounted by a ghastly and horrible carved figure in the taste of the time, when faith was strengthened by the shrieks of Jews on the rack, and enlivened by the roasting of heretics. Other such frightful images may be seen in the churches of the city ; those which we saw were still rich, tawdry, and splendid to outward show, although the French, as usual, had robbed their shrines of their gold and silver, and the statues of their jewels and crowns. But brass and tinsel look to the visitor full as well at a little distance,

—as doubtless Soult and Junot thought, when they despoiled these places of worship, like French philosophers as they were.

A friend, with a classical turn of mind, was bent upon seeing the aqueduct, whither we went on a dismal excursion of three hours, in the worst carriages, over the most diabolical clattering roads, up and down dreary parched hills, on which grew a few grey olive trees and many aloes. When we arrived, the gate leading to the aqueduct was closed, and we were entertained with a legend of some respectable character who had made a good livelihood there for some time past lately, having a private key to this very aqueduct, and lying in wait there for unwary travellers, like ourselves, whom he pitched down the arches into the ravines below, and there robbed them at leisure. So that all we saw was the door and the tall arches of the aqueduct, and by the time we returned to town it was time to go on board the ship again. If the inn at which we had sojourned was not of the best quality, the bill, at least, would have done honor to the first establishment in London. We all left the house of entertainment joyfully, glad to get out of the sunburnt city, and go *home*. Yonder in the steamer was home, with its black funnel and gilt portraiture of Lady Mary Wood at the bows; and every soul on board felt glad to return to the friendly little vessel. But the authorities, however, of Lisbon are very suspicious of the departing stranger, and we were made to lie an hour in the river before the *Sanita* boat, where a passport is necessary to be procured before the traveller can quit the country. Boat after boat, laden with priests and peasantry, with handsome red-sashed gallegos clad in brown, and ill-favored women, came and got their permits, and were off, as we lay bumping up against the old hull of the *Sanita* boat; but the officers seemed to take a delight in keeping us there bumping, looking at us quite calmly over the ship's sides, and smoked their cigars without the least attention to the prayers which we shrieked out for release.

If we were glad to get away from Lisbon, we were quite as sorry to be obliged to quit Cadiz, which we reached the next night, and where we were allowed a couple of hours' leave to land and look about. It seemed as handsome within as it is

stately without ; the long narrow streets of an admirable cleanliness, many of the tall houses of rich and noble decorations, and all looking as if the city were in full prosperity. I have seen no more cheerful and animated sight than the long street leading from the quay where we were landed, and the market blazing in sunshine, piled with fruit, fish, and poultry, under many-colored awnings ; the tall white houses with their balconies and galleries shining round about, and the sky above so blue that the best cobalt in all the paint-box looks muddy and dim in comparison to it. There were pictures for a year in that market-place—from the copper-colored old hags and beggars who roared to you for the love of heaven to give money, to the swaggering dandies of the market, with red sashes and tight clothes, looking on superbly, with a hand on the hip and a cigar in the mouth. These must be the chief critics at the great bull-fight house yonder, by the Alameda, with its scanty trees and cool breezes facing the water. Nor are there any corks to the bulls' horns here as at Lisbon. A small old English guide who seized upon me the moment my foot was on shore, had a store of agreeable legends regarding the bulls, men, and horses, that had been killed with unbounded profusion in the late entertainments which have taken place.

It was so early an hour in the morning that the shops were scarcely opened as yet ; the churches, however, stood open for the faithful, and we met scores of women tripping towards them with pretty feet, and smart black mantilla, from which looked out fine dark eyes and handsome pale faces, very different from the coarse brown countenances we had seen at Lisbon. A very handsome modern cathedral, built by the present bishop at his own charges, was the finest of the public edifices we saw ; it was not, however, nearly so much frequented as another little church, crowded with altars and fantastic ornaments, and lights and gilding, where we were told to look behind a large iron grille, and beheld a bevy of black nuns kneeling. Most of the good ladies in the front ranks stopped their devotions, and looked at the strangers with as much curiosity as we directed at them through the gloomy bars of their chapel. The men's convents are closed ; that which contains the famous Murillos has been turned into an academy of the fine arts ; but the English guide did not think the

pictures were of sufficient interest to detain strangers, and so hurried us back to the shore, and grumbled at only getting three shillings at parting for his trouble and his information. And so our residence in Andalusia began and ended before breakfast, and we went on board and steamed for Gibraltar, looking, as we past, at Joinville's black squadron, and the white houses of Saint Mary's across the bay, with the hills of Medina Sidonia and Granada lying purple beyond them. There's something even in those names which is pleasant to write down ;—to have passed only two hours in Cadiz is something—to have seen real donnas with comb and mantle—real caballeros with cloak and cigar—real Spanish barbers lathering out of brass basins,—and to have heard guitars under the balconies ; there was one that an old beggar was jangling in the market, whilst a huge leering fellow in bushy whiskers and a faded velvet dress came singing and jumping after our party,—not singing to a guitar, it is true, but imitating one capitally with his voice, and cracking his fingers by way of castanets, and performing a dance such as Figaro or Lablache might envy. How clear that fellow's voice thrums on the ear even now ; and how bright and pleasant remains the recollection of the fine city and the blue sea, and the Spanish flags floating on the boats that danced over it, and Joinville's band beginning to play stirring marches as we puffed out of the bay.

The next stage was Gibraltar, where we were to change horses. Before sunset we skirted along the dark savage mountains of the African coast, and came to the Rock just before gunfire. It is the very image of an enormous lion, crouched between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, and set there to guard the passage for its British mistress. The next British lion is Malta, four days further on in the midland sea, and ready to spring upon Egypt or pounce upon Syria, or roar so as to be heard at Marseilles in case of need.

To the eyes of the civilian, the first-named of these famous fortifications is by far the most imposing. The Rock looks so tremendous, that to ascend it, even without the compliment of shells or shot, seems a dreadful task—what would it be when all those mysterious lines of batteries were vomiting fire and brimstone ;

when all those dark guns that you see poking their grim heads out of every imaginable cleft and zigzag should salute you with shot, both hot and cold ; and when, after tugging up the hideous perpendicular place, you were to find regiments of British grenadiers ready to plunge bayonets into your poor panting stomach, and let out artificially the little breath left there ? It is a marvel to think that soldiers will mount such places for a shilling—ensigns for five and ninepence—a day : a cabman would ask double the money to go half way ! One meekly reflects upon the above strange truths, leaning over the ship's sides, and looking up the huge mountain, from the tower nestled at the foot of it to the thin flag-staff at the summit, up to which have been piled the most ingenious edifices for murder Christian science ever adopted. My hobby-horse is a quiet beast, suited for Park riding, or a gentle trot to Putney and back to a snug stable, and plenty of feeds of corn :—it can't abide climbing hills, and is not at all used to gunpowder. Some men's animals are so spirited that the very appearance of a stone wall sets them jumping at it ; regular chargers of hobbies, which snort and say—"Ha, ha !" at the mere notion of a battle.



## III.

## THE LADY MARY WOOD.

Our week's voyage is now drawing to a close. We have just been to look at Cape Trafalgar, shining white over the finest blue sea. (We, who were looking at Trafalgar Square only the other day!) The sight of that cape must have disgusted Joinville and his fleet of steamers, as they passed yesterday into Cadiz bay, and to-morrow will give them a sight of St. Vincent.

One of their steam-vessels has been lost off the coast of Africa: they were obliged to burn her, lest the Moors should take possession of her. She was a virgin vessel, just out of Brest. Poor innocent! to die in the very first month of her union with the noble-whiskered god of war!

We Britons on board the English boat received the news of the "Groenenland's" abrupt demise with grins of satisfaction. It was a sort of national compliment, and cause of agreeable congratulation. "The lubbers!" we said; "the clumsy humbugs! there's none but Britons to rule the waves!" and we gave ourselves piratical airs, and went down presently and were sick in our little buggy berths. It was pleasant, certainly, to laugh at Joinville's admiral's flag floating at his foremast, in yonder black ship, with its two thundering great guns at the bows and stern, its busy crew swarming on the deck, and a crowd of obsequious shore-boats bustling round the vessel—and to sneer at the Mogador warrior, and vow that we English, had we been inclined to do the business, would have performed it a great deal better.

Now yesterday at Lisbon we saw H.M.S. "Caledonia." *This*, on the contrary, inspired us with feelings of respect and awful pleasure. There she lay—the huge sea-castle—bearing the unconquerable flag of our country. She had but to open her jaws,

as it were, and she might bring a second earthquake in the city—batter it into kingdom-come—with the Ajuda palace and the Necessidades, the churches, and the lean, dry, empty streets, and Don John, tremendous on horseback, in the midst of Black Horse Square. Wherever we looked we could see that enormous “Caledonia,” with her flashing three lines of guns. We looked at the little boats which ever and anon came out of this monster, with humble wonder. There was the lieutenant who boarded us at midnight before we dropped anchor in the river; ten white-jacketed men pulling as one, swept along with the barge, gig, boat, curricule, or coach-and-six, with which he came up to us. We examined him—his red whiskers—his collars turned down—his duck trowsers—his bullion epaulets—with awe. With the same reverential feeling we examined the seamen—the young gentleman in the bows of the boat—the handsome young officers of marines we met sauntering in the town next day—the Scotch surgeon who boarded us as we weighed anchor—every man, down to the broken-nosed mariner who was drunk in a wine-house, and had “Caledonia” written in his hat. Whereas at the Frenchmen we looked with undisguised contempt. We were ready to burst with laughter as we passed the Prince’s vessel—there was a little French boy in a French boat alongside cleaning it, and twirling about a little French mop—we thought it the most comical, contemptible French boy, mop, boat, steamer, prince—Psha! it is of this wretched vaporing stuff that false patriotism is made. I write this as a sort of homely apropos of the day, and Cape Trafalgar, off which we lie. What business have I to strut the deck, and clap my wings, and cry “cock-a-doodle-doo” over it? Some compatriots are at that work even now.

We have lost one by one all our jovial company. There were the five Oporto wine merchants—all hearty English gentlemen—gone to their wine-butts, and their red-legged partridges, and their duels at Oporto. It appears that these gallant Britons fight every morning among themselves, and give the benighted people among whom they live an opportunity to admire the spirit national. There is the brave, honest major, with his wooden-leg—the kindest and simplest of Irishmen: he has embraced his children, and reviewed his little invalid garrison of fifteen men, in the fort which

he commands at Belem, by this time, and, I have no doubt, played to every soul of them the twelve tunes of his musical-box. It was pleasant to see him with that musical-box—how pleased he wound it up after dinner—how happily he listened to the little clinking tunes as they galloped, ding-ding, after each other. A man who carries a musical box is always a good-natured man.

Then there was his grace, or his grandeur, the Archbishop of Beyrout (in the parts of the infidels), his Holiness's Nuncio to the court of her most faithful Majesty, and who mingled among us like any simple mortal,—except that he had an extra smiling courtesy, which simple mortals do not always possess; and when you passed him as such, and puffed your cigar in his face, took off his hat with a grin of such prodigious rapture, as to lead you to suppose that the most delicious privilege of his whole life, was that permission to look at the tip of your nose or of your cigar. With this most reverend prelate was his grace's brother and chaplain—a very greasy and good-natured ecclesiastic, whom, from his physiognomy, I would have imagined to be a dignitary of the Israelitish rather than the Romish church—as profuse in smiling courtesy as his lordship of Beyrout. These two had a meek little secretary between them, and a tall French cook and valet, who, at meal times, might be seen busy about the cabin where their reverences lay. They were on their backs for the greater part of the voyage; their yellow countenances were not only unshaven, but, to judge from appearances, unwashed. They ate in private; and it was only of evenings, as the sun was jetting over the western wave, and, comforted by the dinner, the cabin passengers assembled on the quarter-deck, that we saw the dark faces of the reverend gentlemen among us for a while. They sunk darkly into their berths when the steward's bell tolled for tea.

At Lisbon, where we came to anchor at midnight, a special boat came off, whereof the crew exhibited every token of reverence for the ambassador of heaven, and carried him off from our company. This abrupt departure in the darkness disappointed some of us, who had promised ourselves the pleasure of seeing His Grandeur depart in state in the morning, shaved, clean, and in full pontificals, the tripping little secretary swinging an

incense-pot before him, and the greasy chaplain bearing his crosier.

Next day we had another bishop, who occupied the very same berth his grace of Beyruth had quitted—was sick in the very same way—so much so that this cabin of the “Lady Mary Wood” is to be christened “the bishop’s berth” henceforth; and a handsome mitre is to be painted on the basin.

Bishop No. 2 was a very stout, soft, kind-looking old gentleman, in a square cap, with a handsome tassel of green and gold round his portly breast and back. He was dressed in black robes, and tight purple stockings: and we carried him from Lisbon to the little flat coast of Faro, of which the meek old gentleman was the chief pastor.

We had not been half an hour from our anchorage in the Tagus, when his lordship dived down into the episcopal berth. All that night there was a good smart breeze; it blew fresh all the next day, as we went jumping over the blue bright sea; and there was no sign of his lordship the bishop until we were opposite the purple hills of Algarve, which lay at some ten miles distant,—a yellow sunny shore stretching flat before them, whose long sandy flats and villages we could see with our telescopes from the steamer.

Presently a little vessel, with a huge shining lateen sail, and bearing the blue and white Portuguese flag, was seen playing a sort of leap frog on the jolly waves, jumping over them, and ducking down as merry as could be. This little boat came towards the steamer as quick as ever she could jump; and Captain Cooper roaring out, “Stop her!” to “Lady Mary Wood,” her ladyship’s paddles suddenly ceased twirling, and news was carried to the good bishop in the berth, that his boat was almost alongside, and that his hour was come.

It was rather an affecting sight to see the poor old fat gentleman, looking wistfully over the water as the boat now came up, and her eight seamen, with great noise, energy, and gesticulation, laid her by the steamer. The steamer steps were let down; his lordship’s servant in blue and yellow livery, like the (Edinburgh Review), cast over the episcopal luggage into the boat, along with his own bundle and the jack-boots with which he rides

postillion on one of the bishop's fat mules at Faro. The blue and yellow domestic went down the steps into the boat. Then came the bishop's turn; but he couldn't do it for a long while. He went from one passenger to another, sadly shaking them by the hand, often taking leave and seeming loth to depart, until Captain Cooper, in a stern but respectful tone, touched him on the shoulder, and said, I know not with what correctness, being ignorant of the Spanish language, "Senor Bispo! Senor Bispo!" on which summons the poor old man, looking ruefully round him once more, put his square cap under his arm, tucked up his long black petticoats, so as to show his purple stockings and jolly fat calves, and went trembling down the steps towards the boat. The good old man! I wish I had had a shake of that trembling, podgy hand somehow before he went upon his sea martyrdom. I felt a love for that soft-hearted old Christian. Ah! let us hope his governante tucked him comfortably in bed when he got to Faro that night, and made him a warm gruel and put his feet in warm water. The men clung around him, and almost kissed him as they popped him into the boat, but he did not heed their caresses. Away went the boat scudding madly before the winds. Bang! another lateen-sailed boat in the distance fired a gun in his honor; but the wind was blowing away from the shore, and who knows when that meek bishop got home to his gruel?

I think these were the notables of our party. I will not mention the laughing, ogling lady of Cadiz, whose manners, I very much regret to say, were a great deal too lively for my sense of propriety; nor those fair sufferers, her companions, who lay on the deck with sickly, smiling, female resignation; nor the heroic children, who no sooner eat biscuit than they were ill, and no sooner were ill than they began eating biscuit again; but just allude to one other martyr, the kind lieutenant in charge of the mails, and who bore his cross with what I can't but think a very touching and noble resignation.

There's a certain sort of man whose doom in the world is disappointment,—who excels in it,—and whose luckless triumphs in his meek career of life, I have often thought, must be regarded by the kind eyes above with as much favor as the splendid suc-

cesses and achievements of coarser and more prosperous men. As I sat with the lieutenant upon deck, his telescope laid over his lean legs, and he looking at the sunset with a pleased, withered old face, he gave me a little account of his history. I take it he is in no wise disinclined to talk about it, simple as it is: he has been seven-and-thirty years in the navy, being somewhat more mature in the service than Lieutenant Peel, Rear-Admiral Prince de Joinville, and other commanders, who need not be mentioned. He is a very well-educated man and reads prodigiously,—travels, histories, lives of eminent, worthies and heroes, in his simple way. He is not in the least angry at his want of luck in the profession. "Were I a boy to-morrow," he said, "I would begin it again; and when I see my schoolfellows, and how they have got on in life, if some are better off than I am, I find many are worse, and have no call to be discontented." So he carries her Majesty's mails meekly through this world, waits upon port-admirals and captains in his old glazed hat, and is as proud of the pennon at the bow of his little boat, as if it were flying from the mainmast of a thundering man-of-war. He gets two hundred a year for his services, and has an old mother and a sister, living in England somewhere, who I will wager (though he never, I swear, said a word about it) have a good portion of this princely income.

Is it breaking a confidence to tell Lieutenant Bundy's history? Let the motive excuse the deed. It is a good, kind, wholesome noble character. Why should we keep all our admiration for those who win in this world, as we do, sycophants as we are? When we write a novel, our great, stupid imaginations can go no further than to marry the hero to a fortune at the end, and to find out that he is a lord by right. Oh, blundering lick-spittle morality! And yet I would like to fancy some happy retributive Utopia in the peaceful cloudland, where my friend the meek lieutenant should find the yards manned of his ship as he went on board, all the guns firing an enormous salute (only without the least noise or vile smell of powder), and he be saluted on the deck as Admiral Sir James, or Sir Joseph—aye, or Lord Viscount Bundy, knight of all the orders above the sun.

I think this is a sufficient, if not a complete catalogue, of the

worthies on board the "Lady Mary Wood." In the week we were on board—it seemed a year, by the way—we come to regard the ship quite as a home. We felt for the captain—the most good-humored, active, careful, ready of captains—a filial, a fraternal regard; for the providore, who provided for us with admirable comfort and generosity, a genial gratitude; and for the brisk steward's lads—brisk in serving the banquet, sympathizing in handing the basin—every possible sentiment of regard and good will. What winds blew, and how many knots we ran, are all noted down, no doubt, in the ship's log; and as for what ships we saw—every one of them with their gunnage, tonnage, their nation, their direction whither they were bound, were not these all noted down with surprising ingenuity and precision by the lieutenant, at a family desk at which he sate, every night before a great paper, elegantly and mysteriously ruled off with his large ruler? I have a regard for every man on board that ship, from the captain down to the crew—down even to the cook, with tattooed arms, sweating among the saucepans in the galley, who used (with a touching affection) to send us locks of his hair in the soup. And so, while our feeling and recollections are warm, let us shake hands with this knot of good fellows, comfortably floating about in their little box of wood and iron, across Channel, Biscay Bay, and the Atlantic, from Southampton water to Gibraltar Straits.

## IV.

## GIBRALTAR.

SUPPOSE all the nations of the earth to send fitting ambassadors to represent them at Wapping or Portsmouth Point, with each, under its own national sign-board and language, its appropriate house of call, and your imagination may figure the main street of Gibraltar ; almost the only part of the town, I believe, which boasts of the name of street at all, the remaining house-rows being modestly called lanes, such as Bomb-lane, Battery-lane, Fusee-lane, and so on. In Main-street the Jews predominate, the Moors abound ; and from the Jolly Sailor, or the Brave Horse Marine, where the people of our own nation are drinking British beer and gin, you hear choruses of "Garry Owen" or "The Lass I left behind me ;" while through the flaring lattices of the Spanish ventas come the clatter of castanets and the jingle and moan of Spanish guitars and ditties. It is a curious sight at evening this thronged street, with the people in a hundred different costumes bustling to and fro under the coarse flare of the lamps ; swarthy Moors, in white or crimson robes ; dark Spanish smugglers in tufted hats, with gay silk handkerchiefs round their heads ; fuddled seamen from men-of-war, or merchantmen ; porters, Gallician and Genoese ; and at every few minutes' interval, little squads of soldiers tramping to relieve guard at some one of the innumerable posts in the town.

Some of our party went to a Spanish venta, as a more convenient or romantic place of residence than an English house ; others made choice of the club-house in Commercial-square, of which I formed an agreeable picture in my imagination ; rather, perhaps, resembling the Junior United Service Club in Charles-street, by which every Londoner has passed ere this with respectful pleasure, catching glimpses of magnificent blazing candelabras, under



which sit neat half-pay officers, drinking half-pints of port. The club-house of Gibraltar is not, however, of the Charles-street sort; it may have been cheerful once, and there are yet relics of splendor about it. When officers wore pig-tails, and in the time of Governor O'Hara, it may have been a handsome place; but it is mouldy and decrepit now; and though his Excellency Mr. Bulwer was living there, and made no complaints that I heard of, other less distinguished persons thought they had reason to grumble. Indeed, what is travelling made of? At least half its pleasures and incidents come out of inns; and of them the tourist can speak with much more truth and vivacity than of historical recollections compiled out of histories, or filched out of hand-books. But to speak of the best inn in a place needs no apology; that, at least, is useful information; as every person intending to visit Gibraltar cannot have seen the flea-bitten countenances of our companions, who fled from their Spanish venta to take refuge at the club the morning after our arrival: they may surely be thankful for being directed to the best house of accommodation in one of the most unromantic, uncomfortable, and prosaic of towns.

If one had a right to break the sacred confidence of the mahogany, I could entertain you with many queer stories of Gibraltar life, gathered from the lips of the gentlemen who enjoyed themselves round the dingy table cloth of the club-house coffee-room, richly decorated with cold gravy and spilt beer. I heard there the very names of the gentlemen who wrote the famous letters from the Warspite regarding the French proceedings at Mogador; and met several refugee Jews from that place, who said that they were much more afraid of the Kabyles without the city, than of the guns of the French squadron, of which they seemed to make rather light. I heard the last odds on the ensuing match between Captain Smith's b. g. Bolter, and Captain Brown's ch. c. Roarer: how the gun room of her Majesty's ship Purgatory had "clobbered" a tradesman of the town, and of the row in consequence: I heard capital stories of the way in which Wilkins had escaped the guard, and Thompson had been locked up among the mosquitoes for being out after ten, without a lantern. I heard how the governor was an old ———, but to say what, would be breaking a confidence; only this may be divulged, that

the epithet was exceedingly complimentary to Sir Robert Wilson. All the while these conversations were going on, a strange scene of noise and bustle was passing in the market-place, in front of the window, where Moors, Jews, Spaniards, soldiers, were thronging in the sun; and a ragged fat fellow, mounted on a tobacco barrel, with his hat cocked on his ear, was holding an auction, and roaring with an energy and impudence that would have done credit to Covent Garden.

The Moorish castle is the only building about the Rock which has an air at all picturesque or romantic; there is a plain Roman Catholic cathedral, a hideous new Protestant church of the cigar-divan architecture, and a Court-house with a portico which is said to be an imitation of the Parthenon: the ancient religious houses of the Spanish town are gone, or turned into military residences, and marked so that you would never know their former pious destination. You walk through narrow white-washed lanes, bearing such martial names as are before-mentioned, and by-streets with barracks on either side; small Newgate-like looking buildings, at the doors of which you may see the serjeants' ladies conversing, or at the open windows of the officers' quarters, Ensign Fipps lying on his sofa and smoking his cigar, or Lieutenant Simson practising the flute to while away the weary hours of garrison dulness. I was surprised not to find more persons in the garrison library, where is a magnificent reading-room, and an admirable collection of books.

In spite of the scanty herbage and the dust on the trees, the Alameda is a beautiful walk; of which the vegetation has been as laboriously cared for as the tremendous fortifications which flank it on either side. The vast rock rises on one side with its interminable works of defence, and Gibraltar Bay is shining on the other, out on which from the terraces immense cannon are perpetually looking, surrounded by plantations of cannon balls and beds of bomb shells, sufficient, one would think, to blow away the whole Peninsula. The horticultural and military mixture is indeed very queer: here and there temples, rustic summer seats, &c., have been erected in the garden, but you are sure to see a great squat mortar looking up from among the flower-pots; and amidst the aloes and geranium sprouts the green petticoat and

scarlet coat of a Highlander ; fatigue parties are seen winding up the hill, and busy about the endless cannon-ball plantations ; awkward squads are drilling in the open spaces ; sentries marching everywhere, and (this is a caution to artists) I am told have orders to run any man through who is discovered making a sketch of the place. It is always beautiful, especially at evening, when the people are sauntering along the walks, and the moon is shining on the waters of the bay and the hills and twinkling white houses of the opposite shore. Then the place becomes quite romantic : it is too dark to see the dust on the dried leaves ; the cannon-balls do not intrude too much, but have subsided into the shade ; the awkward squads are in bed ; even the loungers are gone, the fan-flirting Spanish ladies, the sallow black-eyed children, and the trim white-jacketed dandies. A fife is heard from some craft at roost on the quiet waters somewhere ; or a faint cheer from yonder black steamer at the Mole, which is about to set out on some night expedition. You forget that the town is at all like Wapping, and deliver yourself up entirely to romance ; the sentries look noble pacing there, silent in the moonlight, and Sandy's voice is quite musical, as he challenges with a " Who goes there ? "

" All's Well " is very pleasant when sung decently in tune ; and inspires noble and poetic ideas of duty, courage, and danger : but when you hear it shouted all the night through, accompanied by a clapping of muskets in a time of profound peace, the sentinel's cry becomes no more romantic to the hearer than it is to the sandy Connaught-man or the bare-legged Highlander who delivers it. It is best to read about wars comfortably in Harry Lorrequer or Scott's novels, in which knights shout their war cries, and jovial Irish bayoneteers hurrah, without depriving you of any blessed rest. Men of a different way of thinking, however, can suit themselves perfectly at Gibraltar ; where there is marching and counter-marching, challenging and relieving guard all the night through. And not here in Commercial-square alone, but all over the huge rock in the darkness—all through the mysterious zig-zags, and round the dark cannon-ball pyramids, and along the vast rock-galleries, and up to the topmost flagstaff where the sentry can look out over two seas, poor fellows are marching and clapping muskets, and crying " All's well," dressed in cap and

feather, in place of honest nightcaps best befitting the decent hours of sleep.

All these martial noises three of us heard to the utmost advantage, lying on iron bedsteads at the time in a cracked old room on the ground-floor, the open windows of which looked into the square. No spot could be more favorably selected for watching the humors of a garrison-town by night. About midnight, the door hard by us was visited by a party of young officers, who having had quite as much drink as was good for them, were naturally inclined for more; and when we remonstrated through the windows, one of them in a young tipsy voice asked after our mothers, and finally reeled away. How charming is the conversation of high spirited youth! I don't know whether the guard got hold of them: but certainly if a civilian had been hiccuping through the street at that hour he would have been carried off to the guard-house, and left to the mercy of the musquitoes there, and had up before the governor in the morning. The young men in the coffee-room tell me he goes to sleep every night with the keys of Gibraltar under his pillow. It is an awful image, and somehow completes the notion of the slumbering fortress. Fancy Sir Robert Wilson, his nose just visible over the sheets, his night-cap and the huge key (you see the very identical one in Reynolds's portrait of Lord Heathfield) peeping out from under the bolster!

If I entertain you with accounts of inns and nightcaps it is because I am more familiar with these subjects than with history and fortifications: as far as I can understand the former, Gibraltar is the great British depôt for smuggling goods into the Peninsula. You see vessels lying in the harbor, and are told in so many words they are smugglers; all those smart Spaniards with cigar and mantles are smugglers, and run tobaccos and cotton into Catalonia; all the respected merchants of the place are smugglers. The other day a Spanish revenue vessel was shot to death under the thundering great guns of the fort, for neglecting to bring to, but it so happened that it was in chase of a smuggler; in this little corner of her dominions Britain proclaims war to custom-houses, and protection to free-trade. Perhaps ere a very

long day, England may be acting that part towards the world, which Gibraltar performs towards Spain now ; and the last war in which we shall ever engage may be a custom-house war. For once establish railroads and abolish preventive duties through Europe, and what is there left to fight for ? It will matter very little then under what flag people live, and foreign ministers and ambassadors may enjoy a dignified sinecure ; the army will rise to the rank of peaceful constables, not having any more use for the bayonet than those worthy people have for their weapons now who accompany the law at assizes under the name of javelin-men. The apparatus of bombs and eighty-four pounders may disappear from the Alameda, and the crops of cannon-balls which now grow there, may give place to other plants more pleasant to the eye ; and the great key of Gibraltar may be left in the gate for anybody to turn at will, and Sir Robert Wilson may sleep in quiet.

I am afraid I thought it was rather a release, when, having made up our minds to examine the rock in detail and view the magnificent excavations and galleries, the admiration of all military men, and the terror of any enemies who may attack the fortress, we received orders to embark forthwith in the "Tagus," which was to carry us to Malta and Constantinople. So we took leave of this famous rock—this great blunderbuss—which we seized out of the hands of the natural owners a hundred and forty years ago, and which we have kept ever since tremendously loaded and cleaned and ready for use. To seize and have it is doubtless a gallant thing ; it is like one of those tests of courage which one reads of in the chivalrous romances, when, for instance, Sir Huon, of Bordeaux, is called on to prove his knighthood by going to Babylon and pulling out the Sultan's beard and front teeth in the midst of his court there.

But, after all, justice must confess it was rather hard on the poor Sultan. If we had the Spaniards established at Land's-End, with impregnable Spanish fortifications on St. Michael's Mount, we should perhaps come to the same conclusion. Meanwhile, let us hope during this long period of deprivation, the Sultan of Spain is reconciled to the loss of his front teeth and bristling whiskers—let us even try to think that he is better without them. At all events, right or wrong, whatever may be our title to the

property, there is no Englishman but must think with pride of the manner in which his countrymen have kept it, and of the courage, endurance, and sense of duty with which stout old Eliot and his companions resisted Crillon and the Spanish battering ships and his fifty thousand men. There seems to be something more noble in the success of a gallant resistance than of an attack, however brave. After failing in his attack on the fort, the French General visited the English Commander who had foiled him, and parted from him and his garrison in perfect politeness and good humor. The English troops, Drinkwater says, gave him thundering cheers as he went away, and the French in return complimented us on our gallantry, and lauded the humanity of our people. If we are to go on murdering each other in the old-fashioned way, what a pity it is that our battles cannot end in the old-fashioned way too!

One of our fellow-travellers, who had written a book, and had suffered considerably from sea-sickness during our passage along the coasts of France and Spain, consoled us all by saying that the very minute we got into the Mediterranean we might consider ourselves entirely free from illness; and, in fact, that it was unheard of in the inland sea. Even in the Bay of Gibraltar the water looked bluer than anything I have ever seen—except Miss Smith's eyes. I thought, somehow, the delicious faultless azure never could look angry—just like the eyes before alluded to—and under this assurance we passed the Strait, and began coasting the African shore calmly and without the least apprehension, as if we were as much used to the tempest as Mr. T. P. Cooke.

But when, in spite of the promise of the man who had written the book, we found ourselves worse than in the worst part of the Bay of Biscay, or off the storm-lashed rocks of Finisterre, we set down the author in question as a gross impostor, and had a mind to quarrel with him for leading us into this cruel error. The most provoking part of the matter, too, was, that the sky was deliciously clear and cloudless, the air balmy, the sea so insultingly blue that it seemed as if we had no right to be ill at all, and that the innumerable little waves that frisked round about our keel were enjoying an *anerithmon gelasma* (this is one of my four Greek quotations; depend on it, I will manage to introduce the

other three before the tour is done)—seemed to be enjoying, I say, the above-named Greek quotation at our expense. Here is the dismal log of Wednesday, 4th of September:—"All attempts at dining very fruitless. Basins in requisition. Wind hard ahead. *Que diable allais je faire dans cette galère?* Writing or thinking impossible, so read letters from the *Ægean*." These brief words give, I think, a complete idea of wretchedness, despair, remorse, and prostration of soul and body. Two days previously we passed the forts and moles and yellow buildings of Algiers, rising very stately from the sea, and skirted by gloomy purple lines of African shore, with fires smoking in the mountains and lonely settlements here and there.

On the 5th, to the inexpressible joy of all, we reached Valetta, the entrance to the harbor of which is one of the most stately and agreeable scenes ever admired by sea-sick traveller. The small basin was busy with a hundred ships, from the huge guard ship, which lies there a city in itself;—merchantmen loading and crews cheering, under all the flags of the world flaunting in the sunshine; a half-score of busy black steamers perpetually coming and going, coaling and painting, and puffing and hissing in and out of harbor; slim men-of-war's barges shooting to and fro, with long shining oars flashing like wings over the water; hundreds of painted town boats, with high heads and white awnings,—down to the little tubs in which some naked, tawny young beggars came paddling up to the steamer, entreating us to let them dive for halfpence. Round this busy blue water rise rocks, blazing in sunshine, and covered with every imaginable device of fortification: to the right, St. Elmo, with flag and light-house; and opposite, the Military Hospital, looking like a palace; and all round, the houses of the city, for its size the handsomest and most stately in the world.

Nor does it disappoint you on a closer inspection, as many a foreign town does. The streets are thronged with a lively, comfortable looking population; the poor seem to inhabit handsome stone palaces, with balconies and projecting windows of heavy carved stone. The lights and shadows, the cries and stench, the fruit shops and fish stalls, the dresses and chatter of all nations; the soldiers in scarlet, and women in black mantillas; the

beggars, boatmen, barrels of pickled herrings and macaroni ; the shovel-hatted priests and bearded capuchins ; the tobacco, grapes, onions, and sunshine ; the sign-boards, bottle-porter stores, the statues of saints and little chapels which jostle the stranger's eyes as he goes up the famous stairs from the water-gate, make a scene of such pleasant confusion and liveliness as I have never witnessed before. And the effect of the groups of multitudinous actors in this busy, cheerful drama, is heightened, as it were, by the decorations of the stage. The sky is delightfully brilliant ; all the houses and ornaments are stately ; castles and palaces are rising all around ; and the flag, towers and walls of Fort St. Elmo look as fresh and magnificent as if they had been erected only yesterday.

The Strada Reale has a much more courtly appearance than that one described. Here are palaces, churches, court-houses and libraries, the genteel London shops, and the latest articles of perfumery. Gay young officers are strolling about in shell jackets much too small for them ; midshipmen are clattering by on hired horses ; squads of priests, habited after the fashion of Don Basilio in the opera, are demurely pacing to and fro ; professional beggars run shrieking after the stranger ; and agents for horses, for inns, and for worse places still, follow him and insinuate the excellence of their goods. The houses where they are selling carpet-bags and pomatum were the palaces of the successors of the goodliest company of gallant knights the world ever heard tell of. It seems unromantic ; but *these* were not the romantic knights of St. John. The heroic days of the order ended as the last Turkish galley lifted anchor after the memorable siege. The present stately houses were built in times of peace and splendor and decay. I doubt whether the "Auberge de Provence," where the Union Club flourishes now, has ever seen anything more romantic than the pleasant balls held in the great room there.

The church of Saint John, not a handsome structure without, is magnificent within : a noble hall covered with a rich embroidery of gilded carving, the chapels of the different nations on either side, but not interfering with the main structure, of which the whole is simple, and the details only splendid ; it seemed to me a



fitting place for this wealthy body of aristocratic soldiers, who made their devotions as it were on parade, and though on their knees, never forgot their epaulets or their quarters of nobility. This mixture of religion and worldly pride seems incongruous at first ; but have we not at church at home similar relics of feudal ceremony ?—the verger with the silver mace who precedes the vicar to the desk ; the two chaplains of my lord archbishop, who bow over his grace as he enters the communion-table gate ; even poor John, who follows my lady with her coronetted prayer-book, and makes his *congé* as he hands it into the pew. What a chivalrous absurdity is the banner of some high and mighty prince, hanging over his stall in Windsor Chapel, when you think of the purpose for which men are supposed to assemble there ! The church of the knights of St. John is paved over with sprawling heraldic devices of the dead gentlemen of the dead order ; as if, in the next world, they expected to take rank in conformity with their pedigrees, and would be marshalled into heaven according to the orders of precedence. Cumbersome handsome paintings adorn the walls and chapels, decorated with pompous monuments of grand masters. Beneath is a crypt, where more of these honorable and reverend warriors lie, in a state that a Simpson would admire. In the altar are said to lie three of the most gallant relics in the world : the keys of Acre, Rhodes, and Jerusalem. What blood was shed in defending these emblems ! What faith, endurance, genius, and generosity ; what pride, hatred, ambition, and savage lust of blood were roused together for their guardianship !

In the lofty halls and corridors of the governor's house, some portraits of the late grand masters still remain ; a very fine one, by Caravaggio, of a knight in gilt armor, hangs in the dining-room, near a full-length of poor Louis XVI., in royal robes, the very picture of uneasy impotency. But the portrait of Vignacourt is the only one which has a respectable air ; the other chiefs of the famous society are pompous old gentlemen in black, with huge periwigs, and crowns round their hats, and a couple of melancholy pages in yellow and red. But pages and wigs and grand masters have almost faded out of the canvas, and are vanishing into Hades with a most melancholy indistinctness. The names of most of these gentlemen, however, live as yet in

the forts of the place, which all seem to have been eager to build and christen : so that it seems as if, in the Malta mythology, they had been turned into freestone.

In the armory is the very suit painted by Caravaggio, by the side of the armor of the noble old La Valette, whose heroism saved his island from the efforts of Mustapha and Dragut, and an army quite as fierce and numerous as that which was baffled before Gibraltar, by similar courage and resolution. The sword of the last-named famous corsair (a most truculent little scimitar), thousands of pikes and halberts, little old cannons and wall pieces, helmets and cuirasses, which the knights or their people wore, are trimly arranged against the wall, and, instead of spiking Turks or arming warriors, now serve to point morals and adorn tales. And here likewise are kept many thousand muskets, swords, and boarding pikes, for daily use, and a couple of ragged old standards of one of the English regiments, who pursued and conquered in Egypt the remains of the haughty and famous French republican army, at whose appearance the last knights of Malta flung open the gates of all their fortresses, and consented to be extinguished without so much as a remonstrance, or a kick, or a struggle.

We took a drive into what may be called the country ; where the fields are rocks, and the hedges are stones—passing by the stone gardens of the Florian, and wondering at the number and handsomeness of the stone villages and churches rising everywhere among the stony hills. Handsome villas were passed everywhere, and we drove for a long distance along the sides of an aqueduct, quite a royal work of the Caravaggio in gold armor, the grand master De Vignacourt. A most agreeable contrast to the arid rocks of the general scenery, was the garden at the governor's country house ; with the orange-trees and water ; its beautiful golden grapes, luxuriant flowers, and thick cool shrubberies. The eye longs for this sort of refreshment, after being seared with the hot glare of the general country ; and St. Antonio was as pleasant after Malta, as Malta was after the sea.

We paid the island a subsequent visit in November, passing seventeen days at an establishment called Fort Manuel there, and by punsters the Manuel des Voyageurs ; where government

accommodates you with quarters; where the authorities are so attentive as to scent your letters with aromatic vinegar before you receive them, and so careful of your health as to lock you up in your room every night lest you should walk in your sleep, and so over the battlements into the sea; if you escaped drowning in the sea, the sentries on the opposite shore would fire at you, hence the nature of the precaution. To drop, however, this satirical strain; those who know what a quarantine is, may fancy that the place somehow becomes unbearable in which it has been endured. And though the November climate of Malta is like the most delicious May in England, and though there is every gaiety and amusement in the town, a comfortable little opera, a good old library filled full of good old books (none of your works of modern science, travel, and history, but good old *useless* books of the last two centuries), and nobody to trouble you in reading them; and though the society of Valetta is most hospitable, varied, and agreeable, yet somehow one did not feel *safe* in the island, with perpetual glimpses of Fort Manuel from the opposite shore; and, lest the quarantine authorities should have a fancy to fetch one back again, on a pretext of posthumous plague, we made our way to Naples by the very first opportunity—those who remained, that is, of the little Eastern expedition. They were not all there. The Giver of life and death had removed two of our company: one was left behind to die in Egypt, with a mother to bewail his loss; another we buried in the dismal lazaretto cemetery.

\* \* \* \*

One is bound to look at this, too, as a part of our journey. Disease and death are knocking perhaps at your next cabin-door. Your kind and cheery companion has ridden his last ride and emptied his last glass beside you. And while fond hearts are yearning for him far away, and his own mind, if conscious, is turning eagerly towards the spot of the world whither affection or interest call it—the Great Father summons the anxious spirit from earth to himself, and ordains that the nearest and dearest shall meet here no more.

Such an occurrence as a death in a lazaretto, mere selfishness renders striking. We were walking with him but two days ago on deck. One has a sketch of him, another his card, with the

address written yesterday, and given with an invitation to come and see him at home in the country, where his children are looking for him. He is dead in a day, and buried in the walls of the prison. A doctor felt his pulse by deputy—a clergyman comes from the town to read the last service over him—and the friends, who attend his funeral, are marshalled by lazaretto-guardians, so as not to touch each other. Every man goes back to his room and applies the lesson to himself. One would not so depart without seeing again the dear, dear faces. We reckon up those we love; they are but very few, but I think one loves them better than ever now. Should it be your turn next?—and why not? Is it pity or comfort to think of that affection which watches and survives you?

The Maker has linked together the whole race of man with this chain of love. I like to think that there is no man but has had kindly feelings for some other, and he for his neighbor, until we bind together the whole family of Adam. Nor does it end here. It joins heaven and earth together. For my friend or my child of past days is still my friend or my child to me here, or in the home prepared for us by the Father of all. If identity survives the grave, as our faith tells us, is it not a consolation to think that there may be one or two souls among the purified and just, whose affection watches us invisible, and follows the poor sinner on earth?

## V.

## A T H E N S .

Nor feeling any enthusiasm myself about Athens, my bounden duty of course is clear, to sneer and laugh heartily at all who have. In fact, what business has a lawyer, who was in Pump-court this day three weeks, and whose common reading is law reports or the newspaper, to pretend to fall in love for the long vacation with mere poetry, of which I swear a great deal is very doubtful, and to get up an enthusiasm quite foreign to his nature and usual calling in life? What call have ladies to consider Greece "romantic," they who get their notions of mythology from the well-known pages of "Tooke's Pantheon?" What is the reason that blundering Yorkshire squires, young dandies from Corfu regiments, jolly sailors from ships in the harbor, and yellow old Indians returning from Bundelcund, should think proper to be enthusiastic about a country of which they know nothing; the mere physical beauty of which they cannot, for the most part, comprehend; and because certain characters lived in it two thousand four hundred years ago? What have these people in common with Pericles, what have these ladies in common with Aspasia (O fie)? Of the race of Englishmen who come wondering about the tomb of Socrates, do you think the majority would not have voted to hemlock him? Yes; for the very same superstition which leads men by the nose now, drove them onward in the days when the lowly husband of Xantippe died for daring to think simply and to speak the truth. I know of no quality more magnificent in fools than their faith; that perfect consciousness they have, that they are doing virtuous and meritorious actions, when they are performing acts of folly, murdering Socrates, or pelting Aristides with holy oyster shells, all for Virtue's sake; and a "History of Dulness in all Ages of the World," is a book which

a philosopher would surely be hanged, but as certainly blessed, for writing.

If papa and mamma (honor be to them!) had not followed the faith of their fathers, and thought proper to send away their only beloved son (afterwards to be celebrated under the name of Titmarsh) into ten years' banishment of infernal misery, tyranny, annoyance; to give over the fresh feelings of the heart of the little Michael Angelo to the discipline of vulgar bullies, who, in order to lead tender young children to the Temple of Learning (as they do in the spelling-books), drive them on with clenched fists and low abuse; if they fainted, revived them with a thump, or assailed them with a curse; if they were miserable, consoled them with a brutal jeer—if, I say, my dear parents, instead of giving me the inestimable benefit of a ten years' classical education, had kept me at home with my dear thirteen sisters, it is probable I should have liked this country of Attica, in sight of the blue shores of which the present pathetic letter is written: but I was made so miserable in my youth by a classical education, that all connected with it is disagreeable in my eyes; and I have the same recollection of Greek in youth that I have of castor oil.

So in coming in sight of the promontory of Sunium, where the Greek muse, in an awful vision, came to me, and said in a patronizing way, "Why, my dear" (she always, the old spinster, adopts this high and mighty tone), "Why, my dear, are you not charmed to be in this famous neighborhood, in this land of poets and heroes, of whose history your classical education ought to have made you a master? If it did not, you have wofully neglected your opportunities, and your dear parents have wasted their money in sending you to school." I replied, "Madam, your company in youth was made so laboriously disagreeable to me, that I can't at present reconcile myself to you in age. I read your poets, but it was in fear and trembling; and a cold sweat is but an ill accompaniment to poetry. I blundered through your histories; but history is so dull (saving your presence) of herself, that when the brutal dulness of a schoolmaster is superadded to her own slow conversation, the union becomes intolerable; hence I have not the slightest pleasure in renewing my

acquaintance with a lady who has been the source of so much bodily and mental discomfort to me." To make a long story short, I am anxious to apologize for a want of enthusiasm in the classical line, and to excuse an ignorance which is of the most undeniable sort.

This is an improper frame of mind for a person visiting the land of *Æschylus* and *Euripides*; add to which, we have been abominably overcharged at the Inn: and what are the blue hills of Attica, the silver calm basin of Piræus, the heathery heights of Pentelicus, and yonder rock crowned by the Doric columns of the Parthenon, and the thin Ionic shafts of the Erechtheum, to a man who has had little rest, and is bitten all over by bugs? Was Alcibiades bitten by bugs, I wonder; and did the brutes crawl over him as he lay in the rosy arms of Phryne? I wished all night for Socrates' hammock or basket, as it is described in the "Clouds;" in which resting-place, no doubt, the abominable animals kept per force clear of him.

A French man-of-war, lying in the silvery little harbor, sternly eyeing out of its stern port-holes a saucy little English corvette beside, began playing sounding marches as a crowd of boats came paddling up to the steamer's side to convey us travellers to shore. There were Russian schooners and Greek brigs lying in this little bay; dumpy little windmills whirling round on the sunburnt heights round about it; an improvised town of quays and marine taverns has sprung up on the shore; a host of jingling barouches, more miserable than any to be seen even in Germany, were collected at the landing-place; and the Greek drivers (how queer they looked in skull-caps, shabby jackets with profuse embroidery of worsted, and endless petticoats of dirty calico!) began, in a generous ardor for securing passengers, to abuse each other's horses and carriages in the regular London fashion. Satire could certainly hardly caricature the vehicle in which we were made to journey to Athens; and it was only by thinking that, bad as they were, these coaches were much more comfortable contrivances than any Alcibiades or Cymon ever had, that we consoled ourselves along the road. It was flat for six miles along the plain to the city; and you see for the greater part of the way the purple mount on which the

Acropolis rises, and the gleaming houses of the town spread beneath. Round this wide, yellow, barren plain,—a stunt district of olive-trees is almost the only vegetation visible—there rises, as it were, a sort of chorus of the most beautiful mountains; the most elegant, gracious, and noble the eye ever looked on. These hills did not appear at all lofty or terrible, but superbly rich and aristocratic. The clouds were dancing round about them; you could see their rosy, purple shadows sweeping round the clear, serene summits of the hills. To call a hill aristocratic seems affected or absurd; but the difference between these hills and the others, is the difference between Newgate Prison and the Travellers' Club, for instance: both are buildings; but the one stern, dark and coarse; the other rich, elegant, and festive. At least, so I thought. With such a stately palace as munificent Nature had built for these people, what could they be themselves but lordly, beautiful, brilliant, brave, and wise? We saw four Greeks on donkeys on the road (which is a dust-whirlwind where it is not a puddle); and other four were playing with a dirty pack of cards, at a barrack that English poets have christened the half-way house. Does external nature and beauty influence the soul to good? You go about Warwickshire, and fancy that from merely being born and wandering in those sweet sunny plains and fresh woodlands, Shakspeare must have drunk in a portion of that frank, artless sense of beauty, which lies about his works like a bloom or dew; but a Coventry ribbon maker, or a slang Leamington squire, are looking on those very same landscapes too, and what do they profit? You theorize about the influence which the climate and appearance of Attica must have had in ennobling those who were born there; yonder dirty swindling ragged blackguards, lolling over greasy cards three hours before noon, quarrelling and shrieking, armed to the teeth and afraid to fight, are bred out of the same land which begot the philosophers and heroes. But the half-way house is past by this time, and behold we are in the capital of king Otho.


I swear solemnly that I would rather have two hundred a year in Fleet-street, than be king of the Greeks, with Basileus written before my name round their beggarly coin; with the bother of perpetual revolutions in my huge plaster of Paris palace, with



no amusement but a drive in the afternoon over a wretched arid country, where roads are not made, with ambassadors (the deuce knows why, for what good can the English, or the French, or the Russian party get out of such a bankrupt alliance as this?) perpetually pulling and tugging at me, away from honest Germany, where there is beer and æsthetic conversation, and operas at a small cost. The shabbiness of this place actually beats Ireland, and that is a strong word. The palace of the Basileus is an enormous edifice of plaster, in a square containing six houses, three donkeys, no roads, no fountains (except in the picture of the inn); backwards it seems to look straight to the mountain—on one side is a beggarly garden—the king goes out to drive (revolutions permitting) at five—some four-and-twenty blackguards saunter up to the huge sandhill of a terrace, as his majesty passes by in a gilt barouche and an absurd fancy dress; the gilt barouche goes plunging down the sand-hills: the two dozen soldiers, who have been presenting arms, slouch off to their quarters: the vast barrack of a palace remains entirely white, ghastly and lonely: and save the braying of a donkey now and then (which long-eared minstrels are more active and sonorous in Athens than in any place I know), all is entirely silent round Basileus's palace. How could people who knew Leopold fancy he would be so "jolly green," as to take such a birth? It was only a gobemouche of a Bavarian that could ever have been induced to accept it.

I beseech you to believe that it was not the bill and the bugs at the inn which induced the writer hereof to speak so slightly of the residence of Basileus. These evils are now cured and forgotten. This is written off the leaden flats and mounds which they call the Troad. It is stern justice alone which pronounces this excruciating sentence. It was a farce to make this place into a kingly capital; and I make no manner of doubt that King Otho, the very day he can get away unperceived, and get together the passage-money, will be off for dear old Deutschland, Fatherland, Beerland!

I have never seen a town in England which may be compared to this; for though Herne Bay is a ruin now, money was once spent upon it and houses built; here, beyond a few score



sions comfortably laid out, the town is little better than a rickety agglomeration of larger and smaller huts, tricked out here and there with the most absurd cracked ornaments, and cheap attempts at elegance. But neatness is the elegance of poverty, and these people despise such a homely ornament. I have got a map with squares, fountains, theatres, public gardens, and Places d'Othon marked out ; but they only exist in the paper capital—the wretched, tumble-down, wooden one boasts of none.

One is obliged to come back to the old disagreeable comparison of Ireland. Athens may be about as wealthy a place as Carlow or Killarney—the streets swarm with idle crowds, the innumerable little lanes flow over with dirty little children, they are playing and paddling about in the dirt everywhere, with great big eyes, yellow faces, and the queerest little gowns and skull caps. But in the outer man, the Greek has far the advantage of the Irishman ; most of them are well and decently dressed (if five-and-twenty yards of petticoat may not be called decent, what may ?) ; they swagger to and fro with huge knives in their girdles. Almost all the men are handsome, but live hard, it is said, in order to decorate their backs with those fine clothes of theirs. I have seen but two or three handsome women, and these had the great drawback which is common to the race—I mean, a sallow, greasy, coarse complexion, at which it was not advisable to look too closely.

And on this score I think we English may pride ourselves on possessing an advantage (by *we*, I mean the lovely ladies to whom this is addressed with the most respectful compliments) over the most classical country in the world. I don't care for beauty which will only bear to be looked at from a distance like a scene in a theatre. What is the most beautiful nose in the world, if it be covered with a skin of the texture and color of coarse whity-brown paper ; and if Nature has made it as slippery and shining as though it had been anointed with pomatum ? They may talk about beauty, but you would not wear a flower that had been dipped in a grease-pot ? No ; give me a fresh, dewy, healthy rose out of Somersetshire ; not one of those superb, tawdry, unwholesome exotics, which are only good to make poems about. Lord Byron wrote more cant of this sort than any poet I know of. Think of “the peasant girls with dark blue eyes” of the Rhine

—the brown-faced, flat-nosed, thick-lipped, dirty wenches ! Think of “filling high a cup of Samian wine ;” small beer is nectar compared to it, and Byron himself always drank gin. That man *never* wrote from his heart. He got up rapture and enthusiasm with an eye to the public ;—but this is dangerous ground, even more dangerous than to look Athens full in the face, and say that your eyes are not dazzled by its beauty. The Great Public admires Greece and Byron ; the public knows best. Murray’s “Guide Book” calls the latter “our native bard.” Our native bard ! *Mon dieu !* He Shakspeare’s, Milton’s, Keats’s, Scott’s native bard ! Well, go to the man who denies the public gods !

The truth is, then, that Athens is a disappointment ; and I am angry that it should be so. To a skilled antiquarian, or an enthusiastic Greek scholar, the feelings created by a sight of the place of course will be different ; but you who would be inspired by it must undergo a long preparation of reading, and possess, too, a particular feeling ; both of which, I suspect, are uncommon in our busy commercial newspaper-reading country. Men only say they are enthusiastic about the Greek and Roman authors and history, because it is considered proper and respectable. And we know how gentlemen in Baker Street have editions of the classics handsomely bound in the library, and how they use them. Of course they don’t retire to read the newspaper ; it is to look over a favorite ode of Pindar, or to discuss an obscure passage in Athenæus ! Of course country magistrates and members of Parliament are always studying Demosthenes and Cicero ; we know it from their continual habit of quoting the Latin grammar in Parliament. But it is agreed that the classics are respectable ; therefore we are to be enthusiastic about them. Also let us admit that Byron is to be held up as “our native bard.”

I am not so entire a heathen as to be insensible to the beauty of those relics of Greek art, of which men much more learned and enthusiastic have written such piles of descriptions. I thought I could recognize the towering beauty of the prodigious columns of the temple of Jupiter ; and admire the astonishing grace, severity, elegance, completeness of the Parthenon. The little temple of Victory, with its fluted Corinthian shafts, blazed under the

sun almost as fresh as it must have appeared to the eyes of its founders ; I saw nothing more charming and brilliant, more graceful, festive, and aristocratic than this sumptuous little building. The Roman remains which lie in the town below, look like the works of barbarians beside these perfect structures. They jar strangely on the eye, after it has been accustoming itself to perfect harmony and proportions. If, as the schoolmaster tells us, the Greek writing is as complete as the Greek art ; if an ode of Pindar is as glittering and pure as the temple of Victory ; or a discourse of Plato as polished and calm as yonder mystical portico of the Erechtheum ; what treasures of the senses and delights of the imagination have those lost to whom the Greek books are as good as sealed !

And yet one meets with very dull first-class men. Genius won't transplant from one brain to another, or is ruined in the carriage like fine Burgundy. Sir Robert Peel and Sir John Hobhouse are both good scholars ; but their poetry in Parliament does not strike one as fine. Muzzle, the schoolmaster, who is bullying poor trembling little boys, was a fine scholar when he was a sizar, and a ruffian then and ever since. Where is the great poet, since the days of Milton, who has improved the natural offshoots of his brain by grafting it from the Athenian tree ?

I had a volume of Tennyson in my pocket, which somehow settled that question, and ended the querulous dispute between me and Conscience, under the shape of the neglected and irritated Greek muse, which had been going on ever since I had commenced my walk about Athens. The old spinster saw me wince at the idea of the author of *Dora* and *Ulysses*, and tried to follow up her advantage by further hints of time lost, and precious opportunities thrown away—"You might have written poems like them," said she ; "or, no, not like them perhaps, but you might have done a neat prize poem, and pleased your papa and mama. You might have translated Jack and Gill into Greek iambs, and been a credit to your college." I turned testily away from her. "Madam," says I, "because an eagle houses on a mountain, or soars to the sun, don't you be angry with a sparrow that perches on a garret-window, or twitters on a twig. Leave me to myself ; look, my beak is not aquiline by any means."

And so, my dear friend, you who have been reading this last page in wonder, and who, instead of a description of Athens, have been accommodated with a lament on the part of the writer, that he was idle at school, and does not know Greek, excuse this momentary outbreak of egotistic despondency. To say truth, dear Jones, when one walks among the nests of the eagles, and sees the prodigious eggs they laid, a certain feeling of discomfiture must come over us smaller birds. You and I could not invent, it even stretches our minds painfully to try and comprehend part of the beauty of the Parthenon—ever so little of it—the beauty of a single column,—a fragment of a broken shaft lying under the astonishing blue sky there, in the midst of that unrivalled landscape. There may be grander aspects of nature, but none more deliciously beautiful. The hills rise in perfect harmony, and fall in the most exquisite cadences,—the sea seems brighter, the islands more purple, the clouds more light and rosy than elsewhere. As you look up through the open roof, you are almost oppressed by the serene depth of the blue overhead. Look even at the fragments of the marble, how soft and pure it is, glittering and white like fresh snow ! “I was all beautiful,” it seems to say, “even the hidden parts of me were spotless, precious, and fair”—and so, musing over this wonderful scene, perhaps I get some feeble glimpse or idea of that ancient Greek spirit which peopled it with sublime races of heroes and gods ;\* and which I never could get out of a Greek book,—no, not though Muzzle flung it at my head.

\* Saint Paul speaking from the Areopagus, and rebuking these superstitions away, yet speaks tenderly to the people before him, whose devotions he had marked; quotes their poets, to bring them to think of the God unknown, whom they had ignorantly worshipped; and says, that the time of this ignorance *God winked at*, but that now it was time to repent. No rebuke can surely be more gentle than this delivered by the upright Apostle.

## VI.

## SMYRNA—FIRST GLIMPSES OF THE EAST.

I AM glad that the Turkish part of Athens was extinct, so that I should not be balked of the pleasure of entering an eastern town by an introduction to any garbled or incomplete specimen of one. Smyrna seems to me the most eastern of all I have seen; as Calais will probably remain to the Englishman the most French town in the world. The jack-boots of the postillions don't seem so huge elsewhere, or the tight stockings of the maid-servants so Gallic. The churches and the ramparts, and the little soldiers on them, remain for ever impressed upon your memory; from which larger temples and buildings, and whole armies have subsequently disappeared: and the first words of actual French heard spoken, and the first dinner at Quillacq's, remain after twenty years as clear as on the first day. Dear Jones, can't you remember the exact smack of the white hermitage, and the toothless old fellow singing "*Largo al factotum*?"

The first day in the East is like that. After that there is nothing. The wonder is gone, and the thrill of that delightful shock, which so seldom touches the nerves of plain men of the world, though they seek for it everywhere. One such looked out at Smyrna from our steamer, and yawned without the least excitement, and did not betray the slightest emotion, as boats with real Turks on board came up to the ship. There lay the town with minarets and cypresses, domes and castles; great guns were firing off, and the blood-red flag of the Sultan flaring over the fort ever since sun-rise; woods and mountains came down to the gulf's edge, and as you looked at them with the telescope, there peeped out of the general mass a score of pleasant episodes of Eastern life—there were cottages with quaint roofs; silent cool kiosks, where the chief of the eunuchs brings down the ladies of

the harem. I saw Hassan, the fisherman, getting his nets ; and Ali Baba going off with his donkey to the great forest for wood. Smith looked at these wonders, quite unmoved ; and I was surprised at his apathy : but he had been at Smyrna before. A man only sees the miracle once ; though you yearn after it ever so, it won't come again. I saw nothing of Ali Baba and Hassan the next time we came to Smyrna, and had some doubts (recollecting the badness of the inn) about landing at all. A person who wishes to understand France and the East should come in a yacht to Calais or Smyrna, land for two hours, and never afterwards go back again.

But those two hours are beyond measure delightful. Some of us were querulous up to that time, and doubted of the wisdom of making the voyage. Lisbon, we owned, was a failure ; Athens a dead failure. Malta very well, but not worth the trouble and sea sickness ; in fact, Baden Baden or Devonshire would be a better move than this ; when Smyrna came, and rebuked all mutinous cockneys into silence. Some men may read this who are in want of a sensation. If they love the odd and picturesque, if they loved the Arabian Nights in their youth, let them book themselves on board one of the Peninsular and Oriental vessels, and try one *dip* into Constantinople or Smyrna. Walk into the Bazaar, and the East is unveiled to you ; how often and often have you tried to fancy this, lying out on a summer holiday at school ! It is wonderful, too, how *like* it is ; you may imagine that you have been in the place before, you seem to know it so well !

The beauty of that poetry is, to me, that it was never too handsome ; there is no fatigue of sublimity about it. Shacabac and the Little Barber play as great a part in it as the heroes ; there are no uncomfortable sensations of terror ; you may be familiar with the great Afreet, who was going to execute the travellers for killing his son with a date-stone. Morgiana, when she kills the forty robbers with boiling oil, does not seem to hurt them in the least ; and though King Schahriar makes a practice of cutting off his wives' heads, yet you fancy they have got them on again in some of the back rooms of the palace, where they are dancing and playing on dulcimers. • How fresh, easy, good-na-

tured, is all this ! How delightful is that notion of the pleasant Eastern people about knowledge, where the height of science is made to consist in the answering of riddles ! and all the mathematicians and magicians bring their great beards to bear on a conundrum !

When I got into the bazaar among this race, somehow I felt as if they were all friends. There sat the merchants in their little shops, quiet and solemn, but with friendly looks. There was no smoking, it was the Ramazan ; no eating, the fish and meats fizzing in the enormous pots of the cook-shops are only for the Christians. The children abounded ; the law is not so stringent upon them, and many wandering merchants were there selling figs (in the name of the prophet doubtless), for their benefit, and elbowing onwards with baskets of grapes and cucumbers. Countrymen passed bristling over with arms, each with a huge bellyful of pistols and daggers in his girdle ; fierce, but not the least dangerous. Wild swarthy Arabs, who had come in with the caravans, walked solemnly about, very different in look and demeanor from the sleek inhabitants of the town. Greeks and Jews squatted and smoked, their shops tended by sallow-faced boys, with large eyes, who smiled and welcomed you in ; negroes bustled about in gaudy colors ; and women, with black nose-bags and shuffling yellow slippers, chatted and bargained at the doors of the little shops. There was the rope quarter and the sweet-meat quarter, and the pipe bazaar and the arm bazaar, and the little turned up shoe quarter and the shops where ready-made jackets and pelisses were swinging, and the region where, under the ragged awnings, regiments of tailors were at work. The sun peeps through these awnings of mat or canvas, which are hung over the narrow lanes of the bazaar, and ornaments them with a thousand freaks of light and shadow. Cogia Hassan Alhabbal's shop is in a blaze of light ; while his neighbor, the barber and coffee-house keeper, has his premises, his low seats and narghiles, his queer pots and basins, in the shade. The cobblers are always good-natured ; there was one who, I am sure, has been revealed to me in my dreams, in a dirty old green turban, with a pleasant wrinkled face like an apple, twinkling his little grey eyes as he held them up to talk to the gossips, and smiling under



a delightful old grey beard, which did the heart good to see. You divine the conversation between him and the cucumber-man, as the Sultan used to understand the language of the birds. Are any of those cucumbers stuffed with pearls, and is that Armenian with the black square turban Harun Alraschid in disguise, standing yonder by the fountain where the children are drinking—the gleaming marble fountain, chequered all over with light and shadow, and engraved with delicate Arabesques and sentences from the Koran?

But the greatest sensation of all is when the camels come. Whole strings of real camels, better even than in the procession of Blue Beard, with soft rolling eyes and bended necks, swaying from one side of the bazaar to the other to and fro, and treading gingerly with their great feet. O, you fairy dreams of boyhood! O, you sweet meditations of half-holidays, here you are realized for half an hour! The genius which presides over youth led us to do a good action that day. There was a man sitting in an open room, ornamented with fine long-tailed sentences of the Koran; some in red, some in blue; some written diagonally over the paper; some so shaped as to represent ships, dragons, or mysterious animals. The man squatted on a carpet in the middle of this room, with folded arms, wagging his head to and fro, swaying about, and singing through his nose choice phrases from the sacred work. But from the room above came a clear noise of many little shouting voices, much more musical than that of Naso in the matted parlor, and the guide told us it was a school, so we went up stairs to look.

I declare, on my conscience, the master was in the act of bastinadoing a little mulatto boy; his feet were in a bar, and the brute was laying on with a cane; so we witnessed the howling of the poor boy, and the confusion of the brute who was administering the correction. The other children were made to shout, I believe, to drown the noises of their little comrade's howling; but the punishment was instantly discontinued as our hats came up over the stair-trap, and the boy cast loose, and the bamboo huddled into a corner, and the schoolmaster stood before us abashed. All the small scholars in red caps, and the little girls in gaudy handkerchiefs, turned their big wondering dark eyes towards us; and

the caning was over for *that* time, let us trust. I don't envy some schoolmasters in a future state. I pity that poor little blubbing Mahometan ; he will never be able to relish the Arabian Nights in the original, all his life long.

From this scene we rushed off somewhat discomposed, to make a breakfast off red mullets and grapes, melons, pomegranates, and Smyrna wine, at a dirty little comfortable inn, to which we were recommended ; and from the windows of which we had a fine cheerful view of the gulf and its busy craft, and the loungers and the merchants along the shore. There were camels unloading at one wharf, and piles of melons much bigger than the Gibraltar cannon-balls at another. It was the fig season, and we passed several alleys encumbered with long rows of fig dressers, children and women for the most part, who were packing the fruit diligently into drums, dipping them in salt-water first, and spreading them neatly over with leaves ; while the figs and leaves are drying, large white worms crawl out of them, and swarm over the decks of the ships which carry them to Europe and to England, where small children eat them with pleasure—I mean the figs, not the worms—and where they are still served at wine parties at the Universities. When fresh, they are not better than elsewhere ; but the melons are of admirable flavor, and so large, that Cinderella might almost be accommodated with a coach made of a big one, without any very great distension of its original proportions.

Our guide, an accomplished swindler, demanded two dollars as the fee for entering a mosque, which others of our party subsequently saw for sixpence, so we did not care to examine that place of worship. But there were other cheaper sights, which were to the full as picturesque, for which there was no call to pay money, or indeed, for a day scarcely to move at all. I doubt whether a man who would smoke his pipe on a bazaar counter all day, and let the city flow by him, would not be almost as well employed as the most active curiosity hunter.

To be sure he would not see the women. Those in the bazaar were shabby people for the most part, whose black masks nobody would feel a curiosity to remove. You could see no more of their figures than if they had been stuffed in bolsters ; and even their

feet were brought to a general splay uniformity by the double yellow slippers which the wives of true believers wear. But it is in the Greek and Armenian quarters, and among those poor Christians who were pulling figs, that you see the beauties ; and a man of a generous disposition may lose his heart half a dozen times a day in Smyrna. There was the pretty maid at work at a tambour-frame in an open porch, with an old duenna spinning by her side, and a goat tied up to the railings of the little court-garden ; there was the nymph who came down the stair with the pitcher on her head, and gazed with great calm eyes, as large and stately as Juno's ; there was the gentle mother, bending over a queer cradle, in which lay a small crying bundle of infancy. All these three charmers were seen in a single street in the Armenian quarter, where the house doors are all open, and the women of the families sit under the arches in the court. There was the fig-girl, beautiful beyond all others, with an immense coil of deep black hair twisted round a head of which Raphael was worthy to draw the outline, and Titian to paint the color. I wonder the Sultan has not swept her off, or that the Persian merchants, who come with silks and sweetmeats, have not kidnapped her for the Shah of Tehran.

We went to see the Persian merchants at their Khan, and purchased some silks there from a swarthy black-bearded man, with a conical cap of lamb's-wool. Is it not hard to think that silks bought of a man in a lamb's-wool cap, in a caravanserai, brought thither on the backs of camels, should have been manufactured after all at Lyons ? Others of our party bought carpets, for which the town is famous ; and there was one who absolutely laid in a stock of real Smyrna figs, and purchased three or four real Smyrna sponges for his carriage ; so strong was his passion for the genuine article.

I wonder that no painter has given us familiar views of the East : not processions, grand sultans, or magnificent landscapes ; but faithful transcripts of every day Oriental life, such as each street will supply to him. The camels afford endless motives, couched in the market-places, lying by thousands in the camel square, snorting and bubbling after their manner, the sun blazing down on their backs, their slaves and keepers lying behind them

in the shade: and the caravan-bridge, above all, would afford a painter subjects for a dozen of pictures. Over this Roman arch, which crosses the Meles river, all the caravans pass on their entrance to the town. On one side, as we sat and looked at it, was a great row of plane-trees; on the opposite bank a deep wood of tall cypresses: in the midst of which rose up innumerable grey tombs, surmounted with the turbans of the defunct believers. Beside the stream, the view was less gloomy. There was under the plane trees a little coffee-house, shaded by a trellis work, covered over with a vine, and ornamented with many rows of shining pots and water-pipes, for which there was no use at noon-day now, in the time of Ramazan. Hard by the coffee-house was a garden and a bubbling marble fountain, and over the stream was a broken summer-house, to which amateurs may ascend, for the purpose of examining the river; and all round the plane trees plenty of stools for those who were inclined to sit and drink sweet thick coffee, or cool lemonade made of fresh green citrons. The master of the house, dressed in a white turban, and light blue pelisse, lolled under the coffee-house awning; the slave, in white, with a crimson striped jacket, his face as black as ebony, brought us pipes and lemonade again, and returned to his station at the coffee-house, where he curled his black legs together, and began singing out of his flat nose, to the thrumming of a long guitar with wire strings. The instrument was not bigger than a soup-ladle, with a long straight handle, but its music pleased the performer; for his eyes rolled shining about, and his head wagged, and he grinned with an innocent intensity of enjoyment that did one good to look at. And there was a friend to share his pleasure: a Turk, dressed in scarlet, and covered all over with daggers and pistols, sat leaning forward on his little stool, rocking about, and grinning quite as eagerly as the black minstrel. As he sang and we listened, figures of women bearing pitchers went passing over the Roman bridge, which we saw between the large trunks of the planes; or grey forms of camels were seen stalking across it, the string preceded by the little donkey, who is always here their long-eared conductor.

These are very humble incidents of travel. Wherever the steamboat touches the shore adventure retreats into the interior,

and what is called romance vanishes. It won't bear the vulgar gaze; or rather the light of common day puts it out, and it is only in the dark that it shines at all. There is no cursing and insulting of Giaours now. If a cockney looks or behaves in a particularly ridiculous way, the little Turks come out and laugh at him. A Londoner is no longer a spittoon for true believers: and now that dark Hassan sits in his divan and drinks champagne, and Selim has a French watch, and Zuleikha perhaps takes Morrison's pills, Byronism becomes absurd instead of sublime, and is only a foolish expression of cockney wonder. They still occasionally beat a man for going into a mosque, but this is almost the only sign of ferocious vitality left in the Turk of the Mediterranean coast, and strangers may enter scores of mosques without molestation. The paddle-wheel is the great conqueror. Wherever the captain cries "Stop her," Civilisation stops, and lands in the ship's boat, and makes a permanent acquaintance with the savages on shore. Whole hosts of crusaders have passed and died, and butchered here in vain. But to manufacture European iron into pikes and helmets was a waste of metal: in the shape of piston-rods and furnace-pokers it is irresistible; and I think an allegory might be made showing how much stronger commerce is than chivalry, and finishing with a grand image of Mahomet's crescent being extinguished in Fulton's boiler.

This I thought was the moral of the day's sights and adventures. We pulled off to the steamer in the afternoon—the *Inbat* blowing fresh, setting all the craft in the gulf dancing over its blue water. We were presently under weigh again, the captain ordering his engines to work only at half power, so that a French steamer which was quitting Smyrna at the same time might come up with us, and fancy she could beat the irresistible *Tagus*. Vain hope! Just as the Frenchman neared us, the *Tagus* shot out like an arrow, and the discomfited Frenchman went behind. Though we all relished the joke exceedingly, there was a French gentleman on board who did not seem to be by any means tickled with it; but he had received papers at Smyrna, containing news of Marshal Bugeaud's victory at Isly, and had this land victory to set against our harmless little triumph at sea.

That night we rounded the island of Mitylene: and the next

day the coast of Troy was in sight, and the tomb of Achilles—a dismal looking mound that rises on a low dreary barren shore—less lively and not more picturesque than the Scheldt or the mouth of the Thames. Then we passed Tenedos and the forts and town at the mouth of the Dardanelles: the weather was not too hot; the water was smooth as at Putney; and everybody happy and excited at the thought of seeing Constantinople to-morrow. We had music on board all the way from Smyrna. A German commis-voyageur, with a guitar, who had passed unnoticed until that time, produced his instrument about mid-day, and began to whistle waltzes. He whistled so divinely that the ladies left their cabins, and the men laid down their books. He whistled a polka so bewitchingly that two young Oxford men began whirling round the deck, and performed that popular dance with much agility until they sank down tired. He still continued an unabated whistling, and as nobody would dance, pulled off his coat, produced a pair of castanets, and whistling a mazurka, performed it with tremendous agility. His whistling made everybody gay and happy—made those acquainted who had not spoken before, and inspired such a feeling of hilarity in the ship, that that night, as we floated over the sea of Marmora, a general vote was expressed for broiled bones and a regular supper party. Punch was brewed, and speeches were made, and, after a lapse of fifteen years, I heard the “Old English gentleman” and “Bright chanticleer proclaims the morn,” sung in such style, that you would almost fancy the proctors must hear, and send us all home.

## VII.

## CONSTANTINOPLE.

WHEN we arose at sunrise to see the famous entry to Constantinople, we found, in place of the city and the sun, a bright white fog, which hid both from sight, and which only disappeared as the vessel advanced towards the Golden Horn. There the fog cleared off as it were by flakes; and as you see gauze curtains lifted away, one by one, before a great fairy scene at the theatre, this will give idea enough of the fog: the difficulty is to describe the scene afterwards, which was in truth the great fairy scene, than which it is impossible to conceive anything more brilliant and magnificent. I can't go to any more romantic place than Drury Lane to draw my similes from—Drury Lane, such as we used to see it in our youth, when, to our sight, the grand last pictures of the melodrama or pantomime were as magnificent as any objects of nature we have seen with maturer eyes. Well, the view of Constantinople is as fine as any of Stanfield's best theatrical pictures, seen at the best period of youth, when fancy had all the bloom on her—when all the heroines who danced before the scene appeared as ravishing beauties, when there shone an unearthly splendor about Baker and Diddear—and the sound of the bugles and fiddles, and the cheerful clang of the cymbals, as the scene unrolled, and the gorgeous procession meandered triumphantly through it—caused a thrill of pleasure, and awakened an innocent fulness of sensual enjoyment that is only given to boys.

The above sentence contains the following propositions:—The enjoyments of boyish fancy are the most intense and delicious in the world. Stanfield's panorama used to be the realization of the most intense youthful fancy. I puzzle my brains and find no better likeness for the place. The view of Constantinople resem-

bles the *ne plus ultra* of a Stanfield diorama, with a glorious accompaniment of music, spangled houris, warriors, and winding processions, feasting the eyes and the soul with light, splendor, and harmony. If you were never in this way during your youth ravished at the play-house, of course the whole comparison is useless; and you have no idea, from this description, of the effect which Constantinople produces on the mind. But if you were never affected by a theatre, no words can work upon your fancy, and typographical attempts to move it are of no use. For, suppose we combine mosque, minaret, gold, cypress, water, blue, caiques, seventy-four, Galata, Tophana, Ramazan, Backallum, and so forth, together, in ever so many ways, your imagination will never be able to depict a city out of them. Or, suppose I say the Mosque of Saint Sophia is four hundred and seventy-three feet in height, measuring from the middle nail of the gilt crescent, surmounting the dome, to the ring in the centre stone; the circle in the dome is one hundred and twenty-three feet in diameter, the windows ninety-seven in number—and all this may be true, for anything I know to the contrary; yet who is to get an idea of Saint Sophia's from dates, proper names, and calculations with a measuring line? It can't be done by giving the age and measurement of all the buildings along the river, the names of all the boatmen who ply on it. Has your fancy, which pooh poohs a simile, faith enough to build a city with a foot-rule? Enough said about descriptions and similes (though whenever I am uncertain of one, I am naturally most anxious to fight for it): it is a scene not perhaps sublime, but charming, magnificent, and cheerful beyond any I have ever seen—the most superb combination of city and gardens, domes and shipping, hills and water, with the healthiest breeze blowing over it, and above it the brightest and most cheerful sky.

It is proper they say to be disappointed on entering the town, or any of the various quarters of it; because the houses are not so magnificent on inspection and seen singly, as they are when beheld *en masse* from the waters. But why form expectations so lofty? If you see a group of peasants picturesquely disposed at a fair, you don't suppose that they are all faultless beauties, or that the men's coats have no rags, and the women's gowns are



made of silk and velvet: the wild ugliness of the interior of Constantinople or Pera has a charm of its own, greatly more amusing than rows of red bricks or drab stones, however symmetrical. With brick or stone they could never form those fantastic ornaments, railings, balconies, roofs, galleries, which jut in and out of the rugged houses of the city. As we went from Galata to Pera up a steep hill, which new comers ascend with some difficulty, but which a porter, with a couple of hundred weight on his back, paces up without turning a hair, I thought the wooden houses, far from being disagreeable objects, sights quite as surprising and striking as the grand one we had just left.

I do not know how the Custom House of his Highness is made to be a profitable speculation. As I left the ship, a man pulled after my boat, and asked for backsheesh, which was given him to the amount of about two pence. He was a Custom-house officer, but I doubt whether this sum which he levied ever went to the revenue.

I can fancy the scene about the quays somewhat to resemble the river of London in olden times, before coal smoke had darkened the whole city with soot, and when, according to the old writers, there really was bright weather. The fleets of caiques bustling along the shore, or scudding over the blue water, are beautiful to look at; in Hollar's print London river is so studded over with wherry boats, which bridges and steamers have since destroyed. Here the caique is still in full perfection: there are thirty thousand boats of the kind plying between the cities; every boat is neat, and trimly carved and painted; and I scarcely saw a man pulling in one of them that was not a fine specimen of his race, brawny and brown, with an open chest and a handsome face. They wear a thin shirt of exceedingly light cotton, which leaves their fine brown limbs full play; and with a purple sea for a back ground, every one of these dashing boats forms a brilliant and glittering picture. Passengers squat in the inside of the boat; so that as it passes, you see little more than the heads of the true believers, with their red fez and blue tassel, and that placid gravity of expression which the sucking of a tobacco pipe is sure to give to a man.

The Bosphorus is enlivened by a multiplicity of other kinds of

craft. There are the dirty men-of-war's boats of the Russians with unwashed mangy crews; the great ferry-boats carrying hundreds of passengers to the villages; the melon boats piled up with enormous golden fruit; his Excellency the Pasha's boat, with twelve men bending to their oars; and his Highness's own caique, with a head like a serpent, and eight-and-twenty tugging oarsmen, that goes shooting by amidst the thundering of the cannon. Ships and steamers, with black sides and flaunting colors, are moored everywhere, showing their flags, Russian and English, Austrian, American, and Greek; and along the quays country ships from the Black Sea or the islands, with high carved poops and bows such as you see in the pictures of the shipping of the 17th century. The vast groves and towers, domes and quays, tall minarets and spired spreading mosques of the three cities, rise all around in endless magnificence and variety, and render this water-street a scene of such delightful loveliness and beauty, that one never tires of looking at it. I lost a great number of the sights in and round Constantinople; through the beauty of this admirable scene: but what are sights after all? and isn't that the best sight which makes you most happy?

We were lodged at Pera at Misseri's hotel, the host of which has been made famous ere this time, by the excellent book Eothen, a work for which all the passengers on board our ship had been battling, and which had charmed all—from our great statesman, our polished lawyer, our young Oxonian, who sighed over certain passages that he feared were wicked, down to the writer of this, who, after perusing it with delight, laid it down with wonder, exclaiming, "Aut Diabolus aut"—a book which has since (greatest miracle of all) excited a feeling of warmth and admiration in the bosom of the godlike, impartial, stony Athenæum. Misseri, the faithful and chivalrous Tartar, is transformed into the most quiet and gentlemanlike of landlords, a great deal more gentlemanlike in manner and appearance than most of us, who sat at his table, and smoked cool pipes on his house top, as we looked over the hill and the Russian palace to the water, and the Seraglio gardens shining in the blue. We confronted Misseri, Eothen in hand, and found, on examining him, that it *was*, aut

*Diabolus aut amicus*”—but the name is a secret ; I will never breathe it, though I am dying to tell it.

The last good description of a Turkish bath, I think, was Lady Mary Wortley Montague's, which voluptuous picture must have been painted at least a hundred and thirty years ago ; so that another sketch may be attempted by an humbler artist in a different manner. The Turkish bath is certainly a novel sensation to an Englishman, and may be set down as the most queer and surprising event of his life. I made the valet de place or dragoman (it is rather a fine thing to have a dragoman in one's service) conduct me forthwith to the best appointed hammams in the neighborhood ; and we walked to a house at Tophana, and into a spacious hall lighted from above, which is the cooling room of the bath.

The spacious hall has a large fountain in the midst, a painted gallery running round it ; and many ropes stretched from one gallery to another, ornamented with profuse draperies of towels and blue cloths, for the use of the frequenters of the place. All round the room and the galleries were matted enclosures, fitted with numerous neat beds and cushions for reposing on, where lay a dozen of true believers smoking, or sleeping, or in the happy half-dozing state. I was led up to one of these beds to rather a retired corner, in consideration of my modesty ; and to the next bed presently came a dancing dervish, who forthwith began to prepare for the bath.

When the dancing dervish had taken off his yellow sugar-loaf cap, his gown, shawl, &c., he was arrayed in two large blue cloths ; a white one being thrown over his shoulders, and another in the shape of a turban plaited neatly round his head ; the garments of which he divested himself were folded up in another linen, and neatly put by. I beg leave to state I was treated in precisely the same manner as the dancing dervish.

The reverend gentleman then put on a pair of wooden pattens, which elevated him about six inches from the ground ; and walked down the stairs, and paddled across the moist marble floor of the hall, and in at a little door, by the which also Titmarsh entered. But I had none of the professional agility of the dancing dervish ; I staggered about very ludicrously upon the high wooden pattens ;

and should have been down on my nose several times, had not the dragoman and the master of the bath supported me down the stairs and across the hall. Dressed in three large cotton napkins, with a white turban round my head, I thought of Pall Mall with a sort of despair. I passed the little door, it was closed behind me—I was in the dark—I couldn't speak the language—in a white turban—*Mon Dieu!* what was going to happen?

The dark room was the tepidarium, a moist oozing arched den, with a light faintly streaming from an orifice in the domed ceiling. Yells of frantic laughter and song came booming and clanging through the echoing arches, the doors clapped to with loud reverberations. It was the laughter of the followers of Mahound, rollicking and taking their pleasure in the public bath. 'I could not go into that place; I swore I would not; they promised me a private room, and the dragoman left me. My agony at parting from that Christian cannot be described.

When you get into the Sudarium, or hot room, your first sensations only occur about half a minute after entrance, when you feel that you are choking. I found myself in that state, seated on a marble slab; the bath man was gone; he had taken away the cotton turban and shoulder shawl: I saw I was in a narrow room of marble, with a vaulted roof, and a fountain of warm and cold water; the atmosphere was in a steam, the choking sensation went off, and I felt a sort of pleasure presently in a soft boiling simmer, which, no doubt, potatoes feel when they are steaming. You are left in this state for about ten minutes; it is warm certainly, but odd and pleasant, and disposes the mind to reverie.

But let any delicate mind in Baker street fancy my horror, when, on looking up out of this reverie, I saw a great brown wretch extended before me, only half dressed, standing on pattens, and exaggerated by them and the steam until he looked like an ogre, grinning in the most horrible way, and waving his arm, on which was a horse-hair glove. He spoke in his unknown nasal jargon, words which echoed through the arched room; his eyes seemed astonishingly large and bright, his ears stuck out, and his head was all shaved, except a bristling top-knot, which gave it a demoniac fierceness.

This description, I feel, is growing too frightful; ladies who

read it will be going into hysterics, or saying, "Well, upon my word, this is the most singular, the most extraordinary kind of language. Jane, my love, you will not read that odious book"—and so I will be brief. This grinning man belabors the patient most violently with the horse brush. When he has completed the horse-hair part, and you lie expiring under a squirting fountain of warm water, and fancying all is done, he reappears with a large brass basin, containing a quantity of lather, in the midst of which is something like old Miss Mac Whirter's flaxen wig that she is so proud of, and that we have all laughed at. Just as you are going to remonstrate, the thing like the wig is dashed into your face and eyes, covered over with soap, and for five minutes you are drowned in lather; you can't see, the suds are frothing over your eyeballs; you can't hear, the soap is whizzing into your ears; you can't gasp for breath, Miss Mac Whirter's wig is down your throat with half a pailful of suds in an instant—you are all soap. Wicked children in former days have jeered you, exclaiming, "How are you off for soap?" You little knew what saponacity was till you entered a Turkish bath.

When the whole operation is concluded, you are led—with what heartfelt joy I need not say—softly back to the cooling-room, having been robed in shawls and turbans as before. You are laid gently on the reposing bed; somebody brings a *nar-ghilé*, which tastes as tobacco must taste in Mahomet's Paradise; a cool sweet dreamy languor takes possession of the purified frame; and half an hour of such delicious laziness is spent over the pipe as is unknown in Europe, where vulgar prejudice has most shamefully maligned indolence, calls it foul names, such as the father of all evil, and the like; in fact, does not know how to educate idleness as these honest Turks do, and the fruit which, when properly cultivated, it bears.

The after-bath state is the most delightful condition of laziness I ever knew, and I tried it wherever we went afterwards on our little tour. At Smyrna the whole business was much inferior to the method employed in the capital. At Cairo, after the soap, you are plunged into a sort of stone coffin, full of water, which is all but boiling. This has its charms; but I could not relish

the Egyptian shampooing. A hideous old blind man (but very dexterous in his art) tried to break my back and dislocate my shoulders, but I could not see the pleasure of the practice ; and another fellow began tickling the soles of my feet, but I rewarded him with a kick that sent him off the bench. The pure idleness is the best, but I shall never enjoy such in Europe again.

Victor Hugo, in his famous travels on the Rhine, visiting Cologne, gives a learned account of what he *didn't* see there. I have a remarkable catalogue of similar objects at Constantinople. I didn't see the dancing dervishes, it was Ramazan ; nor the howling dervishes at Scutari, it was Ramazan ; nor the interior of Saint Sophia, nor the women's apartment of the seraglio, nor the fashionable promenade at the Sweet Waters, always because it was Ramazan ; during which period the dervishes dance and howl but rarely, their legs and lungs being unequal to much exertion during a fast of fourteen hours. On account of the same holy season, the royal palaces and mosques are shut ; and though the valley of the Sweet Waters is there, no one goes to walk ; the people remaining asleep all day, and passing the night in feasting and carousing. The minarets are illuminated at this season ; even the humblest mosque at Jerusalem, or Jaffa, mounted a few circles of dingy lamps ; those of the capital were handsomely lighted with many festoons of lamps, which had a fine effect from the water. I need not mention other and constant illuminations of the city, which innumerable travellers have described—I mean the fires. There were three in Pera during our eight days' stay there ; but they did not last long enough to bring the sultan out of bed to come and lend his aid. Mr. Hobhouse (quoted in the Guide Book) says, if a fire lasts an hour, the sultan is bound to attend it in person ; and that people having petitions to present, have often set houses on fire for the purpose of forcing out this royal trump. The sultan can't lead a very "jolly life," if this rule be universal. Fancy his highness, in the midst of his moon-faced beauties, handkerchief in hand, and obliged to tie it round his face, and go out of his warm harem at midnight at the cursed cry of "Yang en Var !"

We saw his highness in the midst of his people and their petitions, when he came to the mosque at Tophana ; not the largest,

but one of the most picturesque of the public buildings of the city. The streets were crowded with people watching for the august arrival, and lined with the squat military in their bastard European costume; the sturdy police, with bandeliers and brown surtouts, keeping order, driving off the faithful from the railings of the Esplanade through which their emperor was to pass, and only admitting (with a very unjust partiality I thought) us Europeans into that reserved space. Before the august arrival, numerous officers collected, colonels and pashas went by with their attendant running footmen; the most active, insolent, and hideous of these great men, as I thought, being his highness's black eunuchs, who went prancing through the crowd, which separated before them with every sign of respect.

The common women were assembled by many hundreds; the yakmac, a muslin chin cloth which they wear, makes almost every face look the same; but the eyes and noses of these beauties are generally visible, and, for the most part, both these features are good. The jolly negresses wear the same white veil, but they are by no means so particular about hiding the charms of their good-natured black faces, and they let the cloth blow about as it lists, and grin unconfined. Wherever we went the negroes seemed happy. They have the organ of child-loving; little creatures were always prattling on their shoulders, queer little things in nightgowns of yellow dimity, with great flowers, and pink, or red, or yellow shawls, with great eyes glistening underneath. Of such the black women seemed always the happy guardians. I saw one at a fountain, holding one child in her arms, and giving another a drink—a ragged little beggar—a sweet and touching picture of a black charity.

I am almost forgetting his highness the sultan. About a hundred guns were fired off at clumsy intervals from the esplanade facing the Bosphorus, warning us that the monarch had set off from his summer palace, and was on the way to his grand canoe. At last that vessel made its appearance; the band struck up his favorite air; his caparisoned horse was led down to the shore to receive him; the eunuchs, fat pashas, colonels, and officers of state gathering round as the commander of the faithful mounted. I had the indescribable happiness of seeing him at a very short

distance. The Padishah, or Father of all the Sovereigns on Earth, has not that majestic air which some sovereigns possess, and which makes the beholder's eyes wink, and his knees tremble under him: he has a black beard, and a handsome well-bred face, of a French cast; he looks like a young French *roué* worn out by debauch; his eyes bright, with black rings round them; his cheeks pale and hollow. He was lolling on his horse as if he could hardly hold himself on the saddle; or, as if his cloak, fastened with a blazing diamond clasp on his breast, and falling over his horse's tail, pulled him back. But the handsome sallow face of the Refuge of the World looked decidedly interesting and intellectual. I have seen many a young Don Juan at Paris, behind a counter, with such a beard and countenance; the flame of passion still burning in his hollow eyes, while on his damp brow was stamped the fatal mark of premature decay. The man we saw cannot live many summers. Women and wine are said to have brought the Zilullah to this state; and it is whispered by the Dragomans, or Laquais de Place (from whom travellers at Constantinople generally get their political information), that the sultan's mother and his ministers conspire to keep him plunged in sensuality, that they may govern the kingdom according to their own fancies. Mr. Urquhart, I am sure, thinks that Lord Palmerston has something to do with the business, and drugs the sultan's champagne for the benefit of Russia.

As the Pontiff of Mussulmans passed into the mosque, a shower of petitions was flung from the steps where the crowd was collected, and over the heads of the gendarmes in brown. A general cry, as for justice, rose up; and one old, ragged woman came forward, and burst through the throng, howling, and flinging about her lean arms, and baring her old, shrunken breast. I never saw a finer action of tragic wo, or heard sounds more pitiful than those old, passionate groans of hers. What was your prayer, poor old wretched soul? The gendarmes hemmed her round, and hustled her away, but rather kindly. The Padishah went on quite impassible—the picture of debauch and ennui.

I like pointing morals, and inventing for myself cheap consolations, to reconcile me to that state of life into which it has pleased heaven to call me; and as the Light of the World disappeared



round the corner, I reasoned pleasantly with myself about his highness, and enjoyed that secret selfish satisfaction a man has, who sees he is better off than his neighbor. "Michael-Angelo," I said, "you are still (by courtesy) young: if you had five hundred thousand a-year, and were a great prince, I would lay a wager that men would discover in you a magnificent courtesy of demeanor, and a majestic presence that only belongs to the sovereigns of the world. If you had such an income, you think you could spend it with splendor; distributing genial hospitalities, kindly alms, soothing misery, bidding humility be of good heart, rewarding desert. If you had such means of purchasing pleasure, you think, you rogue, you could relish it with gusto. But fancy being brought to the condition of the poor Light of the Universe, yonder; and reconcile yourself with the idea that you are only a farthing rushlight. The cries of the poor widow fall as dead upon him, as the smiles of the brightest eyes out of Georgia. He can't stir abroad but those abominable cannon begin roaring and deafening his ears. He can't see the world but over the shoulders of a row of fat pashas, and eunuchs, with their infernal ugliness. His ears can never be regaled with a word of truth, or blessed with an honest laugh. The only privilege of manhood left to him, he enjoys but for a month in the year, at this time of Ramazan, when he is forced to fast for fifteen hours; and, by consequence, has the blessing of feeling hungry." Sunset during Lent appears to be his single moment of pleasure; they say the poor fellow is ravenous by that time, and as the gun fires the dish-covers are taken off, so that for five minutes a day he lives and is happy over pillau, like another mortal.

And yet, when floating by the summer palace, a barbaric edifice of wood and marble, with gilded suns blazing over the porticoes, and all sorts of strange ornaments and trophies figuring on the gates and railings—when we passed a long row of barred and fillagreed windows, looking on the water—when we were told that those were the apartments of his highness's ladies, and actually heard them whispering and laughing behind the bars—a strange feeling of curiosity came over some ill-regulated minds—just to have *one* peep, one look at all those wondrous beauties, singing to the dulcimers, paddling in the fountains, dancing in the marble halls,

or lolling on the golden cushions, as the gaudy black slaves brought pipes and coffee. This tumultuous movement was calmed, by thinking of that dreadful statement of travellers, that in one of the most elegant halls there is a trap-door, on peeping below which, you may see the Bosphorus running underneath, into which some luckless beauty is plunged occasionally, and the trap-door is shut, and the dancing and the singing and the smoking and the laughing go on as before. They say it is death to pick up any of the sacks thereabouts, if a stray one should float by you. There were none any day when I passed, *at least on the surface of the water.*

It has been rather a fashion of our travellers to apologize for Turkish life, of late, and paint glowing, agreeable pictures, of many of its institutions. The celebrated author of "Palm-Leaves" (his name is famous under the date-trees of the Nile, and uttered with respect beneath the tents of the Bedawee) has touchingly described Ibrahim Pasha's paternal fondness, who cut off a black slave's head for having dropped and maimed one of his children; and has penned a melodious panegyric of "The Harem," and of the fond and beautiful duties of the inmates of that place of love, obedience, and seclusion. I saw, at the Mausoleum of the late Sultan Mahmoud's family, a good subject for a Ghazul, in the true new Oriental manner.

These royal burial-places are the resort of the pious Moslems. Lamps are kept burning there; and in the antechambers, copies of the Koran are provided for the use of believers; and you never pass these cemeteries but you see Turks washing at the cisterns, previous to entering for prayer, or squatted on the benches, chanting passages from the sacred volume. Christians, I believe, are not admitted, but may look through the bars, and see the coffins of the defunct monarchs and children of the royal race. Each lies in his narrow sarcophagus, which is commonly flanked by huge candles, and covered with a rich embroidered pall. At the head of each coffin rises a slab, with a gilded inscription; for the princesses, the slab is simple, not unlike our own monumental stones. The head-stones of the tombs of the defunct princes are decorated with a turban, or, since the introduction of the latter

article of dress, with the red fur. That of Mahmoud is decorated with the imperial aigrette.

In this dismal but splendid museum, I remarked two little tombs with little red fezzes, very small, and for very young heads evidently, which were lying under the little embroidered palls of state. I forget whether they had candles too; but their little flame of life was soon extinguished, and there was no need of many pounds of wax to typify it. These were the tombs of Mahmoud's grandsons, nephews of the present Light of the Universe, and children of his sister, the wife of Halil Pacha. Little children die in all ways; these of the much-maligned Mahometan royal race perished by the bowstring. Sultan Mahmoud (may he rest in glory!) strangled the one; but, having some spark of human feeling, was so moved by the wretchedness and agony of the poor bereaved mother, his daughter, that his royal heart relented towards her, and he promised that, should she ever have another child, it should be allowed to live. He died; and Abdul Medjid (may his name be blessed!), the debauched young man whom we just saw riding to the mosque, succeeded. His sister, whom he is said to have loved, became again a mother, and had a son. But she relied upon her father's word and her august brother's love, and hoped that this little one should be spared. The same accursed hand tore this infant out of its mother's bosom, and killed it. The poor woman's heart broke outright at this second calamity, and she died. But on her death-bed she sent for her brother, rebuked him as a perjurer and an assassin, and expired calling down the divine justice on his head. She lies now by the side of the two little fezzes.

Now, I say this would be a fine subject for an oriental poem. The details are dramatic and noble, and could be grandly touched by a fine artist. If the mother had borne a daughter, the child would have been safe; that perplexity might be pathetically depicted as agitating the bosom of the young wife, about to become a mother. A son is born; you can see her despair and the pitiful look she casts on the child, and the way in which she hugs it every time the curtains of her door are removed. The sultan hesitated probably; he allowed the infant to live for six weeks. He could not bring his royal soul to inflict pain. He yields at

last; he is a martyr—to be pitied, not to be blamed. If he melts at his daughter's agony, he is a man and a father. There are men and fathers too in the much-maligned orient.

Then comes the second act of the tragedy. The new hopes, the fond yearnings, the terrified misgivings, the timid belief, and weak confidence; the child that is born—and dies smiling prettily—and the mother's heart is rent so, that it can love, or hope, or suffer no more. Allah is God! She sleeps by the little fezzes. Hark! the guns are booming over the water, and his highness is coming from his prayers.

After the murder of that little child, it seems to me one can never look with anything but horror upon the butcherly Herod who ordered it. The death of the seventy thousand Janissaries ascends to historic dignity, and takes rank as war. But a great prince and Light of the Universe, who procures abortions and throttles little babies, dwindles away into such a frightful insignificance of crime, that those may respect him who will. I pity their Excellencies the ambassadors, who are obliged to smirk and cringe to such a rascal. To do the Turks justice—and two days' walk in Constantinople will settle this fact as well as a year's residence in the city—the people do not seem in the least animated by this Herodian spirit. I never saw more kindness to children than among all classes, more fathers walking about with little solemn Mahometans in red caps and big trousers, more business going on than in the toy quarter—and in the Atmeidan, although you may there see the Thebaic stone set up by the Emperor Theodosius, and the bronze column of serpents, which Murray says was brought from Delphi, but which my guide informed me was the very one exhibited by Moses in the wilderness: yet I found the examination of these antiquities much less pleasant than to look at the many troops of children assembled on the plain to play; and to watch them as they were dragged about in little queer arobas, or painted carriages, which are there kept for hire. I have a picture of one of them now in my eyes: a little green oval machine, with flowers rudely painted round the window, out of which two smiling heads are peeping, the pictures of happiness. An old, good-humored, grey-bearded Turk is tugging the cart; and behind it walks a lady in a yakmac and yellow

slippers, and a black female slave, grinning as usual, towards whom the little coach-riders are looking. A small, sturdy, bare-footed Mussulman is examining the cart with some feelings of envy : he is too poor to purchase a ride for himself and the round-faced puppy-dog, which he is hugging in his arms as young ladies in our country do dolls.

All the neighborhood of the Atmeidan is exceedingly picturesque—the mosque court and cloister, where the Persians have their stalls of sweetmeats and tobacco ; a superb sycamore-tree grows in the middle of this, overshadowing aromatic fountain : great flocks of pigeons are settling in corners of the cloister, and barley is sold at the gates, with which the good-natured people feed them. From the Atmeidan you have a fine view of Saint Sophia : and here stands a mosque which struck me as being much more picturesque and sumptuous—the mosque of Sultan Achmed, with its six gleaming white minarets, and its beautiful courts and trees. Any infidels may enter the court without molestation, and, looking through the barred windows of the mosque, have a view of its airy and spacious interior. A small audience of women was collected there when I looked in, squatted on the mats, and listening to a preacher, who was walking among them, and speaking with great energy. My dragoman interpreted to me the sense of a few words of his sermon : he was warning them of the danger of gadding about to public places, and of the immorality of too much talking ; and, I dare say, we might have had more valuable information from him, regarding the follies of womankind, had not a tall Turk clapped my interpreter on the shoulder, and pointed him to be off.

Although the ladies are veiled, and muffled with the ugliest dresses in the world, yet it appears their modesty is alarmed in spite of all the coverings which they wear. One day, in the bazaar, a fat old body, with diamond rings on her fingers, that were tinged with henné, of a logwood color, came to the shop where I was purchasing slippers, with her son, a young Aga of six years of age, dressed in a braided frock coat, with a huge tassel to his fez, exceeding fat, and of a most solemn demeanor. The young Aga came for a pair of shoes, and his contortions were so delightful as he tried them, that I remained looking on with great

pleasure, wishing for Leech to be at hand to sketch his lordship and his fat mamma, who sat on the counter. That lady fancied I was looking at her, though, as far as I could see, she had the figure and complexion of a roly-poly pudding ; and so, with quite a premature bashfulness, she sent me a message by the shoemaker, ordering me to walk away if I had made my purchases, for that ladies of her rank did not choose to be stared at by strangers ; and I was obliged to take my leave, though with sincere regret, for the little lord had just squeezed himself into an attitude than which I never saw anything more ludicrous in General Tom Thumb. When the ladies of the seraglio come to that bazaar with their *cortège* of infernal black eunuchs, strangers are told to move on briskly. I saw a bevy of about eight of these, with their aides-de-camp ; but they were wrapped up, and looked just as vulgar and ugly as the other women, and were not, I suppose, of the most beautiful sort. The poor devils are allowed to come out, half a dozen times in the year, to spend their little wretched allowance of pocket-money in purchasing trinkets and tobacco ; all the rest of the time they pursue the beautiful duties of their existence in the walls of the sacred harem.

Though strangers are not allowed to see the interior of the cage, in which these birds of Paradise are confined ; yet many parts of the seraglio are free to the curiosity of visitors, who choose to drop a backsheesh here and there. I landed one morning at the seraglio point from Galata, close by an ancient pleasure-house of the defunct sultan ; a vast broad-brimmed pavilion, that looks agreeable enough to be a dancing-room for ghosts now : there is another summer-house, the Guide Book cheerfully says, whither the sultan goes to sport with his women and *mutes*. A regiment of infantry, with their music at their head, were marching to exercise in the outer grounds of the seraglio ; and we followed them, and had an opportunity of seeing their evolutions, and hearing their bands, upon a fine green plain under the seraglio walls, where stands one solitary column, erected in memory of some triumph of some Byzantian emperor.

There were three battalions of the Turkish infantry exercising here ; and they seemed to perform their evolutions in a very satisfactory manner : that is, they fired all together, and charged and

halted in very straight lines, and bit off imaginary cartridge-tops with great fierceness and regularity, and made all their ramrods ring to measure, just like so many Christians. The men looked small, young, clumsy, and ill-built; uncomfortable in their shabby European clothes; and about the legs, especially, seemed exceedingly weak and ill-formed. Some score of military invalids were lolling in the sunshine, about a fountain and a marble summer-house, that stand on the ground, watching their comrades' manoeuvres (as if they could never have enough of that delightful pastime); and these sick were much better cared for than their healthy companions. Each man had two dressing-gowns, one of white cotton, and an outer wrapper of warm brown woollen. Their heads were accommodated with wadded cotton night-caps; and it seemed to me from their condition, and from the excellent character of the military hospitals, that it would be much more wholesome to be ill than to be well in the Turkish service.

Facing this green esplanade, and the Bosphorus shining beyond it, rise the great walls of the outer seraglio gardens; huge masses of ancient masonry, over which peep the roofs of numerous kiosks and out-houses, amongst thick evergreens, planted so as to hide the beautiful frequenters of the place from the prying eyes and telescopes. We could not catch a glance of a single figure moving in these great pleasure-grounds. The road winds round the walls; and the outer park, which is likewise planted with trees, and diversified by garden-plots and cottages, had more the air of the out-buildings of a homely English park, than of a palace which we must all have imagined to be the most stately in the world. The most common-place water carts were passing here and there; roads were being repaired in the Macadamite manner; and carpenters were mending the park-palings, just as they do in Hampshire. The next thing you might fancy would be the sultan walking out with a spud and a couple of dogs, on the way to meet the post-bag and the Saint James's Chronicle.

The palace is no palace at all. It is a great town of pavilions, built without order, here and there, according to the fancy of succeeding lights of the universe, or their favorites. The only row of domes which looked particularly regular or stately, were

the kitchens. As you examined the buildings they had a ruinous, dilapidated look,—they are not furnished, it is said, with particular splendor,—not a bit more elegantly than Miss Jones's seminary for young ladies, which we may be sure is much more comfortable than the extensive establishment of his Highness Abdul Medjid.

In the little stable I thought to see some marks of royal magnificence, and some horses worthy of the king of all kings. But the Sultan is said to be a very timid horseman: the animal that is always kept saddled for him did not look to be worth twenty pounds; and the rest of the horses in the shabby, dirty stalls, were small, ill kept, common-looking brutes. You might see better, it seemed to me, at a country inn stable of any market-day.

The kitchens are the most sublime part of the seraglio. There are nine of these great halls, for all ranks, from his highness downwards; where many hecatombs are roasted daily, according to the accounts; and where cooking goes on with a savage Homeric grandeur. Chimneys are despised in these primitive halls; so that the roofs are black with the smoke of hundreds of furnaces, which escapes through apertures in the domes above. These, too, give the chief light in the rooms, which streams downwards, and thickens and mingles with the smoke, and so murkily lights up hundreds of swarthy figures busy about the spits and the cauldrons. Close to the door by which we entered, they were making pastry for the sultanas; and the chief pastrycook, who knew my guide, invited us courteously to see the process, and partake of the delicacies prepared for those charming lips. How those sweet lips must shine after eating these puffs! First, huge sheets of dough are rolled out till the paste is about as thin as silver paper: then an artist forms the dough-muslin into a sort of drapery, curling it round and round in many fanciful and pretty shapes, until it is all got into the circumference of a round metal tray in which it is baked. Then the cake is drenched in grease most profusely; and, finally, a quantity of syrup is poured over it, when the delectable mixture is complete. The moon-faced ones are said to devour immense quantities of this wholesome food; and, in fact, are eating grease and sweetmeats from morning till night. I



don't like to think what the consequences may be, or allude to the agonies which the delicate creatures must inevitably suffer.

The good-natured chief pastrycook filled a copper basin with greasy puffs; and, dipping a dubious label into a large cauldron, containing several gallons of syrup, poured a liberal portion over the cakes, and invited us to eat. One of the tarts was quite enough for me; and I excused myself on the plea of ill health from imbibing any more grease and sugar. But my companion, the dragon, finished some forty puffs in a twinkling. They slipped down his opened jaws as the sausages do down Clown's throat in a pantomime. His moustachios shone with grease, and it dripped down his beard and fingers. We thanked the chief pastrycook, and rewarded him handsomely for the tarts. It is something to have eaten of the dainties prepared for the ladies of the harem; but I think Mr. Cockle ought to get the names of the chief sultanas among the exalted patrons of his Antibilious Pills.

From the kitchens we passed into the second court of the seraglio, beyond which is death. The guide book only hints at the dangers which would befall a stranger caught prying in the mysterious *first* court of the palace. I have read Bluebeard, and don't care for peeping into forbidden doors; so that the second court was quite enough for me; the pleasure of beholding it being heightened, as it were, by the notion of the invisible danger sitting next door, with uplifted scimitar ready to fall on—present though not seen.

A cloister runs along one side of this court; opposite is the hall of the divan, "large but low, covered with lead, and gilt, after the Moorish manner, plain enough." The Grand Vizir sits in this place, and the ambassadors used to wait here, and be conducted hence on horseback, attired with robes of honor. But the ceremony is now, I believe, discontinued; the English envoy, at any rate, is not allowed to receive any backsheesh, and goes away as he came, in the habit of his own nation. On the right is a door leading into the interior of the seraglio; *none pass through it but such as are sent for*, the guide book says: it is impossible to top the terror of that description.

About this door lads and servants were lolling, ichoglans, and pages, with lazy looks and shabby dresses; and among them,

sunning himself sulkily on a bench, a poor old, fat, wrinkled, dismal white eunuch, with little fat white hands, and a great head sunk into his chest, and two sprawling little legs that seemed incapable to hold up his bloated old body. He squeaked out some surly reply to my friend the Dragoman, who, softened and sweetened by the tarts he had just been devouring, was, no doubt, anxious to be polite; and the poor worthy fellow walked away rather crest-fallen at this return of his salutation, and hastened me out of the place.

The palace of the seraglio, the cloister with marble pillars, the hall of the ambassadors, the impenetrable gate guarded by eunuchs and ichoglans, has a romantic look in print; but not so in reality. Most of the marble is wood, almost all the gilding is faded, the guards are shabby, the foolish perspectives painted on the walls are half cracked off. The place looks like Vauxhall in the daytime.

We passed out of the second court under THE SUBLIME PORTE, which is like a fortified gate of a German town of the middle ages, into the outer court, round which are public offices, hospitals, and dwellings of the multifarious servants of the palace. The place is very wide and picturesque; there is a pretty church of Byzantine architecture at the further end; and in the midst of the court a magnificent plane tree, of prodigious dimensions and fabulous age, according to the guides; Saint Sophia tower, in the further distance: and from here, perhaps, is the best view of its light swelling domes and beautiful proportions. The Porte itself, too, forms an excellent subject for the sketcher, if the officers of the court will permit him to design it. I made the attempt, and a couple of Turkish beadles looked on very good-naturedly for some time at the progress of the drawing; but a good number of other spectators speedily joined them, and made a crowd, which is not permitted, it would seem, in the seraglio; so I was told to pack up my portfolio, and remove the cause of the disturbance, and lost my drawing of the Ottoman Porte.

I don't think I have anything more to say about the city, which has not been much better told by graver travellers. I with them could see (perhaps it was the preaching of the politicians that warned me of the fact) that we are looking on at the last days of

an empire ; and heard many stories of weakness, disorder, and oppression. I even saw a Turkish lady drive up to Sultan Achmet's mosque in a *Brougham*. Is not that a subject to moralize upon ? And might one not draw endless conclusions from it, that the knell of the Turkish dominion is rung ; that the European spirit and institutions once admitted can never be rooted out again ; and that the scepticism prevalent amongst the higher orders must descend ere very long to the lower ; and the cry of the Muezim from the mosque become a mere ceremony ?

But as I only stayed eight days in this place, and knew not a syllable of the language, perhaps it is as well to pretermit any disquisitions about the spirit of the people. I can only say that they looked to be very good-natured, handsome, and lazy ; that the women's yellow slippers are very ugly ; that the kabobs at the shop, hard by the rope bazaar, are very hot and good ; and that at the Armenian cook-shops they serve you delicious fish, and a stout raisin wine of no small merit. There came in, as we sat and dined there at sunset, a good old Turk, who called for a penny fish, and sat down under a tree very humbly, and ate it with his own bread. We made that jolly old Mussulman happy with a quart of the raisin wine ; and his eyes twinkled with every fresh glass, and he wiped his old beard delighted, and talked and chirped a good deal, and, I dare say, told us the whole state of the empire. He was the only Mussulman with whom I attained any degree of intimacy during my stay in Constantinople ; and you will see that, for obvious reasons, I cannot divulge the particulars of our conversation.

"You have nothing to say, and you own it," says somebody ; "then why write ?" That question perhaps (between ourselves) I have put likewise ; and yet, my dear sir, there are *some* things worth remembering even in this brief letter : that woman in the brougham is an idea of significance ; that comparison of the seraglio to Vauxhall in the day time, is a true and real one ; from both of which your own great soul and ingenious philosophic spirit may draw conclusions, that I myself have modestly forborne to press. You are too clever to require a moral to be tacked to all the fables you read, as it is done for children in the spelling-books ; else I would tell you that the government of the Ottoman

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Porte seems to be as rotten, as wrinkled and as feeble as the old eunuch I saw crawling about it in the sun ; that when the lady drove up in a brougham to Sultan Achmet, I felt that the schoolmaster was really abroad ; and that the crescent will go out before that luminary, as meekly as the moon does before the sun.

## VIII.

## RHODES.

THE sailing of a vessel direct for Jaffa, brought a great number of passengers together, and our decks were covered with Christian, Jew, and Heathen. In the cabin we were Poles and Russians, Frenchmen, Germans, Spaniards, and Greeks; on the deck were squatted several little colonies of people of different race and persuasion. There was a Greek Papa, a noble figure with a flowing and venerable white beard, who had been living on bread and water for I don't know how many years, in order to save a little money to make the pilgrimage to Jerusalem. There were several families of Jewish Rabbies, who celebrated their "feast of tabernacles" on board; their chief men performing worship twice or thrice a day, dressed in their pontifical habits, and bound with phylacteries: and there were Turks, who had their own ceremonies and usages, and wisely kept aloof from their neighbors of Israel.

The dirt of these children of captivity exceeds all possibility of description; the profusion of stinks which they raised, the grease of their venerable garments and faces, the horrid messes cooked in the filthy pots, and devoured with the nasty fingers, the squalor of mats, pots, old bedding, and foul carpets of our Hebrew friends, could hardly be painted by Swift, in his dirtiest mood, and cannot be, of course, attempted by my timid and genteel pen. What would they say in Baker Street to some sights with which our new friends favored us? What would your ladyship have said if you had seen the interesting Greek nun combing her hair over the cabin—combing it with the natural fingers, and averse to slaughter, flinging the delicate little intruders, which she found in the course of her investigation, gently into the great cabin? Our

attention was a good deal occupied in watching the strange ways and customs of the various comrades of ours.

The Jews were refugees from Poland, going to lay their bones to rest in the valley of Jehoshaphat, and performing with exceeding rigor the offices of their religion. At morning and evening you were sure to see the chiefs of the families, arrayed in white robes, bowing over their books, at prayer. Once a week, on the eve before the sabbath, there was a general washing in Jewry, which sufficed until the ensuing Friday. The men wore long gowns and caps of fur, or else broad-brimmed hats, or in service time, bound on their heads little iron boxes, with the sacred name engraved on them. Among the lads there were some beautiful faces : and among the women your humble servant discovered one who was a perfect rose-bud of beauty, when first emerging from her Friday's toilette, and for a day or two afterwards, until each succeeding day's smut darkened those fresh and delicate cheeks of hers. We had some very rough weather in the course of the passage from Constantinople to Jaffa, and the sea washed over and over our Israelitish friends and their baggage<sup>s</sup> and bundles ; but though they were said to be rich, they would not afford to pay for cabin shelter. One father of a family, finding his progeny half drowned in a squall, vowed he *would* pay for a cabin ; but the weather was somewhat finer the next day, and he could not squeeze out his dollars, and the ship's authorities would not admit him except upon payment.

This unwillingness to part with money is not only found amongst the followers of Moses, but in those of Mahomet, and Christians too. When we went to purchase in the bazaars, after offering money for change, the honest fellows would frequently keep back several piastres, and when urged to refund, would give most dismally ; and begin doling out penny by penny, and utter pathetic prayers to their customer not to take any more. I bought five or six pounds worth of Broussa silks for the womankind, in the bazaar at Constantinople, and the rich Armenian who sold them, begged for three-halfpence to pay his boat to Galata. There is something naïf and amusing in this exhibition of cheatery—this simple cringing and wheedling and passion for two-pence-halfpenny. It was pleasant to give a millionaire beggar an

alms, and laugh in his face, and say, "There, Dives, there's a penny for you: be happy, you poor old swindling scoundrel, as far as a penny goes." I used to watch these Jews on shore, and making bargains with one another as soon as they came on board; the battle between vendor and purchaser was an agony—they shrieked, clasped hands, appealed to one another passionately; their handsome, noble faces assumed a look of wo—quite an heroic eagerness and sadness about a farthing.

Ambassadors from our Hebrews descended at Rhodes to buy provisions, and it was curious to see their dealings: there was our venerable Rabbi, who, robed in white and silver, and bending over his book at the morning service, looked like a patriarch, and whom I saw chaffering about a fowl with a brother Rhodian Israelite. How they fought over the body of that lean animal! The street swarmed with Jews—goggling eyes looked out from the old carved casements—hooked noses issued from the low, antique doors—Jew boys driving donkeys—Hebrew mothers nursing children; dusty, tawdry, ragged young beauties—and most venerable grey-bearded fathers—were all gathered round about the affair of the hen! And at the same time that our Rabbi was arranging the price of it, his children were instructed to procure bundles of green branches to decorate the ship during their feast. Think of the centuries during which these wonderful people have remained unchanged; and how, from the days of Jacob downwards, they have believed and swindled!

The Rhodian Jews, with their genius for filth, have made their quarter of the noble, desolate old town, the most ruinous and wretched of all. The escutcheons of the proud old knights are still carved over the doors, whence issue these miserable greasy hucksters and pedlars. The Turks respected these emblems of the brave enemies whom they had overcome, and left them untouched; when the French seized Malta they were by no means so delicate. They effaced armorial bearings with their usual hot-headed eagerness; and a few years after they had torn down the coats of arms of the gentry, the heroes of Malta and Egypt were busy devising heraldry for themselves, and were wild to be barons and counts of the empire.

The chivalrous relics at Rhodes are very superb. I know of

no buildings, whose stately and picturesque aspect seems to correspond better with one's notions of their proud founders. The towers and gates are warlike and strong, but beautiful and aristocratic: you see that they must have been high-bred gentlemen who built them. The edifices appear in almost as perfect a condition as when they were in the occupation of the noble knights of St. John; and they have this advantage over modern fortifications, that they are a thousand times more picturesque. Ancient war condescended to ornament itself, and built fine carved castles and vaulted gates: whereas, to judge from Gibraltar and Malta, nothing can be less romantic than the modern military architecture; which sternly regards the fighting, without in the least heeding the war-paint. Some of the huge artillery, with which the place was defended, still lies in the bastions; and the touch-holes of the guns are preserved by being covered with rusty old corslets, worn by defenders of the fort three hundred years ago. The Turks, who battered down chivalry, seem to be waiting their turn of destruction now. In walking through Rhodes one is strangely affected by witnessing the signs of this double decay. For instance, in the streets of the knights, you see noble houses, surmounted by noble escutcheons of superb knights, who lived there, and prayed, and quarrelled, and murdered the Turks; and were the most gallant pirates of the inland seas; and made vows of chastity, and robbed and ravished; and, professing humility, would admit none but nobility into their order; and died recommending themselves to sweet St. John, and calmly hoping for heaven in consideration of all the heathen they had slain. When this superb fraternity was obliged to yield to courage as great as theirs, faith as sincere, and to robbers even more dexterous and audacious than the noblest knight who ever sang a canticle to the Virgin, these halls were filled by magnificent Pashas and Agas, who lived here in the intervals of war, and, having conquered its best champions, despised Christendom and chivalry pretty much as an Englishman despises a Frenchman. Now the famous house is let to a shabby merchant, who has his little beggarly shop in the bazaar; to a small officer, who ekes out his wretched pension by swindling, and who gets his pay in bad coin. Mahometanism pays in pewter now, in



place of silver and gold. The lords of the world have run to seed. The powerless old sword frightens nobody now—the steel is turned to pewter too, somehow, and will no longer shear a Christian head off any shoulders. In the Crusades my wicked sympathies have always been with the Turks. They seem to me the best Christians of the two; more humane, less brutally presumptuous about their own merits, and more generous in esteeming their neighbors. As far as I can get at the authentic story, Saladin is a pearl of refinement compared to the brutal beef-eating Richard—about whom Sir Walter Scott has led all the world astray. When shall we have a real account of those times and heroes—no good-humored pageant, like those of the Scott romances—but a real authentic story to instruct and frighten honest people of the present day, and make them thankful that the grocer governs the world now in place of the baron? Meanwhile a man of tender feelings may be pardoned for twaddling a little over this sad spectacle of the decay of two of the great institutions of the world. Knighthood is gone—amen; it expired with dignity, its face to the foe: and old Mahometanism is lingering about, just ready to drop. But it is unseemly to see such a Grand Potentate in such a state of decay; the son of Bajazet Ilderim insolvent; the descendants of the Prophets bullied by Calmucs and English and whippersnapper Frenchmen; the Fountain of Magnificence done up, and obliged to coin pewter! Think of the poor dear houris in Paradise, how sad they must look as the arrivals of the Faithful become less and less frequent every day. I can fancy the place beginning to wear the fatal Vauxhall look of the seraglio, and which has pursued me ever since I saw it; the fountains of eternal wine are beginning to run rather dry, and of a questionable liquor; the ready-roasted meat trees may cry, “Come, eat me,” every now and then, in a faint voice, without any gravy in it—but the Faithful begin to doubt about the quality of the victuals. Of nights you may see the houris sitting sadly under them, darning their faded muslins: Ali, Omar, and the Imaums are reconciled and have gloomy consultations: and the Chief of the Faithful himself, the awful camel-driver, the supernatural husband of Kadisheh, sits alone in a tumble-down kiosk, thinking moodily of the destiny

that is impending over him ; and of the day when his gardens of bliss shall be as vacant as the bankrupt Olympus.

All the town of Rhodes has this appearance of decay and ruin, except a few consuls' houses planted on the sea-side, here and there, with bright flags flaunting in the sun ; fresh paint ; English crockery ; shining mahogany, &c.,—so many emblems of the new prosperity of *their* trade, while the old inhabitants were going to rack—the fine church of St. John, converted into a mosque, is a ruined church, with a ruined mosque inside ; the fortifications are mouldering away, as much as time will let them. There was considerable bustle and stir about the little port ; but it was a bustle of people, who looked for the most part to be beggars ; and I saw no shop in the bazaar, that seemed to have the value of a pedlar's pack.

I took, by way of guide, a young fellow from Berlin, a journeyman shoemaker, who had just been making a tour in Syria, and who professed to speak both Arabic and Turkish quite fluently, which I thought he might have learned when he was a student at college, before he began his profession of shoemaking ; but I found he only knew about three words of Turkish, which were produced on every occasion, as I walked under his guidance through the desolate streets of the noble old town. We went out upon the lines of fortification, through an ancient gate and guard-house, where once a chapel probably stood, and of which the roofs were richly carved and gilded. A ragged squad of Turkish soldiers lolled about the gate now—a couple of boys on a donkey ; a grinning slave on a mule ; a pair of women flapping along in yellow papooshes ; a basket-maker sitting under an antique carved portal, and chatting or howling as he platted his osiers ; a peaceful well of water, at which knights' chargers had drunk, and at which the double-boyed donkey was now refreshing himself—would have made a pretty picture for a sentimental artist. As he sits, and endeavors to make a sketch of this plaintive little comedy, a shabby dignitary of the island comes clattering by on a thirty-shilling horse, and two or three of the ragged soldiers leave their pipes to salute him as he passes under the Gothic archway.

The astonishing brightness and clearness of the sky under which the island seemed to bask, struck me as surpassing anything I had seen—not even at Cadiz, or the Piræus, had I seen sands so yellow, or water so magnificently blue. The houses of the people along the shore were but poor tenements, with humble court-yards and gardens; but every fig-tree was gilded and bright, as if it were in a Hesperian orchard; the palms, planted here and there, rose with a sort of halo of light round about them; the creepers on the walls quite dazzled with the brilliancy of their flowers and leaves; the people lay in the cool shadows, happy and idle, with handsome solemn faces; nobody seemed to be at work; they only talked a very little, as if idleness and silence were a condition of the delightful shining atmosphere in which they lived.

We went down to an old mosque by the seashore, with a cluster of ancient domes hard by it, blazing in the sunshine, and carved all over with names of Allah, and titles of old pirates and generals who reposed there. The guardian of the mosque sat in the garden-court, upon a high wooden pulpit, lazily wagging his body to and fro, and singing the praises of the prophet gently through his nose, as the breeze stirred through the trees over head, and cast chequered and changing shadows over the paved court, and the little fountains, and the nasal psalmist on his perch. On one side was the mosque, into which you could see, with its white walls and cool matted floor, and quaint carved pulpit and ornaments, and nobody at prayers. In the middle distance rose up the noble towers and battlements of the knightly town, with the deep sea-line behind them.

It really seemed as if everybody was to have a sort of sober cheerfulness, and must yield to indolence under this charming atmosphere. I went into the court-yard by the sea-shore (where a few lazy ships were lying, with no one on board), and found it was the prison of the place. The door was as wide open as Westminster Hall. Some prisoners, one or two soldiers and functionaries, and some prisoners' wives, were lolling under an arcade by a fountain; other criminals were strolling about here and there, their chains clinking quite cheerfully: and they and the guards and officials came up chatting quite friendly together,

and gazed languidly over the portfolio, as I was endeavoring to get the likeness of one or two of these comfortable malefactors. One old and wrinkled she-criminal, whom I had selected on account of the peculiar hideousness of her countenance, covered it up with a dirty cloth, at which there was a general roar of laughter among this good-humored auditory of cut-throats, pickpockets, and policemen. The only symptoms of a prison about the place, was a door, across which a couple of sentinels were stretched, yawning ; while within lay three freshly-caught pirates, chained by the leg. They had committed some murders of a very late date, and were awaiting sentence ; but their wives were allowed to communicate freely with them : and it seemed to me, that if half a dozen friends would set them free, and they themselves had energy enough to move, the sentinels would be a great deal too lazy to walk after them.

The combined influence of Rhodes and Rhamazan, I suppose, had taken possession of my friend, the schuster-gesell from Berlin. As soon as he received his fee, he cut me at once, and went and lay down by a fountain near the port, and ate grapes out of a dirty pocket-handkerchief. Other Christian idlers lay near him, dozing, or sprawling in the boats, or listlessly munching water-melons. Along the coffee-houses of the quay sat hundreds more, with no better employment ; and the captain of the Iberia and his officers, and several of the passengers in that famous steamship, were in this company, being idle with all their might. Two or three adventurous young men went off to see the valley where the dragon was killed ; but others, more susceptible of the real influence of the island, I am sure would not have moved, though we had been told that the Colossus himself was taking a walk half a mile off.

## IX.

## THE WHITE SQUALL.

On deck, beneath the awning,  
I dozing lay and yawning ;  
It was the grey of dawning,  
Ere yet the sun arose ;  
And above the funnel's roaring,  
And the fitful wind's deploring,  
I heard the cabin snoring  
With universal nose.  
I could hear the passengers snorting,  
I envied their disporting,  
Vainly I was courting  
The pleasure of a doze.

So I lay, and wondered why light  
Came not, and watched the twilight  
And the glimmer of the skylight,  
That shot across the deck ;  
And the binnacle pale and steady,  
And the dull glimpse of the dead-eye,  
And the sparks in fiery eddy,  
That whirled from the chimney neck :  
In our jovial floating prison  
There was sleep from fore to mizen,  
And never a star had risen  
The hazy sky to speck.

Strange company we harbored ;  
We'd a hundred Jews to larboard,  
Unwashed, uncombed, unbarbered,  
Jews black, and brown, and grey ;

With terror it would seize ye,  
And make your souls uneasy,  
To see those Rabbis greasy,  
    Who did naught but scratch and pray :  
Their dirty children puking,  
Their dirty saucepans cooking,  
Their dirty fingers hooking  
    Their swarming fleas away.

To starboard Turks and Greeks were,  
Whiskered, and brown their cheeks were,  
Enormous wide their breeks were,  
    Their pipes did puff alway ;  
Each on his mat allotted,  
In silence smoked and squatted,  
Whilst round their children trotted,  
    In pretty, pleasant play.  
He can't but smile who traces  
The smiles on those brown faces,  
And the pretty prattling graces  
    Of those small heathens gay.

And so the hours kept tolling,  
And through the ocean rolling,  
Went the brave Iberia bowling  
    Before the break of day——

When ▲ SQUALL upon a sudden,  
Came o'er the waters scudding ;  
And the clouds began to gather,  
And the sea was lashed to lather,  
And the lowering thunder grumbled,  
And the lightning jumped and tumbled,  
And the ship, and all the ocean,  
Woke up in wild commotion.  
Then the wind set up a howling,  
And the poodle-dog a yowling,  
And the cocks began a crowing,  
And the old cow raised a lowing,

As she heard the tempest blowing :  
And fowls and geese did cackle,  
And the cordage and the tackle  
Began to shriek and crackle ;  
And the spray dashed o'er the funnels,  
And down the deck in runnels ;  
And the rushing water soaks all,  
From the seamen in the fo'ksal,  
To the stokers, whose black faces  
Peer out of their bed places ;  
And the captain he was bawling,  
And the sailors pulling, hauling ;  
And the quarter-deck tarpauling  
Was shivered in the squalling ;  
And the passengers awaken,  
Most pitifully shaken ;  
And the steward jumps up, and hastens  
For the necessary basins.

Then the Greeks they groaned and quivered,  
And they knelt, and moaned, and shivered,  
As the plunging waters met them,  
And splashed and overset them ;  
And they call in their emergence  
Upon countless saints and virgins ;  
And their marrowbones are bended,  
And they think the world is ended.

And the Turkish women for'ard  
Were frightened and behorr'd ;  
And, shrieking and bewildering,  
The mothers clutched their children ;  
The men sung, " Allah ! Illah !  
Mashallah Bismillah !"  
As the warring waters doused them ;  
And splashed them and soused them,  
And they called upon the Prophet,  
And thought but little of it.

Then all the fleas in Jewry  
Jumped up and bit like fury ;  
And the progeny of Jacob  
Did on the main-deck wake up  
(I wot those greasy Rabbins  
Would never pay for cabins) ;  
And each man moaned and jabbered in  
His filthy Jewish gaberdine,  
In wo and lamentation,  
And howling consternation.  
And the splashing water drenches  
Their dirty brats and wenches ;  
And they crawl from bales and benches,  
In a hundred thousand stench.

This was the White Squall famous,  
Which latterly o'ercame us,  
And which all will well remember  
On the 28th September ;  
When a Prussian captain of Lancers  
(Those tight-laced, whiskered prancers)  
Came on the deck astonished,  
By that wild squall admonished,  
And wondering cried, "Potz tausend,  
Wie ist der Stürm jetzt brausend ?"  
And looked at Captain Lewis,  
Who calmly stood and blew his  
Cigar in all the bustle,  
And scorned the tempest's tussle,  
And oft we've thought hereafter  
How he beat the storm to laughter ;  
For well he knew his vessel  
With that vain wind could wrestle ;  
And when a wreck we thought her,  
And doomed ourselves to slaughter,  
How gaily he fought her,  
And through the hubbub brought her,



And, as the tempest caught her,  
Cried, "GEORGE ! SOME BRANDY AND WATER !"

And when, its force expended,  
The harmless storm was-ended,  
And, as the sunrise splendid  
Came blushing o'er the sea ;  
I thought, as day was breaking,  
My little girls were waking,  
And smiling, and making  
A prayer at home for me.

## X.

## TELMESSUS—BEYROUT.

THERE should have been a poet in our company to describe that charming little bay of Glaucus, into which we entered on the 26th of September, in the first steamboat that ever disturbed its beautiful waters. You can't put down in prose that delicious episode of natural poetry: it ought to be done in a symphony, full of sweet melodies and swelling harmonies; or sung in a strain of clear crystal iambics, such as Milnes knows how to write. A mere map, drawn in words, gives the mind no notion of that exquisite nature. What do mountains become in type, or rivers in Mr. Vizetelly's best brevier? Here lies the sweet bay, gleaming peaceful in the rosy sunshine: green islands dip here and there in its waters: purple mountains swell circling round it; and towards them, rising from the bay, stretches a rich green plain, fruitful with herbs and various foliage, in the midst of which the white houses twinkle. I can see a little minaret, and some spreading palm trees; but, beyond these, the description would answer as well for Bantry Bay as well as Makri. You could write so far, nay, much more particularly and grandly, without seeing the place at all, and after reading Beaufort's "Caramania," which gives you not the least notion of it.

Suppose the great hydrographer of the Admiralty himself can't describe it, who surveyed the place; suppose Mr. Fellowes, who discovered it afterwards—suppose I say Sir John Fellowes, Knt.—can't do it (and I defy any man of imagination to get an impression of Telmessus from his book)—can you, vain man, hope to try? The effect of the artist, as I take it, ought to be, to produce upon his hearer's mind, by his art, an effect something similar to that produced on his own, by the sight of the natural object. Only music, or the best poetry, can do this. Keats's "Ode to the

Grecian Urn" is the best description I know of that sweet, old, silent ruin of Telmessus. After you have once seen it, the remembrance remains with you, like a tune from Mozart, which he seems to have caught out of heaven, and which rings sweet harmony in your ears for ever after! It's a benefit for all after life! You have but to shut your eyes, and think, and recall it, and the delightful vision comes smiling back, to your order!—the divine air—the delicious little pageant, which nature set before you on this lucky day.

Here is the entry made in the note book on the eventful day:—In the morning steamed into the bay of Glaucus—landed at Makri—cheerful old desolate village—theatre by the beautiful sea-shore—great fertility, oleanders—a palm tree in the midst of the great village, spreading out like a sultan's aigrette—sculptured caverns, or tombs, up the mountain—camels over the bridge.

Perhaps it is best for a man of fancy to make his own landscape out of these materials: to group the couched camels under the plane trees; the little crowd of wandering, ragged heathens come down to the calm water, to behold the nearing steamer; to fancy a mountain, in the sides of which some scores of tombs are rudely carved; pillars and porticos, and Doric entablatures. But it is of the little theatre that he must make the most beautiful picture—a charming little place of festival, lying out on the shore, and looking over the sweet bay and the swelling purple islands. No theatre-goer ever looked out on a fairer scene. It encourages poetry, idleness, delicious sensual reverie. O Jones! friend of my heart! would you not like to be a white-robed Greek, lolling languidly on the cool benches here, and pouring compliments (in the Ionic dialect) into the rosy ears of Neëra? Instead of Jones, your name should be Ionides; instead of a silk hat, you should wear a chaplet of roses in your hair: you would not listen to the choruses they were singing on the stage, for the voice of the fair one would be whispering a rendezvous for the *mesonuktiais horais*, and my Ionides would have no ear for aught beside. Yonder, in the mountain, they would carve a Doric cave temple, to receive your urn when all was done; and you would be accompanied thither by a dirge of the surviving Ionidæ. The

caves of the dead are empty now, however, and their place knows them not any more among the festal haunts of the living. But, by way of supplying the choric melodies, sung here in old time, one of our companions mounted on the scene and spouted,

“ My name is Norval.”

On the same day we lay to for awhile at another ruined theatre, that of Antiphilos. The Oxford men, fresh with recollections of the little-go, bounded away up the hill on which it lies to the ruin, measured the steps of the theatre, and calculated the width of the scene ; while others, less active, watched them with telescopes from the ship's sides, as they plunged in and out of the stones and hollows.

Two days after, the scene was quite changed. We were out of sight of the classical country, and lay in St. George's Bay, behind a huge mountain, upon which St. George fought the dragon, and rescued the lovely lady Sabra, the king of Babylon's daughter. The Turkish fleet was lying about us, commanded by that Halil Pacha, whose two children the two last sultans murdered. The crimson flag, with the star and crescent, floated at the stern of his ship. Our diplomatist put on his uniform and cordons, and paid his excellency a visit. He spoke in rap-  
ture, when he returned, of the beauty and order of the ship, and the urbanity of the infidel admiral. He sent us bottles of ancient Cyprus wine to drink : and the captain of her Majesty's ship, “ Trump,” alongside which we were lying, confirmed that good opinion of the Capitan Pasha, which the reception of the above present led us to entertain, by relating many instances of his friendliness and hospitalities. Captain G—— said, the Turkish ships were as well manned, as well kept, and as well manœuvred, as any vessels in any service ; and intimated a desire to command a Turkish seventy-four, and a perfect willingness to fight her against a French ship of the same size. But I heartily trust he will neither embrace the Mahometan opinions, nor be called upon to engage any seventy-four whatever. If he do, let us hope he will have his own men to fight with. If the crew of the “ Trump ” were all like the crew of the captain's boat, they need fear no two hundred and fifty men out of any coun-

try, with any Joinville at their head. We were carried on shore by this boat. For two years, during which the "Trump" had been lying off Beyrout, none of the men but those eight had ever set foot on shore. Mustn't it be a happy life? We were landed at the busy quay of Beyrout, flanked by the castle that the fighting old commodore half battered down.

Along the Beyrout quays civilisation flourishes under the flags of the consul, which are streaming out over the yellow buildings in the clear air. Hither she brings from England her produce of marine stores and woollens, her crockeries, her portable soups, and her bitter ale. Hither she has brought politeness, and the last modes from Paris. They were exhibited in the person of a pretty lady, superintending the great French store, and who, seeing a stranger sketching on the quay, sent forward a man with a chair, to accommodate that artist, and greeted him with a bow and a smile, such as only can be found in France. Then she fell to talking with a young French officer, with a beard, who was greatly smitten with her. They were making love just as they do on the Boulevard. An Arab porter left his bales, and the camel he was unloading, to come and look at the sketch. Two stumpy, flat-faced Turkish soldiers, in red caps and white undresses, peered over the paper. A noble little Lebanonian girl, with a deep yellow face, and curly dun-colored hair, and a blue tattooed chin, and for all clothing, a little ragged shift of blue cloth, stood by like a little statue, holding her urn, and stared with wondering brown eyes. How magnificently blue the water was!—how bright the flags and buildings as they shone above it, and the lines of the rigging tossing in the bay! The white crests of the blue waves jumped and sparkled like quicksilver; the shadows were as broad and cool as the lights were brilliant and rosy; the battered old towers of the commodore looked quite cheerful in the delicious atmosphere; and the mountains beyond were of an amethyst color. The French officer and the lady went on chattering quite happily about love, the last new bonnet, or the battle of Isly, or the "Juif Errant;" how neatly her gown and sleeves fitted her pretty little person! We had not seen a woman for a month, except honest Mrs. Flanigan, the stewardess, and the ladies of our party, and the tips of the noses

of the Constantinople beauties, as they passed by leering from their yakmacs, waddling and plapping in their odious yellow papooshes.

And this day is to be marked with a second white stone ; for having given the lucky writer of the present, occasion to behold a second beauty. This was a native Syrian damsel, who bore the sweet name of Mariam. So it was, she stood as two of us (I mention the number for fear of scandal) took her picture.

So it was, that the good-natured black cook looked behind her young mistress, with a benevolent grin, that only the admirable Leslie could paint.

Mariam was the sister of the young guide, whom we hired to show us through the town ; and to let us be cheated in the purchase of gilt scarfs and handkerchiefs, which strangers think proper to buy. And before a drawing could be made, many were the stratagems the wily artists were obliged to employ, to subdue the shyness of the little Mariam. In the first place, she would stand behind the door (from which in the darkness her beautiful black eyes gleamed out like penny tapers); nor could the entreaties of her brother and mama bring her from that hiding place. In order to conciliate the latter, we began by making a picture of her too—that is, not of her, who was an enormous old fat woman in yellow, quivering all over with strings of pearls, and necklaces of sequins, and other ornaments, the which descended from her neck, and down her ample stomacher—we did not depict that big old woman, who would have been frightened at an accurate representation of her own enormity ; but an ideal being, all grace and beauty, dressed in her costume, and still simpering before me, in my sketch-book, like a lady in a book of fashions.

This portrait was shown to the old woman, who handed it over to the black cook, who, grinning, carried it to little Mariam—and the result is, that the young creature stepped forward, and submitted.

A very snug and happy family did this of Mariam's appear to be. If you could judge by all the laughter and giggling, by the splendor of the women's attire, by the neatness of the little house, prettily decorated with arabesque paintings, neat mats, and gay

carpets ; they were a family well to do in the Beyrout world, and lived with as much comfort as any Europeans. They had one book ; and, on the wall of the principal apartment, a black picture of the Virgin, whose name is borne by pretty Mariam.

The camels and the soldiers, the bazaars and khans, the fountains and awnings, which chequer, with such delightful variety of light and shade, the alleys and markets of an Oriental town, are to be seen in Beyrout in perfection ; and an artist might here employ himself for months with advantage and pleasure. A new costume was here added to the motley and picturesque assembly of dresses. This was the dress of the blue-veiled women from the Lebanon, stalking solemnly through the markets, with huge horns, near a yard high, on their foreheads. For thousands of years since the time the Hebrew prophets wrote, those horns have so been exalted in the Lebanon.

At night Captain Lewis gave a splendid ball and supper to the "Trump." We had the "Trump's" band to perform the music ; and a grand sight it was to see the captain himself enthusiastically leading on the drum. Blue lights and rockets were burned from the yards of our ship ; which festive signals were answered presently from the "Trump," and from another English vessel in the harbor.

They must have struck the Capitan Pasha with wonder, for he sent his secretary on board of us to inquire what the fireworks meant. And the worthy Turk had scarcely put his foot on the deck, when he found himself seized round the waist by one of the "Trump's" officers, and whirling round the deck in a waltz, to his own amazement, and the huge delight of the company. His face of wonder and gravity, as he went on twirling, could not have been exceeded by that of a dancing dervish at Scutari : and the manner in which he managed to *enjamber* the waltz excited universal applause.

I forget whether he accommodated himself to European ways so much further as to drink champagne at supper time ; to say that he did would be telling tales out of school, and might interfere with the future advancement of that jolly dancing Turk.

We made acquaintance with another of the sultan's subjects,

who, I fear, will have occasion to doubt of the honor of the English nation, after the foul treachery with which he was treated.

Among the occupiers of the little bazaar watch-boxes, venders of embroidered handkerchiefs and other articles of showy Eastern haberdashery, was a good-looking, neat young fellow, who spoke English very fluently, and was particularly attentive to all the passengers on board our ship. This gentleman was not only a pocket-handkerchief merchant in the bazaar, but earned a further livelihood by letting out mules and donkeys; and he kept a small lodging-house, or inn, for travellers, as we were informed.

No wonder he spoke good English, and was exceedingly polite and well bred; for the worthy man had passed some time in England, and in the best society too. That humble haberdasher at Beyrout had been a lion here, at the very best houses of the great people, and had actually made his appearance at Windsor, where he was received as a Syrian Prince, and treated with great hospitality by royalty itself.

I don't know what waggish propensity moved one of the officers of the "Trump" to say, that there was an equerry of his Royal Highness the Prince on board, and to point me out as the dignified personage in question. So the Syrian Prince was introduced to the royal equerry, and a great many compliments passed between us. I even had the audacity to state, that on my very last interview with my royal master, his Royal Highness had said, "Colonel Titmarsh, when you go to Beyrout, you will make special inquiries regarding my interesting friend Cogia Hassan."

Poor Cogia Hassan (I forget whether that was his name, but it is as good as another) was overpowered with this royal message; and we had an intimate conversation together, at which the waggish officer of the "Trump" assisted with the greatest glee.

But see the consequences of deceit! The next day, as we were getting under way, who should come on board but my friend the Syrian Prince, most eager for a last interview with the Windsor equerry; and he begged me to carry his protestations of unalterable fidelity to the gracious consort of her Majesty. Nor was this all. Cogia Hassan actually produced a great box of sweetmeats, of which he begged my excellency to accept, and a



little figure of a doll, dressed in the costume of Lebanon. Then the punishment of imposture began to be felt severely by me. How to accept the poor devil's sweetmeats? How to refuse them? And as we know that one fib leads to another, so I was obliged to support the first falsehood by another; and putting on a dignified air—"Cogia Hassan," says I, "I am surprised you don't know the habits of the British court better, and are not aware that our gracious master solemnly forbids his servants to accept of any sort of backsheesh upon our travels."

So Prince Cogia Hassan went over the side with his chest of sweetmeats, but insisted on leaving the doll, which may be worth twopence-halfpenny.

## XI.

## A DAY AND NIGHT IN SYRIA.

WHEN, after being for five whole weeks at sea, with a general belief that at the end of a few days the marine malady leaves you for good, you find that a brisk wind and a heavy rolling swell create exactly the same inward effects which they occasioned at the very commencement of the voyage—you begin to fancy that you are unfairly dealt with: and I, for my part, had thought of complaining to the Company of this atrocious violation of the rules of their prospectus; but we were perpetually coming to anchor in various ports, at which intervals of peace good humor was restored to us.

On the 3d of October our cable rushed with a huge rattle into the blue sea before Jaffa, at a distance of considerably more than a mile of the town, which lay before us very clear, with the flags of the consuls flaring in the bright sky, and making a cheerful and hospitable show. The houses a great heap of sun-baked stones, surmounted here and there by minarets, and countless little whitewashed domes; a few date trees spread out their fan-like heads over these dull-looking buildings; long sands stretched away on either side, with low purple hills behind them; we could see specks of camels crawling over these yellow plains; and those persons who were about to land, had the leisure to behold the sea-spray flashing over the sands, and over a heap of black rocks which lie before the entry to the town. The swell is very great, the passage between the rocks narrow; and the danger sometimes considerable. So the guide began to entertain the ladies and other passengers in the huge country boat which brought us from the steamer, with an agreeable story of a lieutenant and eight seamen of one of her Majesty's ships, who were upset, dashed to pieces, and drowned upon these rocks, through which two men

and two boys, with a very moderate portion of clothing, each standing and pulling half an oar—there were but two oars between them, and another by way of rudder—were endeavoring to guide us.

When the danger of the rocks and surf was passed, came another danger of the hideous brutes in brown skins and the briefest shirts, who came towards the boat, straddling through the water with outstretched arms, grinning and yelling their Arab invitations to mount their shoulders. I think these fellows frightened the ladies still more than the rocks and the surf; but the poor creatures were obliged to submit, and trembling were accommodated somehow upon the mahogany backs of these ruffians, carried through the shallows, and flung up to a ledge before the city gate, where crowds more of dark people were swarming, howling after their fashion. The gentlemen, meanwhile, were having arguments about the eternal backsheesh with the roaring Arab boatmen; and I recall with wonder and delight especially, the curses and screams of one small and extremely loud-lunged fellow, who expressed discontent at receiving a five, instead of a six piastre piece. But how is one to know, without possessing the language? Both coins are made of a greasy pewtery sort of tin; and I thought the biggest was the most valuable: but the fellow showed a sense of their value, and a disposition seemingly to cut any man's throat who did not understand it. Men's throats have been cut for a less difference before now.

Being cast upon the ledge, the first care of our gallantry was to look after the ladies, who were scared and astonished by the naked savage brutes, who were shouldering the poor things to and fro; and bearing them through these and a dark archway, we came into a street crammed with donkeys and their packs and drivers, and towering camels with leering eyes looking into the second-floor rooms, and huge splay feet, through which *mesdames et mesdemoiselles* were to be conducted. We made a rush at the first open door, and passed comfortably under the heels of some horses gathered under the arched court, and up a stone staircase, which turned out to be that of the Russian consul's house. His people welcomed us most cordially to his abode, and the ladies and the luggage (objects of our solicitude) were led up many

stairs and across several terraces to a most comfortable little room, under a dome of its own, where the representative of Russia sat. Women with brown faces and draggle-tailed coats and turbans, and wondering eyes, and no stays, and blue beads and gold coins hanging round their necks, came to gaze, as they passed, upon the fair neat English women; blowsy black cooks puffing over fires, and the strangest pots and pans on the terraces; children paddling about in long striped robes, interrupted their sports or labors, to come and stare; and the consul, in his cool domed chamber, with a lattice overlooking the sea, with clean mats, and pictures of the Emperor, the Virgin, and St. George, received the strangers with smiling courtesies, regaling these with pomegranates and sugar, those with pipes of tobacco, whereof the fragrant tubes were three yards long.

The Russian amenities concluded, we left the ladies still under the comfortable, cool dome of the Russian consulate, and went to see our own representative. The streets of the little town are neither agreeable to horse or foot travellers. Many of the streets are mere flights of rough steps, leading abruptly into private houses; you pass under archways and passages numberless; a steep, dirty labyrinth of stone-vaulted stables and sheds occupies the ground-floor of the habitations; and you pass from flat to flat of the terraces: at various irregular corners of which, little chambers, with little private domes, are erected, and the people live seemingly as much upon the terrace as in the room.

We found the English consul in a queer little arched chamber, with a strange old picture of the king's arms to decorate one side of it; and here the consul, a demure old man, dressed in red flowing robes, with a feeble janissary, bearing a shabby tin-mounted staff, or mace, to denote his office, received such of our nation as came to him for hospitality. He distributed pipes and coffee to all and every one; he made us a present of his house and all his beds for the night, and went himself to lie quietly on the terrace; and for all this hospitality he declined to receive any reward from us, and said that he was but doing his duty in taking us in. This worthy man, I thought, must doubtless be very well paid by our government for making such sacrifices; but it appears, that he does not get one single farthing, and that

the greater number of our Levant consuls are paid at a similar rate of easy remuneration. If we have bad consular agents, have we a right to complain? If the worthy gentlemen cheat occasionally, can we reasonably be angry? But in travelling through these countries, English people, who don't take into consideration the miserable poverty and scanty resources of their country, and are apt to brag and be proud of it, have their vanity hurt by seeing the representatives of every nation but their own well and decently maintained, and feel ashamed at sitting down under the shabby protection of our mean consular flag.

The active young men of our party had been on shore long before us, and seized upon all the available horses in the town; but we relied upon a letter from Halil Pacha, enjoining all governors and pachas to help us in all ways: and hearing we were the bearers of this document, the Cadi and Vice-Governor of Jaffa came to wait upon the head of our party, declared that it was his delight and honor to set eyes upon us; that he would do everything in the world to serve us; that there were no horses, unluckily, but he would send and get some in three hours; and so left us with a world of grinning bows and many choice compliments, from one side to the other, which came to each filtered through an obsequious interpreter. But hours passed, and the clatter of horses' hoofs was not heard. We had our dinner of eggs and flaps of bread, and the sunset gun fired: we had our pipes and coffee again, and the night fell. Is this man throwing dirt upon us? we began to think. Is he laughing at our beards, and are our mothers' graves ill-treated by this smiling, swindling cadi? We determined to go and seek in his own den this shuffling dispenser of infidel justice. This time we would be no more bamboozled by compliments; but we would use the language of stern expostulation, and, being roused, would let the rascal hear the roar of the indignant British lion: so we rose up in our wrath. The poor consul got a lamp for us with a bit of wax candle, such as I wonder his means could afford; the shabby janissary marched ahead with his tin mace, the two *lacquais de place*, that two of our company had hired, stepped forward, each with an old sabre, and we went clattering and stumbling down the streets of the town in order to seize upon this cadi in his own divan. I was

glad, for my part (though outwardly majestic and indignant in demeanor), that the horses had not come, and that we had a chance of seeing this little, queer glimpse of oriental life, which the magistrate's faithlessness procured for us.

As piety forbids the Turks to eat during the weary daylight hours of the Ramazan, they spend their time profitably in sleeping until the welcome sunset, when the town wakens: all the lanterns are lighted up; all the pipes begin to puff, and the narghilés to bubble; all the sour-milk-and-sherbet-men begin to yell out the excellence of their wares; all the frying-pans in the little, dirty cook-shops begin to friz, and the pots to send forth a steam: and through this dingy, ragged, bustling, beggarly, cheerful scene, we began now to march towards the Bow Street of Jaffa. We bustled through a crowded narrow archway which led to the cadı's police-office, entered the little room, atrociously perfumed with musk, and passing by the rail-board, where the common sort stood, mounted up the stage on which his worship and friends sat, and squatted down on the divans in stern and silent dignity. His honor offered us coffee, his countenance evidently showing considerable alarm. A black slave, whose duty seemed to be to prepare this beverage in a side-room with a furnace, prepared for each of us about a tea-spoonful of the liquor: his worship's clerk, I presume, a tall Turk of a noble aspect, presented it to us, and having lapped up the little modicum of drink, the British lion began to speak.

All the other travellers (said the lion with perfect reason) have good horses and are gone; the Russians have got horses, the Spaniards have horses, the English have horses, but we, we vizirs in our country, and coming with letters of Halil Pacha, are laughed at, spit upon! Are Halil Pacha's letters dirt, that you attend to them in this way? Are British lions dogs that you treat them so?—and so on. This speech with many variations was made on our side for a quarter of an hour; and we finally swore, that unless the horses were forthcoming, we would write to Halil Pacha the next morning, and to his Excellency the English minister at the Sublime Porte. Then you should have heard the chorus of Turks in reply: a dozen voices rose up from the divan, shouting, screaming, ejaculating, expectorating (the Ara-

bic spoken language seems to require a great employment of the two latter oratorical methods), and uttering what the meek interpreter did not translate to us, but what I dare say were by no means complimentary phrases towards us and our nation. Finally, the palaver concluded by the Cadi declaring, that by the will of heaven horses should be forthcoming at three o'clock in the morning ; and that if not, why then we might write to Halil Pacha.

This posed us, and we rose up and haughtily took leave. I should like to know that fellow's real opinion of us lions very much : and especially to have had the translation of the speeches of a huge-breeched turbaned roaring infidel, who looked and spoke as if he would have liked to fling us all into the sea, which was hoarsely murmuring under our windows an accompaniment to the concert within.

We then marched through the bazaars, that were lofty and grim, and pretty full of people. In a desolate broken building, some hundreds of children were playing and singing ; in many corners sat parties over their water-pipes, one of whom every now and then would begin twanging out a most queer chant ; others there were playing at casino—a crowd squatted round the squalling gamblers, and talking and looking on with eager interest. In one place of the bazaar we found a hundred people at least listening to a story-teller, who delivered his tale with excellent action, voice and volubility ; in another they were playing a sort of thimble-rig with coffee-cups all intent upon the game, and the player himself very wild lest one of our party, who had discovered where the pea lay, should tell the company. The devotion and energy with which all these pastimes were pursued, struck me as much as anything. These people have been playing thimble-rig and casino ; that story-teller has been shouting his tale of Antar, for forty years ; and they are just as happy with this amusement now as when first they tried it. Is there no ennui in the Eastern countries, and are the blue devils not allowed to go about there ?

From the bazaars we went to see the house of Mustapha, said to be the best house and the greatest man of Jaffa. But the great ——— had absconded suddenly, and had fled into Egypt. The sul-

tan had made a demand upon him for sixteen thousand purses, £80,000—Mustapha retired—the sultan pounced down upon his house, and his goods, his horses, and his mules. His harem was desolate. Mr. Milnes could have written six affecting poems, had he been with us, on the dark loneliness of that violated sanctuary. We passed from hall to hall, terrace to terrace—a few fellows were slumbering on the naked floors, and scarce turned as we went by them. We entered Mustapha's particular divan—there was the raised floor, but no bearded friends squatting away the night of Ramazan; there was the little coffee furnace, but where was the slave and the coffee and the glowing embers of the pipes? Mustapha's favorite passages from the Koran were still painted up on the walls, but nobody was the wiser for them. We walked over a sleeping negro, and opened the windows which looked into his gardens. The horses and donkeys, the camels and mules were picketed there below, but where is the said Mustapha? From the frying-pan of the Porte, has he not fallen into the fire of Mehemet Ali? And which is best, to broil or to fry? If it be but to read the Arabian Nights again on getting home, it is good to have made this little voyage and seen these strange places and faces.

Then we went out through the arched lowering gateway of the town into the plain beyond, and that was another famous and brilliant scene of the Arabian Nights. The heaven shone with a marvellous brilliancy—the plain disappeared far in the haze—the towers and battlements of the town rose black against the sky—old outlandish trees rose up here and there—clumps of camels were couched in the rare herbage—dogs were baying about—groups of men lay sleeping under their haicks round about—round about the tall gates many lights were twinkling—and they brought us water-pipes and sherbet—and we wondered to think that London was only three weeks off.

Then came the night at the consul's. The poor demure old gentleman brought out his mattresses; and the ladies sleeping round on the divans, we lay down quite happy; and I for my part intended to make as delightful dreams as Alnaschar; but—lo, the delicate mosquito sounded his horn: the active flea jumped up, and came to feast on Christian flesh (the eastern flea bites



more bitterly than the most savage bug in Christendom), and the bug—oh, the accursed! Why was he made? What duty has that infamous ruffian to perform in the world, save to make people wretched? Only Bulwer in his most pathetic style could describe the miseries of that night—the moaning, the groaning, the cursing, the tumbling, the blistering, the infamous despair and degradation! I heard all the cocks in Jaffa crow; the children crying, and the mothers hushing them; the donkeys braying fitfully in the moonlight; at last, I heard the clatter of hoofs below, and the hailing of men. It was three o'clock, the horses were actually come; nay, there were camels likewise; asses and mules, pack-saddles and drivers, all bustling together under the moonlight in the cheerful street—and the first night in Syria was over.

## XII.

## FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM.

It took an hour or more to get our little caravan into marching order, to accommodate all the packs to the horses, the horses to the riders; to see the ladies comfortably placed in their litter, with a sleek and large black mule fore and aft, a groom to each mule, and a tall and exceedingly good-natured and mahogany-colored infidel to walk by the side of the carriage, to balance it as it swayed to and fro, and to offer his back as a step to the inmates whenever they were minded to ascend or alight. These three fellows, fasting through the Ramazan, and over as rough a road, for the greater part, as ever shook mortal bones, performed their fourteen hours' walk of near forty miles with the most admirable courage, alacrity, and good humor. They once or twice drank water on the march, and so far infringed the rule; but they refused all bread or edible refreshment offered to them, and tugged on with an energy that the best camel, and I am sure the best Christian, might envy. What a lesson of good-humored endurance it was to certain Pall Mall Sardanapaluses, who grumble if club sofa cushions are not soft enough!

If I could write sonnets at leisure, I would like to chronicle in fourteen lines my sensations on finding myself on a high Turkish saddle, with a pair of fire-shovel stirrups and worsted reins, red padded saddle cloth, and innumerable tags, fringes, glass beads, ends of rope, to decorate the harness of the horse, the gallant steed on which I was about to gallop into Syrian life. What a figure we cut in the moonlight, and how they would have stared in the Strand! Aye, or in Leicestershire, where I warrant such a horse and rider are not often visible! The shovel stirrups are deucedly short; the clumsy leathers cut the shins of some equestrians abominably; you sit over your horse as it were on a tower, from

which the descent would be very easy, but for the big peak of the saddle. A good way for the inexperienced is to put a stick or umbrella across the saddle peak again, so that it is next to impossible to go over your horse's neck. I found this a vast comfort in going down the hills, and recommend it conscientiously to other dear simple brethren of the city.

Peaceful men, we did not ornament our girdles with pistols, yataghans, &c., such as some pilgrims appeared to bristle all over with; and as a lesson to such rash people, a story may be told which was narrated to us at Jerusalem, and carries a wholesome moral. The honorable Hoggin Armer, who was lately travelling in the East, wore about his stomach two brace of pistols, of such exquisite finish and make, that a Sheikh, in the Jericho country, robbed him merely for the sake of the pistols. I don't know whether he has told the story to his friends at home.

Another story about Sheikhs may here be told apropos. That celebrated Irish Peer, Lord Oldgent (who was distinguished in the Buckinghamshire Dragoons), having paid a sort of black mail to the Sheikh of Jericho country, was suddenly set upon by another Sheikh, who claimed to be the real Jerichonian governor; and these twins quarrelled over the body of Lord Oldgent, as the widows for the innocent baby before Solomon. There was enough for both—but these digressions are interminable.

The party got under weigh at near four o'clock: the ladies in the litter, the French *femme de chambre* manfully caracoling on a grey horse; the cavaliers, like your humble servant, on their high saddles; the domestics, flunkies, guides, and grooms, on all sorts of animals,—some fourteen in all. Add to these, two most grave and stately Arabs in white beards, white turbans, white haicks and raiments; sabres curling round their military thighs, and immense long guns at their backs. More venerable warriors I never saw; they went by the side of the litter soberly prancing. When we emerged from the steep clattering streets of the city into the grey plains, lighted by the moon and starlight, these militaries rode onward, leading the way through the huge avenues of strange diabolical looking prickly pears (plants that look as if they had grown in Tartarus), by which the first mile or two of route from the city is bounded; and as the dawn arose before us,

exhibiting first a streak of grey, then of green, then of red in the sky, it was fine to see these martial figures defined against the rising light. The sight of that little cavalcade and of the nature around it, will always remain with me, I think, as one of the freshest and most delightful sensations I have enjoyed since the day I first saw Calais pier. It was full day when they gave their horses a drink at a large pretty oriental fountain, and then presently we entered the open plain—the famous plain of Sharon—so fruitful in roses once, now hardly cultivated, but always beautiful and noble.

Here presently, in the distance, we saw another cavalcade pricking over the plain. Our two white warriors spread to the right and left, and galloped to reconnoitre. We, too, put our steeds to the canter, and handling our umbrellas as Richard did his lance against Saladin, went undaunted to challenge this caravan. The fact is, we could distinguish that it was formed of the party of our pious friends the Poles, and we hailed them with cheerful shouting, and presently the two caravans joined company, and scoured the plain at the rate of near four miles per hour. The horse-master, a courier of this company, rode three miles for our one. He was a broken-nosed Arab, with pistols, a sabre, a fusee, a yellow Damascus cloth flapping over his head, and his nose ornamented with diachylon. He rode a hog-necked grey Arab, bristling over with harness, and jumped, and whirled, and reared, and halted, to the admiration of all.

Scarce had the diachylonian Arab finished his evolutions, when, lo! yet another cloud of dust was seen, and another party of armed and glittering horsemen appeared. They, too, were led by an Arab, who was followed by two Janissaries, with silver maces shining in the sun. 'Twas the party of the new American Consul-General of Syria and Jerusalem, hastening to that city, with the inferior consuls of Ramleh and Jaffa to escort him. He expects to see the millennium in three years, and has accepted the office of consul at Jerusalem, so as to be on the spot in readiness.

When the diachylon Arab saw the American Arab, he straightway galloped his steed towards him, took his pipe, which he delivered at his adversary in guise of a jereed, and galloped round

and round, and in and out, and there and back again, as in a play of war. The American replied in a similar playful ferocity—the two warriors made a little tournament for us there on the plains before Jaffa, in which diachylon, being a little worsted, challenged his adversary to a race, and fled away on his grey, the American following on his bay. Here poor sticking-plaister was again worsted, the Yankee contemptuously riding round him, and then declining further exercise.

What more could mortal man want? A troop of knights and paladins could have done no more. In no page of Walter Scott have I read a scene more fair and sparkling. The sober warriors of our escort did not join in the gambols of the young men. There they rode soberly, in their white turbans, by their ladies' litter, their long guns rising up behind them.

There was no lack of company along the road: donkeys numberless, camels by twos and threes; now a mule driver, trudging along the road, chanting a most queer melody: now a lady, in white veil, black mask, and yellow *papooshes*, bestriding her ass, and followed by her husband,—met us on the way; and most people gave a salutation. Presently we saw Ramleh, in a smoking mist, on the plain before us, flanked to the right by a tall lonely tower, that might have held the bells of some moustier of Caen or Evreux. As we entered, about three hours and a half after starting, among the white domes and stone houses of the little town, we passed the place of tombs. Two women were sitting on one of them,—the one bending her head towards the stone, and rocking to and fro, and moaning out a very sweet, pitiful lamentation. The American Consul invited us to breakfast at the house of his subaltern, the hospitable one-eyed Armenian, who represents the United States at Jaffa. The stars and stripes were flaunting over his terraces, to which we ascended, leaving our horses to the care of a multitude of roaring, ragged Arabs beneath, who took charge of and fed the animals, though I can't say in the least why; but in the same way as getting off my horse on entering Jerusalem, I gave the rein into the hand of the first person near me, and have never heard of the worthy brute since. At the American Consul's we were served first with rice dshpash, flavored with cinnamon and spice; then with

boiled mutton, then with stewed ditto and tomatoes ; then with fowls swimming in grease ; then with brown ragouts belabored with onions ; then with a smoking pilaff of rice : several of which dishes I can pronounce to be of excellent material and flavor. When the gentry had concluded this repast it was handed to a side table, where the commonalty speedily discussed it. We left them licking their fingers as we hastened away upon the second part of the ride.

As we quitted Ramleh, the scenery lost that sweet and peaceful look which characterizes the pretty plain we had traversed ; and the sun, too, rising in the heaven, dissipated all those fresh, beautiful tints in which God's world is clothed of early morning, and which city people have so seldom the chance of beholding. The plain over which we rode looked yellow and gloomy ; the cultivation little or none ; the land across the roadside fringed, for the most part, with straggling wild carrot plants ; a patch of green only here and there. We passed several herds of lean, small, well-conditioned cattle ; many flocks of black goats, tended now and then by a ragged negro-shepherd, his long gun slung over his back, his hand over his eyes to shade them as he stared at our little cavalcade. Most of the half-naked country folks we met, had this dismal appendage to eastern rustic life ; and the weapon could hardly be one of mere defence, for, beyond the faded skull cap, or tattered coat of blue or dirty white, the brawny, brown-chested, solemn-looking fellows had nothing seemingly to guard. As before, there was no lack of travellers on the road : more donkeys trotting by, looking sleek and strong ; camels singly and by pairs, laden with a little humble ragged merchandise, on their way between the two towns. About noon we halted eagerly at a short distance from an Arab village and well, where all were glad of a drink of fresh water. A village of beavers, or a colony of ants, make habitations not unlike these dismal huts piled together on the plain here. There were no single huts along the whole line of road ; poor and wretched as they are, the Fellahs huddle all together for protection from the other thieves, their neighbors. The government (which we restored to them) has no power to protect them, and is only strong enough to rob them. The women, with their long blue gowns

and ragged veils, came to and fro with pitchers on their heads. Rebecca had such a one when she brought drink to the lieutenant of Abraham. The boys came staring round, bawling after us with their fathers for the inevitable backsheesh. The village dogs barked round the flocks, as they were driven to water or pasture.

We saw a gloomy, not very lofty-looking ridge of hills in front of us; the highest of which the guide pointing out to us, told us that from it we should see Jerusalem. It looked very near, and we all set up a trot of enthusiasm to get into this hill country.

But that burst of enthusiasm (it may have carried us nearly a quarter of a mile in three minutes) was soon destined to be checked by the disagreeable nature of the country we had to traverse. Before we got to the real mountain district, we were in a manner prepared for it, by the mounting and descent of several lonely outlying hills, up and down which our rough stony track wound. Then we entered the hill district, and our path lay through the clattering bed of an ancient stream, whose brawling waters have rolled away into the past, along with the fierce and turbulent race who once inhabited these savage hills. There may have been cultivation here two thousand years ago. The mountains, or huge stony mounds environing this rough path, have level ridges all the way up to their summits; on these parallel ledges there is still some verdure and soil: when water flowed here and the country was thronged with that extraordinary population, which, according to the Sacred Histories, was crowded into the region, these mountain steps may have been gardens and vineyards, such as we see now thriving along the hills of the Rhine. Now the district is quite deserted, and you ride among what seem to be so many petrified waterfalls. We saw no animals moving among the stony brakes; scarcely even a dozen little birds in the whole course of the ride. The sparrows are all at Jerusalem, among the house tops, where their ceaseless chirping and twittering forms the most cheerful sound of the place.

The company of Poles, the company of Oxfordmen, and the little American army, travelled too quick for our caravan, which was made to follow the slow progress of the ladies' litter, and we had to make the journey through the mountains in a very small

number. Not one of our party had a single weapon more dreadful than an umbrella ; and a couple of Arabs, wickedly inclined, might have brought us all to the halt, and rifled every carpet bag and pocket belonging to us. Nor can I say that we journeyed without certain qualms of fear. When swarthy fellows, with girdles full of pistols and yataghans, passed us without unslinging their long guns ; when scowling camel-riders, with awful long bending lances, decorated with tufts of rags, or savage plumes of scarlet feathers, went by without molestation, I think we were rather glad that they did not stop and parley : for after all, a British lion with an umbrella is no match for an Arab with his infernal long gun. What, too, would have become of our women ? So we tried to think that it was entirely out of anxiety for them that we were inclined to push on.

There is a shady resting-place and village in the midst of the mountain district where the travellers are accustomed to halt for an hour's repose and refreshment ; and the other caravans were just quitting this spot, having enjoyed its cool shades and waters when we came up. Should we stop ? Regard for the ladies (of course no other earthly consideration) made us say, No ! What admirable self-denial and chivalrous devotion ! So our poor devils of mules and horses got no rest and no water, our panting litter-men no breathing time, and we staggered desperately after the procession ahead of us. It wound up the mountain in front of us : the Poles with their guns and attendants, the American with his janissaries ; fifty or sixty all riding slowly like the procession in Blue Beard.

But alas, they headed us very soon ; when we got up the weary hill they were all out of sight ; perhaps thoughts of Fleet-street did cross the minds of some of us then, and a vague desire to see a few policemen. The district now seemed peopled, and with an ugly race. Savage personages peered at us out of huts, and grim holes in the rocks. The mules began to loiter most abominably—water the muleteers must have—and, behold, we came to a pleasant looking village of trees standing on a hill ; children were shaking figs from the trees—women were going about—before us was the mosque of a holy man—the village, looking like a collection of little forts, rose up on the hill to our right, with a long



view of the fields and gardens stretching from it, and camels arriving with their burthens. Here we must stop; Paolo, the chief servant, knew the Sheikh of the village—he very good man—give him water and supper—water very good here—in fact we began to think of the propriety of halting here for the night, and making our entry into Jerusalem on the next day.

A man on a handsome horse dressed in red came prancing up to us, looked hard at the ladies in the litter, and passed away. Then two others sauntered up, one handsome, and dressed in red too, and he stared into the litter without ceremony, began to play with a little dog that lay there, asked if we were Ingleses, and was answered by me in the affirmative. Paolo had brought the water, the most delicious draught in the world. The gentlefolks had had some, the poor muleteers were longing for it. The French maid, the courageous Victoire (never since the days of Joan of Arc has there surely been a more gallant and virtuous female of France) refused the drink; when suddenly a servant of the party scampers up to his master and says: "Abou Gosh says the ladies must get out and show themselves to the women of the village."

It was Abou Gosh himself, the redoubted robber Sheikh about whom we had been laughing and crying "Wolf" all day. Never was seen such a skurry—"March!" was the instant order given. When Victoire heard who it was and the message, you should have seen how she changed countenance; trembling for her virtue in the ferocious clutches of a Gosh: "Un verre d'eau pour l'amour de Dieu!" gasped she, and was ready to faint on her saddle. "Ne buvez plus, Victoire!" screamed a little fellow of our party. "Push on, push on!" cried one and all. "What's the matter!" exclaimed the ladies in the litter, as they saw themselves suddenly jogging on again. But we took care not to tell them what had been the designs of the redoubtable Abou Gosh. Away then we went—Victoire was saved—and her mistresses rescued from dangers they knew not of, until they were a long way out of the village.

Did he intend insult or good-will? Did Victoire escape the odious chance of becoming Madame Abou Gosh? Or did the mountain chief simply propose to be hospitable after his fashion? I think the latter was his desire; if the former had been his wish,

a half dozen of his long guns could have been up with us in a minute, and had all our party at their mercy. But now, for the sake of the mere excitement, the incident was, I am sorry to say, rather a pleasant one than otherwise; especially for a traveller, who is in the happy condition of being able to sing before robbers, as is the case with the writer of the present.

A little way out of the land of Goshen we came upon a long stretch of gardens and vineyards, slanting towards the setting sun, which illuminated numberless golden clusters of the most delicious grapes, of which we stopped and partook. Such grapes were never before tasted; water so fresh as that which a countryman fetched for us from a well, never sluiced parched throats before. It was the ride, the sun, and above all Abou Gosh, who made that refreshment so sweet: and hereby I offer him my best thanks. Presently in the midst of a most diabolical ravine, down which our horses went sliding, we heard the evening gun: it was fired from Jerusalem. The twilight is brief in this country, and in a few minutes the landscape was grey round about us, and the sky lighted up by a hundred thousand stars, which made the night beautiful.

Under this supero canopy we rode for a couple of hours to our journey's end. The mountains round about us dark, lonely, and sad; the landscape as we saw it at night (it is not more cheerful in the day time), the most solemn and forlorn I have ever seen. The feelings of almost terror, with which riding through the night we approached this awful place, the centre of the world's past and future history, have no need to be noted down here. The recollection of those sensations must remain with a man as long as his memory lasts; and he should think of them as often, perhaps, as he should talk of them little.

## XIII.

## JERUSALEM.

THE ladies of our party found excellent quarters in readiness for them at the Greek convent in the city ; where airy rooms, and plentiful meals, and wines and sweetmeats delicate and abundant, were provided to cheer them after the fatigues of their journey. I don't know whether the worthy fathers of the convent share in the good things which they lavish on their guests ; but they look as if they do. Those whom we saw bore every sign of easy conscience and good living ; there were a pair of strong, rosy, greasy, lazy lay-brothers, dawdling in the sun on the convent terrace, or peering over the parapet into the street below, whose looks gave one a notion of anything but asceticism.

In the principal room of the strangers' house (the lay traveller is not admitted to dwell in the sacred interior of the convent), and over the building, the Russian double-headed eagle is displayed. The place is under the patronage of the Emperor Nicholas : an imperial Prince has stayed in these rooms : the Russian Consul performs a great part in the city ; and a considerable annual stipend is given by the Emperor towards the maintenance of the great establishment in Jerusalem. . The Great Chapel of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is by far the richest, in point of furniture, of all the places of worship under that roof. We were in Russia, when we came to visit our friends here ; under the protection of the Father of the Church and the Imperial Eagle ! This butcher and tyrant, who sits on his throne only through the crime of those who held it before him—every step in whose pedigree is stained by some horrible mark of murder, parricide, adultery—this padded and whiskered pontiff—who rules in his jack-boots over a system of spies and soldiers, of deceit, ignorance, dissoluteness, and brute force, such as surely the history of the

world never told of before—has a tender interest in the welfare of his spiritual children: in the Eastern Church ranks after the divinity, and is worshipped by millions of men. A pious exemplar of Christianity, truly! and of the condition to which its union with politics has brought it! Think of the rank to which he pretends, and gravely believes that he possesses, no doubt!—think of those who assumed the same ultra-sacred character before him!—and then of the Bible and the Founder of the Religion, of which the Emperor assumes to be the chief priest and defender!

We had some Poles of our party; but these poor fellows went to the Latin convent, declining to worship after the Emperor's fashion. The next night after our arrival, two of them passed in the Sepulchre. There we saw them, more than once on subsequent visits, kneeling in the Latin Church before the pictures, or marching solemnly with candles in processions, or lying flat on the stones, or passionately kissing the spots which their traditions have consecrated as the authentic places of the Saviour's sufferings. More honest or more civilized, or from opposition, the Latin fathers have long given up and disowned the disgusting mummeries of the Eastern Fire,—which lie the Greeks continue annually to tell.

Their travellers' house and convent, though large and commodious, are of a much poorer and shabbier condition than those of the Greeks. Both make believe not to take money; but the traveller is expected to pay in each. The Latin fathers enlarge their means by a little harmless trade in beads and crosses, and mother-of-pearl shells, on which figures of saints are engraved; and which they purchase from the manufacturers, and vend at a small profit. The English, until of late, used to be quartered in these sham inns; but last year two or three Maltese took houses for the reception of tourists, who can now be accommodated with cleanly and comfortable board, at a rate not too heavy for most pockets.

To one of these we went very gladly; giving our horses the bridle at the door, which went off of their own will to their stables, through the dark, inextricable labyrinths of streets, archways, and alleys, which we had threaded after leaving the main street from the Jaffa gate. There, there was still some life. Numbers of

persons were collected at their doors, or smoking before the dingy coffee-houses, where singing and story-telling were going on ; but out of this great street everything was silent, and no sign of a light from the windows of the low houses which we passed.

We ascended from a lower floor up to a terrace, on which were several little domed chambers, or pavilions. From this terrace, whence we looked in the morning, a great part of the city spread before us :—white domes upon domes, and terraces of the same character as our own. Here and there, from among these whitewashed mounds round about, a minaret rose, or a rare date tree ; but the chief part of the vegetation near was that odious tree the prickly pear,—one huge green wart growing out of another, armed with spikes, as inhospitable as the aloe, without shelter or beauty. To the right the Mosque of Omar rose ; the rising sun behind it. Yonder steep tortuous lane before us, flanked by ruined walls on either side, has borne, time out of mind, the title of *Via Dolorosa* ; and tradition has fixed the spots where the Saviour rested, bearing his cross to Calvary. But of the mountain, rising immediately in front of us, a few grey olive trees speckling the yellow side here and there, there can be no question. That is the Mount of Olives. Bethany lies beyond it. The most sacred eyes that ever looked on this world, have gazed on those ridges : it was there he used to walk and teach. With shame and humility one looks towards the spot where that inexpressible Love and Benevolence lived and breathed ; where the great yearning heart of the Saviour interceded for all our race ; and whence the bigots and traitors of his day led him away to kill him !

That company of Jews whom we had brought with us from Constantinople, and who had cursed every delay on the route, not from impatience to view the Holy City, but from rage at being obliged to purchase dear provisions for their maintenance on ship-board, made what bargains they best could at Jaffa, and journeyed to the Valley of Jehoshaphat at the cheapest rate. We saw the tall form of the old Polish Patriarch, venerable in filth, stalking among the stinking ruins of the Jewish quarter. The sly old

Rabbi, in the greasy folding hat, who would not pay to shelter his children from the storm off Beyrout, greeted us in the Bazaars; the younger Rabbis were furbished up with some smartness. We met them on Sunday at the kind of promenade, by the walls of the Bethlehem gate; they were in company of some red-bearded co-religionists, smartly attired in eastern raiment; but their voice was the voice of the Jews of Berlin, and of course as we passed they were talking about so many hundred thaler. You may track one of the people, and be sure to hear mention of that silver calf that they worship.

The English mission has been very unsuccessful with these religionists. I don't believe the Episcopal apparatus—the Chaplains, and the Colleges, and the Beadles—have succeeded in converting a dozen of them; and a sort of martyrdom is in store for the luckless Hebrew in Jerusalem who shall secede from his faith. Their old community spurn them with horror; and I heard of the case of one unfortunate man, whose wife, in spite of her husband's change of creed, being resolved, like a true woman, to cleave to him, was spirited away from him in his absence; was kept in privacy in the city, in spite of all exertions of the mission, of the Consul and the Bishop, and the Chaplains and the Beadles; was passed away from Jerusalem to Beyrout, and thence to Constantinople; and from Constantinople was whisked off into the Russian territories, where she still pines after her husband. May that unhappy convert find consolation away from her! I could not help thinking as my informant, an excellent and accomplished gentleman of the mission, told me the story, that the Jews had done only what the Christians do under the same circumstances. The woman was the daughter of a most learned Rabbi, as I gathered. Suppose a daughter of the Rabbi of Exeter, or Canterbury, were to marry a man who turned Jew, would not her Right Reverend Father be justified in taking her out of the power of a person likely to hurl her soul to perdition? Those poor converts should surely be sent away to England out of the way of persecution. We could not but feel a pity for them, as they sat there on their benches in the church conspicuous; and thought of the scorn and contumely which attended them without, as they passed in their

European dresses and shaven beards, among their grisly, scowling, long-robed countrymen.

As elsewhere in the towns I have seen, the Ghetto of Jerusalem is pre-eminent in filth. The people are gathered round about the dung-gate of the city. Of a Friday you may hear their wailings and lamentations for the lost glories of their city. I think the Valley of Jehoshaphat is the most ghastly sight I have seen in the world. From all quarters they come hither to bury their dead. When his time is come, yonder hoary old miser, with whom we made our voyage, will lay his carcase to rest here. To do that, and to claw together money, has been the purpose of that strange, long life.

We brought with us one of the gentlemen of the mission, a Hebrew convert, the Rev. Mr. E—; and lest I should be supposed to speak with disrespect above, of any of the converts of the Hebrew faith, let me mention this gentleman as the only one whom I had the fortune to meet on terms of intimacy. I never saw a man whose outward conduct was more touching, whose sincerity was more evident, and whose religious feeling seemed more deep, real, and reasonable.

Only a few feet of the walls of the Anglican Church of Jerusalem rise up from their foundations, on a picturesque open spot, in front of the Bethlehem Gate. The English Bishop has his church hard by: and near it is the house where the Christians of our denomination assemble and worship.

There seem to be polyglot services here. I saw books of prayer, or Scripture, in Hebrew, Greek, and German: in which latter language Dr. Alexander preaches every Sunday. A gentleman, who sat near me at church, used all these books indifferently; reading the first lesson from the Hebrew book, and the second from the Greek. Here we all assembled on the Sunday after our arrival: it was affecting to hear the music and language of our country sounding in this distant place; to have the decent and manly ceremonial of our service; the prayers delivered in that noble language. Even that stout anti-prelatist, the American Consul, who has left his house and fortune in America in order to witness the coming of the Millenium, who believes it to be so

near that he has brought a dove with him from his native land (which bird he solemnly informed us was to survive the expected Advent), was affected by the good old words and service. He swayed about and moaned in his place at various passages; during the sermon he gave especial marks of sympathy and approbation. I never heard the service more excellently and impressively read than by the Bishop's Chaplain, Mr. Veitch. But it was the music that was most touching I thought,—the sweet old songs of home.

There was a considerable company assembled: near a hundred people I should think. Our party made a large addition to the usual congregation. The Bishop's family is proverbially numerous: the Consul and the gentlemen of the mission have wives, and children, and English establishments. These, and the strangers, occupied places down the room, to the right and left of the desk and communion table. The converts, and the members of the college, in rather a scanty number, faced the officiating clergyman; before whom the silver maces of the Janissaries were set up, as they set up the Beadles' maces in England.

I made many walks round the city to Olivet and Bethany, to the tombs of the kings, and the fountains sacred in story. These are green and fresh, but all the rest of the landscape seemed to me to be *frightful*. Parched mountains with a grey bleak olive tree trembling here and there; savage ravines and valleys, paved with tombstones—a landscape unspeakably ghastly and desolate, meet the eye wherever you wander round about the city. The place seems quite adapted to the events which are recorded in the Hebrew histories. It and they, as it seems to me, can never be regarded without terror. Fear and blood, crime and punishment, follow from page to page in frightful succession. There is not a spot at which you look, but some violent deed has been done there: some massacre has been committed, some victim has been murdered, some idol has been worshipped with bloody and dreadful rites. Not far from hence is the place where the Jewish conqueror fought for the possession of Jerusalem. “The sun stood still, and hastened not to go down about a whole day;” so that the Jews might have day-light to destroy the Amorites, whose iniquities were full, and whose land they were about to occupy. The fugitive heathen



king, and his allies, were discovered in their hiding-place, and hanged: "and the children of Judah smote Jerusalem with the edge of the sword, and set the city on fire; and they left none remaining, but utterly destroyed all that breathed."

I went out at the Zion gate, and looked at the so-called tomb of David. I had been reading all the morning in the Psalms, and his history in Samuel and Kings. "*Bring thou down Shimei's hoar head to the grave with blood,*" are the last words of the dying monarch as recorded by the history. What they call the tomb, is now in a crumbling old mosque; from which Jew and Christian are excluded alike. As I saw it, blazing in the sunshine, with the purple sky behind it, the glare only served to mark the surrounding desolation more clearly. The lonely walls and towers of the city rose hard by. Dreary mountains, and declivities of naked stones, were round about: they are burrowed with holes in which Christian hermits lived and died. You see one green place far down in the valley: it is called En Rogel. Adonijah feasted there, who was killed by his brother Solomon, for asking for Abishag for wife. The valley of Hinnom skirts the hill: the dismal ravine was a fruitful garden once. Ahaz, and the idolatrous kings, sacrificed to idols under the green trees there, and "caused their children to pass through the fire." On the mountain opposite, Solomon, with the thousand women of his harem, worshipped the gods of all their nations, "Ashtoreh," and "Milcom, and Molech, the abomination of the Ammonites." An enormous charnel-house stands on the hill where the bodies of dead pilgrims used to be thrown; and common belief has fixed upon this spot as the Aceldama, which Judas purchased with the price of his treason. Thus you go on from one gloomy place to another, each seared with its bloody tradition. Yonder is the Temple, and you think of Titus's soldiery storming its flaming porches, and entering the city, in the savage defence of which two million human souls perished. It was on Mount Zion that Godfrey and Tancred had their camp: when the Crusaders entered the mosque, they rode knee deep in the blood of its defenders, and of the women and children, who had fled thither for refuge: it was the victory of Joshua over again. Then, after three days of butchery, they purified the desecrated mosque and

went to prayer. In the centre of this history of crime, rises up the Great Murder of all. \* \* \*

I need say no more about this gloomy landscape. After a man has seen it once, he never forgets it—the recollection of it seems to me to follow him like a remorse, as it were to implicate him in the awful deed which was done there. Oh! with what unspeakable shame and terror should one think of that crime, and prostrate himself before the image of that Divine Blessed Sufferer!

Of course, the first visit of the traveller is to the famous Church of the Sepulchre.

In the archway, leading from the street to the court and church, there is a little bazaar of Bethlehemites, who must interfere considerably with the commerce of the Latin fathers. These men bawl to you from their stalls, and hold up for your purchase their devotional baubles,—bushels of rosaries and scented beads, and carved mother-of-pearl shells, and rude stone salt-cellars and figures. Now that inns are established,—envoys of these pedlars attend them on the arrival of strangers, squat all day on the terraces before your door, and patiently entreat you to buy of their goods. Some worthies there are who drive a good trade by tattooing pilgrims with the five crosses, the arms of Jerusalem; under which the name of the city is punctured in Hebrew, with the auspicious year of the Hadgi's visit. Several of our fellow-travellers submitted to this queer operation, and will carry, to their grave, this relic of their journey. Some of them had engaged a servant, a man, at Beyrout, who had served as a lad on board an English ship in the Mediterranean. Above his tattooage of the five crosses, the fellow had a picture of two hearts united, and the pathetic motto, "Betsy, my dear." He had parted with Betsy, my dear, five years before at Malta. He had known a little English there, but had forgotten it. Betsy, my dear, was forgotten too. Only her name remained engraved with a vain simulacrum of constancy on the faithless rogue's skin: on which was now printed another token of equally effectual devotion. The beads and the tattooing, however, seem essential ceremonies attendant on the Christian pilgrim's visit; for many hundreds of

years, doubtless, the palmers have carried off with them these simple reminiscences of the sacred city. That symbol has been engraven upon the arms of how many Princes, Knights, and Crusaders! Don't you see a moral as applicable to them as to the swindling Beyrout horseboy? I have brought you back that cheap and wholesome apologue, in lieu of any of the Bethlehemite shells and beads.

After passing through the porch of the pedlars, you come to the court-yard in front of the noble old towers of the Church of the Sepulchre, with pointed arches and gothic traceries, rude, but rich and picturesque in design. Here crowds are waiting in the sun, until it shall please the Turkish guardians of the church-door to open. A swarm of beggars sit here permanently: old tattered hags with long veils, ragged children, blind old bearded beggars, who raise up a chorus of prayers for money, holding out their wooden bowls, or clattering with their sticks on the stones, or pulling your coat-skirts, and moaning and whining: yonder sit a group of coal-black Coptish pilgrims, with robes and turbans of dark blue, fumbling their perpetual beads. A party of Arab Christians have come up from their tents or villages: the men half-naked, looking as if they were beggars, or banditti, upon occasion; the women have flung their head-cloths back, and are looking at the strangers under their tattooed eyebrows. As for the strangers, there is no need to describe *them*; that figure of the Englishman, with his hands in his pockets, has been seen all the world over: staring down the crater of Vesuvius, or into a Hottentot kraal; or at a pyramid, or a Parisian coffee-house, or an Esquimaux hut, with the same insolent calmness of demeanor. When the gates of the church are open, he elbows in among the first, and flings a few scornful piastres to the Turkish door-keeper; and gazes round easily at the place, in which people of every other nation in the world are in tears, or in rapture, or wonder. He has never seen the place until now, and looks as indifferent as the Turkish guardian who sits in the doorway, and swears at the people as they pour in.

Indeed, I believe, it is impossible for us to comprehend the source and nature of the Roman Catholic devotion. I once went into a church at Rome, at the request of a Catholic friend, who

described the interior to be so beautiful and glorious, that he thought (he said) it must be like heaven itself. I found walls hung with cheap stripes of pink and white calico, altars covered with artificial flowers, a number of wax candles, and plenty of gilt paper ornaments. The place seemed to me like a shabby theatre ; and here was my friend on his knees at my side, plunged in a rapture of wonder and devotion.

I could get no better impressions out of this the most famous Church in the world. The deceptions are too open and flagrant ; the inconsistencies and contrivances too monstrous. It is hard even to sympathize with persons who receive them as genuine ; and though (as I know and saw in the case of my friend at Rome) the believer's life may be passed in the purest exercise of faith and charity, it is difficult even to give him credit for honesty, so bare-faced seem the impostures which he professes to believe and reverence. It costs one no small effort even to admit the possibility of a Catholic's credulity : to share in his rapture and devotion is still further out of your power ; and I could get from this Church no other emotions but those of shame and pain.

The Legends with which the Greeks and Latins have garnished the spot, have no more sacredness for you than the hideous, unreal, barbaric pictures and ornaments which they have lavished on it. Look at the fervor with which the pilgrims kiss and weep over a tawdry Gothic painting, scarcely better fashioned than an idol in a South Sea Morai. The histories, which they are called upon to reverence, are of the same period and order,—savage Gothic caricatures. In either, a saint appears in the costume of the middle ages, and is made to accommodate himself to the fashion of the tenth century.

The different churches battle for the possession of the various relics. The Greeks show you the tomb of Melchisedec, while the Armenians possess the Chapel of the Penitent Thief ; the poor Copts (with their little cabin of a chapel) can yet boast of possessing the thicket in which Abraham caught the Ram, which was to serve as the vicar of Isaac ; the Latins point out the Pillar to which the Lord was bound. The place of the Invention of the Sacred Cross, the Fissure in the Rock of Golgotha, the Tomb of Adam himself—are all here within a few yards' space. You

mount a few steps, and are told it is Calvary upon which you stand. All this in the midst of flaring candles, reeking incense, savage pictures of Scripture story, or portraits of kings who have been benefactors to the various chapels; a din and clatter of strange people,—these weeping, bowing, kissing,—those utterly indifferent; and the priests clad in outlandish robes, snuffling and chanting incomprehensible litanies, robing, disrobing, lighting up candles or extinguishing them, advancing, retreating, bowing with all sorts of unfamiliar genuflexions. Had it pleased the inventors of the Sepulchre topography to have fixed on fifty more spots of ground, as the places of the events of the sacred story, the pilgrim would have believed just as now. The priest's authority has so mastered his faith, that it accommodates itself to any demand upon it; and the English stranger looks on the scene, for the first time, with a feeling of scorn, bewilderment, and shame, at that grovelling credulity, those strange rites and ceremonies, that almost confessed imposture.

Jarred and distracted by these, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, for some time, seems to an Englishman the least sacred spot about Jerusalem. It is the lies, and the legends, and the priests, and their quarrels, and their ceremonies, which keep the Holy Place out of sight. A man has not leisure to view it, for the brawling of the guardians of the spot. The Roman conquerors, they say, raised up a statue of Venus in this sacred place, intending to destroy all memory of it. I don't think the heathen was as criminal as the Christian is now. To deny and disbelieve, is not so bad as to make belief a ground to cheat upon. The liar Ananias perished for that; and yet out of these gates, where angels may have kept watch—out of the tomb of Christ—Christian priests issue with a lie in their hands. What a place to choose for imposture, good God! to sully, with brutal struggles for self-aggrandizement, or shameful schemes of gain!

The situation of the Tomb (into which, be it authentic or not, no man can enter without a shock of breathless fear, and deep and awful self-humiliation) must have struck all travellers. It stands in the centre of the arched rotunda, which is common to all denominations, and from which branch off the various chapels belonging to each particular sect. In the Coptic Chapel I saw

one coal-black Copt, in blue robes, cowering in the little cabin, surrounded by dingy lamps, barbarous pictures, and cheap, faded trumpery. In the Latin Church, there was no service going on, only two fathers dusting the mouldy gew-gaws along the brown walls, and laughing to one another. The gorgeous church of the Fire impostors, hard by, was always more fully attended ; as was that of their wealthy neighbors, the Armenians. These three main sects hate each other : their quarrels are interminable : each bribes and intrigues with the heathen lords of the soil, to the prejudice of his neighbor. Now it is the Latins who interfere, and allow the common church to go to ruin, because the Greeks purpose to roof it : now the Greeks demolish a monastery on Mount Olivet, and leave the ground to the Turks, rather than allow the Armenians to possess it. On another occasion, the Greeks having mended the Armenian steps, which led to the (so called) Cave of the Nativity at Bethlehem, the latter asked for permission to destroy the work of the Greeks, and did so. And so round this sacred spot, the centre of Christendom, the representatives of the three great sects worship under one roof, and hate each other !

Above the Tomb of the Saviour, the cupola *is open*, and you see the blue sky overhead. Which of the builders was it that had the grace to leave that under the high protection of heaven, and not confine it under the mouldering old domes and roofs, which cover so much selfishness, and uncharitableness, and imposture !

We went to Bethlehem, too ; and saw the apocryphal wonders there.

Five miles' ride brings you from Jerusalem to it, over naked wavy hills ; the aspect of which, however, grows more cheerful as you approach the famous village. We passed the Convent of Mar Elyas on the road, walled and barred like a fort. In spite of its strength, however, it has more than once been stormed by the Arabs, and the luckless fathers within put to death. Hard by was Rebecca's Well : a dead body was lying there, and crowds of male and female mourners dancing and howling round it. Now and then a little troop of savage scowling horsemen—a

shepherd driving his black sheep, his gun over his shoulder—a troop of camels—or of women, with long blue robes and white veils, bearing pitchers, and staring at the strangers with their great solemn eyes—or a company of laborers, with their donkeys, bearing grain or grapes to the city,—met us and enlivened the little ride. It was a busy and cheerful scene. The Church of the Nativity, with the adjoining Convents, forms a vast and noble Christian structure. A party of travellers were going to the Jordan that day, and scores of their followers,—of the robbing Arabs, who profess to protect them (magnificent figures some of them, with flowing haicks and turbans, with long guns and scimitars, and wretched horses, covered with gaudy trappings), were standing on the broad pavement before the little Convent gate. It was such a scene as Cattermole might paint. Knights and Crusaders may have witnessed a similar one. You could fancy them issuing out of the narrow little portal, and so greeted by the swarms of swarthy clamorous women and merchants and children.

The scene within the building was of the same Gothic character. We were entertained by the Superior of the Greek Convent, in a fine refectory, with ceremonies and hospitalities that pilgrims of the middle ages might have witnessed. We were shown over the magnificent Barbaric Church, visited of course the Grotto where the Blessed Nativity is said to have taken place, and the rest of the idols set up for worship by the clumsy legend. When the visit was concluded, the party going to the Dead Sea filed off with their armed attendants; each individual traveller making as brave a show as he could, and personally accoutred with warlike swords and pistols. The picturesque crowds, and the Arabs and the horsemen, in the sunshine; the noble old convent, and the grey-bearded priests, with their feast; and the church, and its pictures, and columns, and incense; the wide brown hills spreading round the village; with the accidents of the road,—flocks and shepherds, wells, and funerals, and camel-trains, have left on my mind a brilliant, romantic, and cheerful picture. But you, Dear M——, without visiting the place, have imagined one far finer; and Bethlehem, where the Holy Child was born, and the angels sang, “Glory to God in the highest, and

peace and good-will on earth," is the most sacred and beautiful spot in the earth to you.

By far the most comfortable quarters in Jerusalem are those of the Armenians, in their convent of St. James. Wherever we have been, these Eastern quakers look grave, and jolly, and sleek. Their convent at Mount Zion is big enough to contain two or three thousand of their faithful; and their church is ornamented by the most rich and hideous gifts ever devised by uncouth piety. Instead of a bell, the fat monks of the convent beat huge noises on a board, and drub the faithful into prayers. I never saw men more lazy and rosy than these reverend fathers, kneeling in their comfortable matted church, or sitting in easy devotion. Pictures, images, gilding, tinsel, wax-candles, twinkle all over the place; and ten thousand ostriches' eggs (or any lesser number you may allot) dangle from the vaulted ceiling. There were great numbers of people at worship in this gorgeous church; they went on their knees, kissing the walls with much fervor, and paying reverence to the most precious relic of the convent,—the chair of St. James, their Patron, the first Bishop of Jerusalem.

The chair pointed out with greatest pride in the church of the Latin Convent, is that shabby red damask one appropriated to the French Consul,—the representative of the king of that nation,—and the protection which it has from time immemorial accorded to the Christians of the Latin rite in Syria. All French writers and travellers speak of this protection with delightful complacency. Consult the French books of travel on the subject, and any Frenchman whom you may meet; he says, *La France, Monsieur, de tous les temps protège les Chrétiens d'Orient*; and the little fellow looks round the church with a sweep of the arm, and protects it accordingly. It is *bon ton* for them to go in processions; and you see them on such errands, marching with long candles, as gravely as may be. But I have never been able to edify myself with their devotion: and the religious outpourings of Lamartine and Chateaubriand, which we have all been reading *à propos* of the journey we are to make, have inspired me with an emotion anything but respectful. *Voyez comme M. de Chateaubriand prie Dieu*, the Viscount's eloquence seems always



to say. There is a sanctified grimace about the little French pilgrim, which it is very difficult to contemplate gravely.

The pictures, images, and ornaments of the principal Latin Convent, are quite mean and poor, compared to the wealth of the Armenians. The convent is spacious, but squalid. Many hopping and crawling plagues are said to attack the skins of pilgrims who sleep there. It is laid out in courts and galleries, the mouldy doors of which are decorated with twopenny pictures of favorite saints and martyrs; and so great is the shabbiness and laziness, that you might fancy yourself in a convent in Italy. Brown-clad fathers, dirty, bearded, and sallow, go gliding about the corridors. The relic manufactory, before mentioned, carries on a considerable business; and dispatches bales of shells, crosses, and beads, to believers in Europe. These constitute the chief revenue of the convent now. *La France* is no longer the most Christian kingdom, and her protection of the Latin is not good for much since Charles X. was expelled; and Spain, which used likewise to be generous on occasions (the gifts, arms, candlesticks, baldaquins, of the Spanish Sovereigns, figure pretty frequently in the various Latin chapels), has been stingy since the late disturbances, the spoliation of the clergy, &c. After we had been taken to see the humble curiosities of the place, the Prior treated us in his wooden parlor with little glasses of pink rosolio, brought with many bows and genuflexions by his reverence, the convent butler.

After this community of holy men, the most important perhaps is the American Convent, a Protestant congregation of Independents chiefly, who deliver tracts, propose to make converts, have meetings of their own, and also swell the little congregation that attends the Anglican service. I have mentioned our fellow traveller, the Consul-General for Syria of the United States. He was a tradesman, who had made a considerable fortune, and lived at a country house in comfortable retirement. But his opinion is, that the prophecies of Scripture are about to be accomplished; that the day of the return of the Jews is at hand, and the glorification of the restored Jerusalem. He is to witness this; he and a favorite dove with which he travels; and he forsook home and comfortable country house, in order to make this

journey. He has no other knowledge of Syria but what he derives from the prophecy ; and this (as he takes the office gratis) has been considered a sufficient reason for his appointment by the United States Government. As soon as he arrived, he sent and demanded an interview with the Pasha ; explained to him his interpretation of the Apocalypse, in which he has discovered that the Five Powers and America are about to intervene in Syrian affairs, and the infallible return of the Jews to Palestine. The news must have astonished the Lieutenant of the sublime Porte ; and since the days of the Kingdom of Munster, under his Anabaptist Majesty, John of Leyden, I doubt whether any Government has received or appointed so queer an ambassador. The kind, worthy, simple man, took me to his temporary Consulate House at the American Missionary Establishment ; and, under pretence of treating me to white wine, expounded his ideas ; talked of futurity as he would about an article in the "Times ;" and had no more doubt of seeing a divine kingdom established in Jerusalem, than you that there will be a levee next spring at St. James's. The little room in which we sat, was padded with Missionary tracts, but I heard of scarce any converts—not more than are made by our own Episcopal establishment.

But if the latter's religious victories are small, and very few people are induced by the American tracts, and the English preaching and catechizing, to forsake their own manner of worshipping the Divine Being, in order to follow ours ; yet surely our religious colony of men and women can't fail to do good, by the sheer force of good example, pure life, and kind offices. The ladies of the mission have numbers of clients, of all persuasions, in the town, to whom they extend their charities.—Each of their houses is a model of neatness, and a dispensary of gentle kindnesses ; and the ecclesiastics have formed a modest centre of civilisation in the place. A dreary joke was made in the House of Commons about Bishop Alexander and the Bishopess his lady, and the Bishoptings his numerous children, who were said to have scandalised the people of Jerusalem. That sneer evidently came from the Latins and Greeks ; for what could the Jews and Turks care because an English clergyman had a wife and children as their own priests have ? There was no sort of ill-will exhibited

towards them, as far as I could learn; and I saw the Bishop's children riding about the town as safely as they could about Hyde Park. All Europeans, indeed, seem to me to be received with forbearance, and almost courtesy, within the walls. As I was going about making sketches, the people would look on very good-humoredly, without offering the least interruption; nay, two or three were quite ready to stand still for such an humble portrait as my pencil could make of them; and the sketch done, it was passed from one person to another, each making his comments, and signifying a very polite approval. With the Arabs outside the walls, however, and the freshly arriving country people, this politeness was not so much exhibited. There was a certain tattooed girl, with black eyes, and huge silver earrings, and a chin delicately picked out with blue, who formed one of a group of women outside the great convent, whose likeness I longed to carry off;—there was a woman, with a little child, with wondering eyes, drawing water at the pool of Siloam, in such an attitude and dress as Rebecca may have had when Isaac's lieutenant asked her for drink:—both of these parties standing still for half a minute, at the next cried out for backsheesh; and not content with the five piastres which I gave them individually, screamed out for more, and summoned their friends, who screamed out backsheesh too. I was pursued into the convent by a dozen howling women calling for pay, barring the door against them, to the astonishment of the worthy papa who kept it; and at Miriam's Well the women were joined by a man, with a large stick, who backed their petition. But him we could afford to laugh at, for we were two, and had sticks likewise.

In the village of Siloam I would not recommend the artist to loiter. A colony of ruffians inhabit the dismal place, who have guns as well as sticks at need. Their dogs howl after the strangers as they pass through; and over the parapets of their walls you are saluted by the scowls of a villainous set of countenances, that it is not good to see with one pair of eyes. They shot a man at mid-day at a few hundred yards from the gates while we were at Jerusalem, and no notice was taken of the murder. Hordes of Arab robbers infest the neighborhood of the city, with the sheikhs of whom travellers make terms when minded to pursue

their journey. I never could understand why the walls stopped these warriors if they had a mind to plunder the city, for there are but a hundred and fifty men in the garrison to man the long lonely lines of defence.

I have seen only in Titian's pictures those magnificent purple shadows, in which the hills round about lay, as the dawn rose faintly behind them; and we looked at Olivet for the last time, from our terrace, where we were awaiting the arrival of the horses that were to carry us to Jaffa. A yellow moon was still blazing in the midst of countless brilliant stars overhead; the nakedness and misery of the surrounding city were hidden in that beautiful rosy atmosphere of mingling night and dawn. The city never looked so noble; the mosques, domes, and minarets rising up into the calm star-lit sky.

By the gate of Bethlehem there stands one palm-tree, and a house with three domes. Put these and the huge old gothic gate as a background dark against the yellowing eastern sky: the fore-ground is a deep grey:—as you look into it dark forms of horsemen come out of the twilight: now there came lanterns, more horsemen, a litter with mules, a crowd of Arab horseboys and dealers accompanying their beasts to the gate; all the members of our party come up by twos and threes; and, at last, the great gate opens just before sunrise, and we get into the grey plains.

O! the luxury of an English saddle! An English servant of one of the gentlemen of the mission procured it for me, on the back of a little mare, which (as I am a light weight) did not turn a hair in the course of the day's march—and after we got quit of the ugly, stony, clattering, mountainous Abou Gosh district, into the fair undulating plain, which stretches to Ramleh—carried me into the town at a pleasant hand gallop. A negro, of preternatural ugliness, in a yellow gown, with a crimson handkerchief streaming over his head, digging his shovel spurs into the lean animal he rode, and driving three others before—swaying backwards and forwards on his horse, now embracing his ears, and now almost under his belly, screaming yallah with the most frightful shrieks, and singing country songs—galloped along ahead of

me. I acquired one of his poems pretty well, and could imitate his shriek accurately ; but I shall not have the pleasure of singing it to you in England. I had forgotten the delightful dissonance two days after, both the negro's and that of a real Arab minstrel, a donkey driver accompanying our baggage, who sang and grinned with the most amusing good humor.

We halted, in the middle of the day, in a little wood of olive trees, which forms almost the only shelter between Jaffa and Jerusalem, except that afforded by the orchards in the odious village of Abou Gosh, through which we went at a double quick pace. Under the olives, or up in the branches, some of our friends took a siesta. I have a sketch of four of them so employed. Two of them were dead within a month of the fatal Syrian fever. But we did not know how near Fate was to us then. Fires were lighted, and fowls and eggs divided, and tea and coffee served round in tin panikins, and here we lighted pipes and smoked and laughed at our ease. I believe everybody was happy to be out of Jerusalem. The impression I have of it now is of ten days passed in a fever.

We all found quarters in the Greek convent, at Ramleh, where the monks served us a supper on a terrace, in a pleasant sunset ; a beautiful and cheerful landscape stretching around ; the land in graceful undulations, the towers and mosques rosy in the sunset, with no lack of verdure, especially of graceful palms. Jaffa was nine miles off. As we rode, all the morning we had been accompanied by the smoke of our steamer, twenty miles off at sea.

The convent is a huge caravansera ; only three or four monks dwell in it, the ghostly hotel-keepers of the place. The horses were tied up and fed in the court-yard, into which we rode ; above were the living rooms, where there is accommodation, not only for an unlimited number of pilgrims, but for a vast and innumerable host of hopping and crawling things, who usually persist in partaking of the traveller's bed. Let all thin-skinned travellers in the east be warned on no account to travel without the admirable invention described in Mr. Fellowes's book ; nay, possibly invented by that enterprising and learned traveller. You make a sack, of calico or linen, big enough for the body, appended to which is a closed chimney of muslin, stretched out by cane hoops, and fast-

ened up to a beam, or against the wall. You keep a sharp eye to look out that no flea or bug is on the look out, and when assured of this, you pop into the bag, tightly closing the orifice after you. This admirable bug-disappointer I tried at Ramleh, and had the only undisturbed night's rest I enjoyed in the east. To be sure it was a short night, for our party were stirring at one o'clock, and those who got up insisted on talking and keeping awake those who inclined to sleep. But I shall never forget the terror inspired in my mind, being shut up in the bug disappointer, when a facetious lay brother of the convent fell upon me and began *tickling* me. I never had the courage again to try the anti-flea contrivance, preferring the friskiness of those animals to the sports of such a greasy grinning wag as my friend at Ramleh.

In the morning, and long before sunrise, our little caravan was in marching order again. We went out with lanterns, and shouts of yallah through the narrow streets, and issued into the plain, where, though there was no moon, there were blazing stars shining steadily overhead. They become friends to a man who travels, especially under the clear eastern sky; whence they look down as if protecting you, solemn, yellow, and refulgent. They seem *nearer* to you than in Europe; larger and more awful. So we rode on till the dawn rose, and Jaffa came in view. The friendly ship was lying out in waiting for us; the horses were given up to their owners; and in the midst of a crowd of naked beggars, and a perfect storm of curses and yells for backsheesh, our party got into their boats, and to the ship, where we were welcomed by the very best Captain that ever sailed upon this maritime globe, namely, Captain Samuel Lewis, of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's Service.

## XIV.

## FROM JAFFA TO ALEXANDRIA.

*[From the Provider's Log-Book.]*

## BILL OF FARE, OCTOBER 12TH.

Mulligatawny Soup.  
Salt Fish and Egg Sauce.  
Roast Haunch of Mutton.  
Boiled Shoulder and Onion Sauce  
Boiled Beef.  
Roast Fowls.  
Pillow ditto.  
Ham.  
Haricot Mutton.  
Curry and Rice.

Cabbage.  
French Beans.  
Boiled Potatoes.  
Baked ditto.

Damson Tart.  
Currant ditto.  
Rice Puddings.  
Currant Fritters.

WE were just at the port's mouth—and could see the towers and buildings of Alexandria rising purple against the sunset, when the report of a gun came booming over the calm golden water; and we heard, with much mortification, that we had no chance of getting pratique that night. Already the ungrateful passengers had begun to tire of the ship,—though in our absence in Syria it had been carefully cleansed and purified; though it was cleared of the swarming Jews, who had infected the decks all the way from

Constantinople ; and though we had been feasting and carousing in the manner described in the last page.

But very early next morning we bore into the harbor, busy with a great quantity of craft. We passed huge black hulks of mouldering men-of-war, from the sterns of which trailed the dirty red flag, with the star and crescent ; boats, manned with red-capped seamen, and captains and steersmen in beards and tarbooshes, passed continually among these old hulks, the rowers bending to their oars, so that, at each stroke, they disappeared bodily in the boat. Besides these, there was a large fleet of country ships, and stars, and stripes, and tricolors, and union-jacks ; and many active steamers, of the French and English companies, shooting in and out of the harbor, or moored in the briny waters. The ship of *our* company, the "*Oriental*," lay there—a palace upon the brine, and some of the Pasha's steam-vessels likewise, looking very like Christian boats ; but it was queer to look at some unintelligible Turkish flourish painted on the stern, and the long-tailed Arabian hieroglyphics gilt on the paddle-boxes. Our dear friend and comrade of Beyrout (if we may be permitted to call her so), H. M. S. Trump, was in the harbor ; and the captain of that gallant ship, coming to greet us, drove some of us on shore in his gig.

I had been preparing myself overnight, by the help of a cigar and a moonlight contemplation on deck, for sensations on landing in Egypt. I was ready to yield myself up with solemnity to the mystic grandeur of the scene of initiation. Pompey's pillar must stand like a mountain, in a yellow plain, surrounded by a grove of obelisks, as tall as palm-trees. Placid sphinxes, brooding o'er the Nile—mighty Memnonian countenances calm—had revealed Egypt to me in a sonnet of Tennyson's, and I was ready to gaze on it with pyramidal wonder and hieroglyphic awe.

The landing quay at Alexandria is like the dock-yard quay at Portsmouth : with a few score of brown faces scattered among the population. There are slop-sellers, dealers in marine stores, bottled porter shops, seamen lolling about ; flies and cabs are plying for hire : and a yelling chorus of donkey boys, shrieking, "*Ride, sir !—donkey, sir ! I say, sir !*" in excellent English, dispel all romantic notions. The placid sphinxes, brooding o'er the Nile, disappeared with that shriek of the donkey boys. You might



be as well impressed with Wapping, as with your first step on Egyptian soil.

The riding of a donkey is, after all, not a dignified occupation. A man resists the offer first, somehow as an indignity. How is that poor little, red-saddled, long-eared creature to carry you? Is there to be one for you and another for your legs? Natives and Europeans, of all sizes, passed by, it is true, mounted upon the same contrivance. I waited until I got into a very private spot, where nobody could see me, and then ascended—why not say descended, at once—on the poor little animal. Instead of being crushed at once, as perhaps the rider expected, it darted forward, quite briskly and cheerfully, at six or seven miles an hour; requiring no spur or admonitive to haste, except the shrieking of the little Egyptian Jamin, who ran along by *asinus's* side.

The character of the houses, by which you pass, is scarcely Eastern at all. The streets are busy with a motley population of Jews and Armenians, slave-driving looking Europeans, large-breeched Greeks, and well-shaven buxom merchants, looking as trim and fat as those on the Bourse or on 'Change; only, among the natives, the stranger can't fail to remark (as the Caliph did of the Calendars, in the Arabian Nights), that so many of them *have only one eye*. It is the horrid ophthalmia which has played such frightful ravages with them. You see children sitting in the doorways, their eyes completely closed up with the green sickening sore, and the flies feeding on them. Five or six minutes of the donkey ride brings you to the Frank quarter, and the handsome broad street (like a street of Marseilles), where the principal hotels and merchants' houses are to be found, and where the consuls have their houses, and hoist their flags. The palace of the French Consul General makes the grandest show in the street, and presents a great contrast to the humble abode of the English representative, who protects his fellow-countrymen from a second floor.

But that Alexandrian two-pair front of a Consulate was more welcome and cheering than a palace to most of us. For there lay certain letters, with post-marks of *Home* upon them; and kindly tidings, the first heard for two months:—though we had seen so many men and cities since, that Cornhill seemed to be a

year off, at least, with certain persons dwelling (more or less) in that vicinity. I saw a young Oxford man seize his dispatches, and slink off with several letters, written in a tight, neat hand, and sedulously crossed; which any man could see, without looking farther, were the handywork of Mary Ann, to whom he is attached. The lawyer received a bundle from his chambers, in which his clerk eased his soul regarding the state of Snooks v. Rodgers, Smith *ats* Tomkins, &c. The statesman had a packet of thick envelopes, decorated with that profusion of sealing-wax, in which official recklessness lavishes the resources of the country: and your humble servant got just one little, modest letter, containing another, written in pencil characters, varying in size between one and two inches; but how much pleasanter to read than my lord's dispatch, or the clerk's account of Smith *ats* Tomkins,—yes, even than the Mary Ann correspondence! . . . . Yes, my dear madam, you will understand me, when I say, that it was from little Polly at home, with some confidential news about a cat, and the last report of her new doll.

It is worth while to have made the journey for this pleasure: to have walked the decks on long nights, and have thought of home. You have no leisure to do so in the city. You don't see the heavens shine above you so purely there, or the stars so clearly.—How, after the perusal of the above documents, we enjoyed a file of the admirable Galignani; and what O'Connell was doing; and the twelve last new victories of the French in Algeria; and, above all, six or seven numbers of Punch! There might have been an avenue of Pompey's pillars within reach, and a live sphinx sporting on the banks of the Mahmoodieh canal, and we would not have stirred to see them, until Punch had had his interview, and Galignani was dismissed.

The curiosities of Alexandria are few, and easily seen. We went into the bazaars, which have a much more Eastern look than the European quarter, with its Anglo-Gallic-Italian inhabitants, and Babel-like civilisation. Here and there a large hotel, clumsy and white-washed, with Oriental trelliced windows, and a couple of slouching sentinels at the doors, in the ugliest composite uniform that ever was seen, was pointed out as the residence of some great officer of the Pasha's court, or of one of the nu-

merous children of the Egyptian Solomon. His Highness was in his own palace, which was consequently not visible. He was in deep grief, and strict retirement. It was at this time that the European newspapers announced that he was about to resign his empire; but the quidnuncs of Alexandria hinted that a love-affair, in which the old potentate had engaged with senile extravagance, and the effects of a potion of hachich, or some deleterious drug, with which he was in the habit of intoxicating himself, had brought on that languor and desperate weariness of life and governing, into which the venerable Prince was plunged. Before three days were over, however, the fit had left him, and he determined to live and reign a little longer. A very few days afterwards several of our party were presented to him at Cairo, and found the great Egyptian ruler perfectly convalescent.

This, and the Opera, and the quarrels of the two *prime donne*, and the beauty of one of them, formed the chief subject of conversation; and I had these important news in the shop of a certain barber in the town, who conveyed it in a language composed of French, Spanish, and Italian, and with a volubility quite worthy of a barber of Gil Blas.

Then we went to see the famous obelisk presented by Mehemet Ali to the British Government, who have not shown a particular alacrity to accept this ponderous present. The huge shaft lies on the ground prostrate, and desecrated by all sorts of abominations. Children were sprawling about, attracted by the dirt there. Arabs, negroes, and donkey boys, were passing, quite indifferent, by the fallen monster of a stone,—as indifferent as the British Government, who don't care for recording the glorious termination of their Egyptian campaign of 1801. If our country takes the compliment so coolly, surely it would be disloyal upon our parts to be more enthusiastic. I wish they would offer the Trafalgar Square Pillar to the Egyptians; and that both of the huge, ugly monsters, were lying in the dirt there, side by side.

Pompey's Pillar is by no means so big as the Charing-Cross trophy. This venerable column has not escaped ill-treatment either. Numberless ship's companies, travelling cockneys, &c., have affixed their rude marks upon it. Some daring ruffian even

painted the name of "Warren's blacking" upon it, effacing other inscriptions,—one, Wilkinson says, of "the second Psammetichus." I regret deeply, my dear friend, that I cannot give you this document respecting a lamented monarch, in whose history I know you take such an interest.

The best sight I saw in Alexandria, was a negro holiday ; which was celebrated outside of the town by a sort of negro village of huts, swarming with old, lean, fat, ugly, infantine, happy faces, that Nature has smeared with a preparation even more black and durable than that with which Psammetichus's base has been polished. Every one of these jolly faces was on the broad grin, from the dusky mother to the India-rubber child sprawling upon her back, and the venerable jetty senior, whose wool was as white as that of a sheep in Florian's pastorals.

To these dancers a couple of fellows were playing on a drum and a little banjo. They were singing a chorus, which was not only singular, and perfectly marked in the rhythm, but exceedingly sweet in the tune. They danced in a circle ; and performers came trooping from all quarters, who fell into the round, and began wagging their heads, and waving their left hands, and tossing up and down the little thin rods which they each carried, and all singing to the very best of their power.

I saw the chief eunuch of the Grand Turk at Constantinople pass by—but with what a different expression ! Though he is one of the greatest of the great in the Turkish Empire (ranking with a Cabinet minister or Lord Chamberlain here), his fine countenance was clouded with care, and savage with ennui.

Here his black brethren were ragged, starving, and happy , and I need not tell such a fine moralist as you are, how it is the case, in the white as well as the black world, that happiness (republican leveller, who does not care a fig for the fashion) often disdains the turrets of kings, to pay a visit to the "tabernas pauperum."

We went the round of the coffee-houses in the evening, both the polite European places of resort, where you get ices and the French papers, and those in the town, where Greeks, Turks, and general company resort, to sit upon uncomfortable chairs, and

drink wretched muddy coffee, and to listen to two or three miserable musicians, who keep up a variation of howling for hours together. But the pretty song of the niggers had spoiled me for that abominable music.

## XV.

## TO CAIRO.

WE had no need of hiring the country boats which ply on the Mahmoodieh canal to Atfeh, where it joins the Nile, but were accommodated in one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's fly boats; pretty similar to those narrow Irish canal boats, in which the enterprising traveller has been carried from Dublin to Ballinasloe. The present boat was, to be sure, tugged by a little steamer, so that the Egyptian canal is a-head of the Irish in so far: in natural scenery, the one prospect is fully equal to the other; it must be confessed that there is nothing to see. In truth, there was nothing but this: you saw a muddy bank on each side of you, and a blue sky overhead. A few round mud-huts and palm trees were planted along the line here and there. Sometimes we would see, on the water side, a woman in a blue robe, with her son by her, in that tight brown costume with which Nature had supplied him. Now, it was a hat dropped by one of the party into the water; a brown Arab plunged and disappeared incontinently after the hat, re-issued from the muddy water, prize in hand, and ran naked after the little steamer (which was by this time far a-head of him), his brawny limbs shining in the sun: then, we had half-cold fowls and bitter ale: then, we had dinner,—bitter ale and cold fowls; with which incidents the day on the canal passed away, as harmlessly as if we had been in a Dutch trackschuyt.

Towards evening we arrived at the town of Atfeh—half land, half houses, half palm trees, with swarms of half-naked people crowding the rustic shady bazaars, and bartering their produce of fruit or many-colored grain. Here the canal came to a check, ending abruptly with a large lock. Some little fleet of masts and country ships were beyond the lock, and it led into THE NILE.

After all, it is something to have seen these red waters. It is only low green banks, mud-huts, and palm-clumps, with the sun setting red behind them, and the great, dull, sinuous river, flashing here and there in the light. But it is the Nile, the old Saturn of a stream—a divinity yet, though younger river-gods have deposed him. Hail! O venerable father of crocodiles! We were all lost in sentiments of the profoundest awe and respect; which we proved, by tumbling down into the cabin of the Nile steamer that was waiting to receive us, and fighting and cheating for sleeping berths.

At dawn in the morning we were on deck; the character had not altered of the scenery about the river. Vast flat stretches of land were on either side, recovering from the subsiding inundations: near the mud villages, a country ship or two was roosting under the date trees; the landscape everywhere stretching away level and lonely. In the sky in the east was a long streak of greenish light, which widened and rose until it grew to be of an opal color, then orange; then, behold, the round red disk of the sun rose flaming up above the horizon. All the water blushed as he got up; the deck was all red; the steersman gave his helm to another, and prostrated himself on the deck, and bowed his head eastward, and praised the Maker of the sun: it shone on his white turban as he was kneeling, and gilt up his bronzed face, and sent his blue shadow over the glowing deck. The distances, which had been grey, were now clothed in purple; and the broad stream was illuminated. As the sun rose higher, the morning blush faded away; the sky was cloudless and pale, and the river and the surrounding landscape were dazzlingly clear.

Looking a-head in an hour or two, we saw the Pyramids. Fancy my sensations, dear M——;—two big ones and a little one:

There they lay, rosy and solemn in the distance,—those old, majestic, mystical, familiar edifices. Several of us tried to be impressed; but breakfast supervening, a rush was made at the coffee and cold pies, and the sentiment of awe was lost in the scramble for victuals.

Are we so blasés of the world that the greatest marvels in it do not succeed in moving us? Have society, Pall Mall clubs, and a habit of sneering, so withered up our organs of veneration that we can admire no more? My sensation with regard to the pyramids was, that I had seen them before: then came a feeling of shame that the view of them should awaken no respect. Then I wanted (naturally) to see whether my neighbors were any more enthusiastic than myself—Trinity College, Oxford, was busy with the cold ham: Downing Street was particularly attentive to a bunch of grapes: Fig Tree Court behaved with decent propriety; he is in good practice, and of a conservative turn of mind, which leads him to respect from principle *les faits accomplis*; perhaps he remembered that one of them was as big as Lincoln's Inn Fields. But, the truth is, nobody was seriously moved. . . . And why should they, because of an exaggeration of bricks ever so enormous? I confess, for my part, that the pyramids are very big.

After a voyage of about thirty hours, the steamer brought up at the quay of Boulak, amidst a small fleet of dirty comfortless Cangias, in which cottons and merchandise were loading and unloading, and a huge noise and bustle on the shore. Numerous villas, parks, and country houses, had begun to decorate the Cairo bank of the stream ere this: residences of the Pasha's nobles, who have had orders to take their pleasure here and beautify the precincts of the capital; tall factory chimneys also rise here; there are foundries and steam-engine manufactories. These, and the pleasure-houses, stand as trim as soldiers on parade; contrasting with the swarming, slovenly, close, tumble-down, eastern old town, that forms the out-port of Cairo, and was built before the importation of European taste and discipline.

Here we alighted upon donkeys, to the full as brisk as those of Alexandria, invaluable to timid riders, and equal to any weight. We had a Jerusalem pony race into Cairo; my animal beating all the rest by many lengths. The entrance to the capital, from Boulak, is very pleasant and picturesque—over a fair road, and the wide planted plain of the Ezbekieh; where are gardens,



canals, fields, and avenues of trees, and where the great ones of the town come and take their pleasure. We saw many barouches driving about with fat Pashas, lolling on the cushions; stately looking colonels and doctors taking their ride, followed by their orderlies or footmen; lines of people taking pipes and sherbet in the coffee-houses; and one of the pleasantest sights of all,—a fine new white building with HOTEL D'ORIENT written up in huge French characters, and which, indeed, is an establishment as large and comfortable as most of the best Inns of the South of France. As a hundred Christian people, or more, come from England and from India every fortnight, this Inn has been built to accommodate a large proportion of them; and twice a month, at least, its sixty rooms are full.

The gardens from the windows give a very pleasant and animated view: the hotel gate is besieged by crews of donkey-drivers; the noble stately Arab women, with tawny skins (of which a simple robe of floating blue cotton enables you liberally to see the color) and large black eyes, come to the well hard by for water: camels are perpetually arriving and setting down their loads: the court is full of bustling dragomans, ayahs, and children from India; and poor old venerable he nurses, with grey beards and crimson turbans, tending little white-faced babies that have seen the light at Dumdum or Futtighur: a copper-colored barber, seated on his hams, is shaving a camel driver at the great Inn gate. The bells are ringing prodigiously: and Lieutenant Waghorn is bouncing in and out of the court-yard full of business. He only left Bombay yesterday morning, was seen in the Red Sea on Tuesday, is engaged to dinner this afternoon in the Regent's Park, and (as it is about two minutes since I saw him in the Court-yard) I make no doubt he is by this time at Alexandria or at Malta, say, perhaps, at both. *Il en est capable*. If any man can be at two places at once (which I don't believe or deny) Waghorn is he.

Six o'clock bell rings. Sixty people sit down to a quasi French banquet: thirty Indian officers in mustachoes and jackets; ten civilians in ditto and spectacles; ten pale-faced ladies with ringlets, to whom all pay prodigious attention. All the pale ladies drink pale ale, which, perhaps, accounts for it; in fact the Bom-

bay and Suez passengers have just arrived, and hence this crowding and bustling, and display of military jackets and mustachoes, and ringlets and beauty. The windows are open, and a rush of mosquitoes from the Ezbekieh waters, attracted by the wax candles, adds greatly to the excitement of the scene. There was a little tough old Major, who persisted in flinging open the windows, to admit these volatile creatures, with a noble disregard to their sting—and the pale ringlets did not seem to heed them either, though the delicate shoulders of some of them were bare.

All the meat, ragouts, fricandeaux, and roasts, which are served round at dinner, seem to me to be of the same meat: a black uncertain sort of viand do these "flesh pots of Egypt" contain. But what the meat is no one knew: is it the donkey? The animal is more plentiful than any other in Cairo.

After dinner, the ladies retiring, some of us take a mixture of hot water, sugar, and pale French brandy, which is said to be deleterious, but is by no means unpalatable. One of the Indians offers a bundle of Bengal cheroots; and we make acquaintance with those honest bearded white-jacketed Majors and military Commanders, finding England here in a French hotel kept by an Italian, at the city of Grand Cairo, in Africa.

On retiring to bed you take a towel with you into the sacred interior, behind the mosquito curtains. Then your duty is, having tucked the curtains closely around, to flap and bang violently with this towel, right and left, and backwards and forwards, until every mosquito shall have been massacred that may have taken refuge within your muslin canopy.

Do what you will, however, one of them always escapes the murder: and as soon as the candle is out the miscreant begins his infernal droning and trumpeting; descends playfully upon your nose and face, and so lightly that you don't know that he touches you. But that for a week afterwards you bear about marks of his ferocity, you might take the invisible little being to be a creature of fancy—a mere singing in your ears.

This, as an account of Cairo, dear M——, you will probably be disposed to consider as incomplete: the fact is, I have seen nothing else as yet. I have peered into no harems. The magicians, proved to be humbugs, have been bastinadoed out of

town. The dancing girls, those lovely Alme, of whom I had hoped to be able to give a glowing and elegant, though strictly moral, description, have been whipped into Upper Egypt, and as you are saying in your mind \* \* Well it *isn't* a good description of Cairo; you are perfectly right. It is England in Egypt? I like to see her there with her pluck, enterprise, manliness, bitter ale and Harvey sauce. Wherever they come they stay and prosper. From the summit of yonder pyramids forty centuries may look down on them if they are minded; and I say, those venerable daughters of time ought to be better pleased by the examination, than by regarding the French bayonets and General Bonaparte, Member of the Institute, fifty years ago, running about with sabre and pigtail. Wonders he did to be sure, and then ran away, leaving Kleber, to be murdered, in the lurch—a few hundred yards from the spot where these disquisitions are written. But what are his wonders compared to Waghorn? Nap. massacred the Mamelukes at the pyramids: Wag. has conquered the pyramids themselves; dragged the unwieldy structures a month nearer England than they were, and brought the country along with them. All the trophies and captives, that ever were brought to Roman triumph, were not so enormous and wonderful as this. All the heads that Napoleon ever caused to be struck off (as George Cruikshank says) would not elevate him a monument as big. Be ours the trophies of peace! O my country! O Waghorn! *Hæ tibi erunt artes*. When I go to the pyramids I will sacrifice in your name, and pour out libations of bitter ale and Harvey sauce in your honor.

One of the noblest views in the world is to be seen from the citadel, which we ascended to-day. You see the city stretching beneath it, with a thousand minarets and mosques,—the great river curling through the green plains, studded with innumerable villages. The pyramids are beyond brilliantly distinct; and the lines and fortifications of the height, with the arsenal lying below. Gazing down, the guide does not fail to point out the famous Mameluke leap, by which one of the corps escaped death, at the time that his Highness the Pasha arranged the general massacre of the body.

The venerable Patriarch's harem is close by, where he re-

ceived, with much distinction, some of the members of our party. We were allowed to pass very close to the sacred precincts, and saw a comfortable white European building, approached by flights of steps, and flanked by pretty gardens. Police and law-courts were here also, as I understood ; but it was not the time of the Egyptian assizes. It would have been pleasant, otherwise, to see the chief Cadi in his hall of justice ; and painful though instructive, to behold the immediate application of the bastinado.

The great lion of the place is a new mosque which Mehemet Ali is constructing very leisurely. It is built of alabaster of a fair white, with a delicate blushing tinge ; but the ornaments are European—the noble, fantastic, beautiful Oriental art is forgotten. The old mosques of the city, of which I entered two, and looked at many, are a thousand times more beautiful. Their variety of ornament is astonishing,—the difference in the shapes of the domes, the beautiful fancies and caprices in the forms of the minarets, which violate the rules of proportion with the most happy, daring grace, must have struck every architect who has seen them. As you go through the street, these architectural beauties keep the eye continually charmed : now, it is a marble fountain, with its arabesque and carved overhanging roof, which you can look at with as much pleasure as an antique gem, so neat and brilliant is the execution of it ; then, you come to the arched entrance to a mosque, which shoots up like—like what ?—like the most beautiful pirouette by Taglioni, let us say. This architecture is not sublimely beautiful, perfect loveliness and calm, like that which was revealed to us at the Parthenon (and in comparison of which the Pantheon and Colosseum are vulgar and coarse, mere broad-shouldered Titans before ambrosial Jove) ; but these fantastic spires, and cupolas, and galleries, excite, amuse, *tickle* the imagination so to speak, and perpetually fascinate the eye. There were very few believers in the famous mosque of Sultan Hassan when we visited it, except the Moslemish beadle, who was on the look out for backsheesh, just like his brother officer in an English cathedral ; and who, making us put on straw slippers, so as not to pollute the sacred pavement of the place, conducted us through it.

It is stupendously light and airy ; the best specimens of Norman art that I have seen (and surely the Crusaders must have carried home the models of these heathenish temples in their eyes) do not exceed its noble grace and simplicity. The mystics make discoveries at home, that the Gothic architecture is Catholicism carved in stone (in which case, and if architectural beauty is a criterion or expression of religion, what a dismal barbarous creed must that, expressed by the Bethesda meeting-house and Independent chapels, be ?) ; if, as they would gravely hint, because Gothic architecture is beautiful, Catholicism is therefore lovely and right,—why, Mahommedanism must have been right and lovely too once. Never did a creed possess temples more elegant ; as elegant as the Cathedral at Rouen, or the Baptistery at Pisa.

But it is changed now. There was nobody at prayers ; only the official beadles, and the supernumerary guides, who came for backsheesh. Faith has degenerated. Accordingly they can't build these mosques, or invent those perfect forms, any more. Witness the tawdry incompleteness and vulgarity of the Pasha's new temple, and the woful failures among the very late edifices in Constantinople !

However, they still make pilgrimages to Mecca in great force. The mosque of Hassan is hard by the green plain on which the *Hag* encamps before it sets forth annually on its pious peregrination. It was not yet its time, but I saw in the bazaars that redoubted Dervish, who is the Master of the Hag—the leader of every procession, accompanying the sacred camel ; and a personage almost as much respected as Mr. O'Connell in Ireland.

This fellow lives by alms (I mean the head of the Hag). Winter and summer he wears no clothes but a thin and scanty white shirt. He wields a staff, and stalks along scowling and barefoot. His immense shock of black hair streams behind him, and his brown, brawny body is curled over with black hair, like a salvage man. This saint has the largest harem in the town ; is said to be enormously rich by the contributions he has levied ; and is so adored for his holiness by the infatuated folk, that when he returns from the Hag (which he does on horseback, the chief Mollahs going out to meet him and escort him home in state

along the Ezbekieh road), the people fling themselves down under the horse's feet, eager to be trampled upon and killed, and confident of heaven if the great Hadji's horse would but kick them into it. Was it my fault if I thought of Hadji Daniel, and the believers in him?

There was no Dervish of repute on the plain when I passed; only one poor, wild fellow, who was dancing, with glaring eyes and grizzled beard, rather to the contempt of the bystanders, as I thought, who by no means put coppers into his extended bowl. On this poor devil's head there was a poorer devil still—a live cock, entirely plucked, but ornamented with some bits of ragged tape and scarlet and tinsel, the most horribly grotesque and miserable object I ever saw.

A little way from him, there was a sort of play going on—a clown and a knowing one, like Widdicombe and the clown with us,—the buffoon answering with blundering responses, which made all the audience shout with laughter; but the only joke which was translated to me would make you do anything but laugh, and shall therefore never be revealed by these lips. All their humor, my dragoman tells me, is of this questionable sort; and a young Egyptian gentleman, son of a Pasha, whom I subsequently met at Malta, confirmed the statement, and gave a detail of the practices of private life, which were anything but edifying. The great aim of the women, he said, in the much maligned Orient, is to administer to the brutality of her lord; her merit is in knowing how to vary the beast's pleasures. He could give us no idea, he said, of the *wit* of the Egyptian women, and their skill in *double entendre*; nor, I presume, did we lose much by our ignorance. What I would urge, humbly, however, is this—Do not let us be led away by German writers and æsthetics, Semilassoisms, Hahnahnisms, and the like. The life in the East is a life of brutes: The much-maligned Orient, I am confident, has not been maligned near enough; for the good reason that none of us can tell the amount of horrible sensuality practised there.

Beyond the jack-pudding rascal and his audience, there was on the green a spot, on which was pointed out to me, a mark, as of blood. That morning the blood had spouted from the neck of an

Arnacoot soldier, who had been executed for murder. These Arnacoots are the curse and terror of the citizens. Their camps are without the city ; but they are always brawling, or drunken, or murdering within, in spite of the rigid law which is applied to them, and which brings one or more of the scoundrels to death almost every week.

Some of our party had seen this fellow borne by the hotel the day before, in the midst of a crowd of soldiers who had apprehended him. The man was still formidable to his score of captors ; his clothes had been torn off ; his limbs were bound with cords ; but he was struggling frantically to get free ; and my informant described the figure and appearance of the naked, bound, writhing savage, as quite a model of beauty.

Walking in the street, this fellow had just before been struck by the looks of a woman who was passing, and laid hands on her. She ran away, and he pursued her. She ran into the police barrack, which was luckily hard by ; but the Arnacoot was nothing daunted, and followed into the midst of the police. One of them tried to stop him. The Arnacoot pulled out a pistol, and shot the policeman dead. He cut down three or four more before he was secured. He knew his inevitable end must be death : that he could not seize upon the woman : that he could not hope to resist half a regiment of armed soldiers : yet his instinct of lust and murder was too strong ; and so he had his head taken off quite calmly this morning, many of his comrades attending their brother's last moments. He cared not the least about dying ; and knelt down and had his head off as coolly as if he were looking on at the same ceremony performed on another.

When the head was off, and the blood was spouting on the ground a married woman, who had no children, came forward very eagerly out of the crowd, to smear herself with it,—the application of criminals' blood being considered a very favorable medicine for women afflicted with barrenness,—so she indulged in this remedy.

But one of the Arnacoots, standing near, said, " What, you like blood, do you ? (or words to that effect)—Let's see how yours mixes with my comrade's ;" and thereupon, taking out a pistol, he shot the woman in the midst of the crowd and the guards who

were attending the execution ; was seized of course by the latter ; and no doubt to-morrow morning will have *his* head off too. It would be a good chapter to write—the Death of the Arnaoot—but I shan't go. Seeing one man hanged is quite enough in the course of a life. *J'y ai été*, as the Frenchman said of hunting.

These Arnaoots are the terror of the town. They seized hold of an Englishman the other day, and were very nearly pistolling him. Last week one of them murdered a shopkeeper at Boulak, who refused to sell him a water-melon at a price which he, the soldier, fixed upon it. So, for the matter of three half-pence, he killed the shopkeeper ; and had his own rascally head chopped off, universally regretted by his friends. Why, I wonder, does not his Highness the Pasha invite the Arnaoots to a *déjeûné* at the Citadel, as he did the Mamelukes, and serve them up the same sort of breakfast ? The walls are considerably heightened since Emin Bey and his horse leaped them, and it is probable that not one of them would escape.

This sort of pistol practice is common enough here it would appear ; and not among the Arnaoots merely, but the higher orders. Thus, a short time since, one of his Highness's grandsons, whom I shall call Bluebeard Pasha (lest a revelation of the name of the said Pasha might interrupt our good relations with his country)—one of the young Pashas being backward rather in his education, and anxious to learn mathematics, and the elegant deportment of civilized life—sent to England for a tutor. I have heard he was a Cambridge man, and had learned both algebra and politeness under the Reverend Doctor Whizzle, of —— College.

One day when Mr. Mac Whirter, B.A., was walking in Shoubra gardens, with his Highness the young Bluebeard Pasha, inducting him into usages of polished society, and favoring him with reminiscences of Trumpington, there came up a poor fellah, who flung himself at the feet of young Bluebeard, and calling for justice in a loud and pathetic voice, and holding out a petition, besought his Highness to cast a gracious eye upon the same, and see that his slave had justice done him.

Bluebeard Pasha was so deeply engaged and interested by his respected tutor's conversation, that he told the poor fellah to go to



the deuce, and resumed the discourse which his ill-timed outcry for justice had interrupted. But the unlucky wight of a fellah was pushed by his evil destiny, and thought he would make yet another application. So he took a short cut down one of the garden lanes, and as the Prince and the Reverend Mr. Mac Whirter, his tutor, came along once more engaged in pleasant disquisition, behold the fellah was once more in their way, kneeling at the august Bluebeard's feet, yelling out for justice as before, and thrusting his petition into the royal face.

When the Prince's conversation was thus interrupted a second time, his royal patience and clemency were at an end: "Man," said he, "once before I bade thee not to pester me with thy clamor, and lo! you have disobeyed me,—Take the consequences of disobedience to a Prince, and thy blood be upon thine own head." So saying, he drew out a pistol, and blew out the brains of that fellah, so that he never bawled out for justice any more.

The Reverend Mr. Mac Whirter was astonished at this sudden mode of proceeding: "Gracious Prince," said he, "we do not shoot an undergraduate at Cambridge even for walking over a college grassplot. Let me suggest to your Royal Highness that this method of ridding yourself of a poor devil's importunities, is such as we should consider abrupt and almost cruel in Europe. Let me beg you to moderate your royal impetuosity for the future; and, as your Highness' tutor, entreat you to be a little less prodigal of your powder and shot."

"O Mollah!" said his Highness, here interrupting the governor's affectionate appeal,—“You are good to talk about Trumpington and the Pons Asinorum, but if you interfere with the course of justice in any way, or prevent me from shooting any dog of an Arab who snarls at my heels, I have another pistol; and, by the beard of the Prophet! a bullet for you too.” So saying, he pulled out the weapon, with such a terrific and significant glance at the Reverend Mr. Mac Whirter, that that gentleman wished himself back in his Combination Room again; and is by this time, let us hope, safely housed there.

Another facetious anecdote, the last of those I had from a well-informed gentleman residing at Cairo, whose name (as many copies of this book that is to be, will be in the circulating libra-

ries there) I cannot, for obvious reasons, mention. The revenues of the country come into the august treasury through the means of farmers, to whom the districts are let out, and who are personally answerable for their quota of the taxation. This practice involves an intolerable deal of tyranny and extortion on the part of those engaged to levy the taxes, and creates a corresponding duplicity among the fellahs, who are not only wretchedly poor among themselves, but whose object is to appear still more poor, and guard their money from their rapacious overseers. Thus the Orient is much maligned : but everybody cheats there : that is a melancholy fact. The Pacha robs and cheats the merchants ; knows that the overseer robs him, and bides his time, until he makes him disgorge by the application of the tremendous bastinado ; the overseer robs and squeezes the laborer ; and the poverty-stricken devil cheats and robs in return : and so the government moves on in a happy cycle of roguery.

Deputations from the fellahs and peasants come perpetually before the august presence, to complain of the cruelty and exactions of the chiefs set over them : but, as it is known that the Arabs never will pay without the bastinado, their complaints, for the most part, meet with but little attention. His Highness's treasury must be filled, and his officers supported in their authority.

However, there was one village, of which the complaints were so pathetic, and the inhabitants so supremely wretched, that the royal indignation was moved at their story, and the chief of the village, Skinflint Beg, was called to give an account of himself at Cairo.

When he came before the presence, Mehemèt Ali reproached him with his horrible cruelty and exactions ; asked him how he dared to treat his faithful and beloved subjects in this way, and threatened him with disgrace, and the utter confiscation of his property, for thus having reduced a district to ruin.

"Your Highness says I have reduced these fellahs to ruin," said Skinflint Beg ; "what is the best way to confound my enemies, and to show you the falsehood of their accusations that I have ruined them ?—To bring more money from them. If I bring

you five hundred purses from my village, will you acknowledge that my people are not ruined yet?"

The heart of the Pacha was touched: "I will have no more bastinadoing. O Skinflint Beg; you have tortured these poor people so much, and have got so little from them, that my royal heart relents for the present, and I will have them suffer no farther."

"Give me free leave—give me your Highness's gracious pardon, and I will bring the five hundred purses as surely as my name is Skinflint Beg. I demand only the time to go home, the time to return, and a few days to stay, and I will come back as honestly as Regulus Pasha did to the Carthaginians,—I will come back and make my face white before your Highness."

Skinflint Beg's prayer for a reprieve was granted, and he returned to his village, where he forthwith called the elders together: "O friends," he said, "complaints of our poverty and misery have reached the royal throne, and the benevolent heart of the sovereign has been melted by the words that have been poured into his ears. 'My heart yearns towards my people of El Muddee,' he says; 'I have thought how to relieve their miseries. Near them lies the fruitful land of El Guanee. It is rich in maize, and cotton, in sesame, and barley: it is worth a thousand purses; but I will let it to my children for seven hundred and fifty, and I will give over the rest of the profit to them, as an alleviation for their affliction.'"

The Elders of El Muddee knew the great value and fertility of the lands of Guanee, but they doubted the sincerity of their governor, who, however, dispelled their fears, and adroitly quickened their eagerness to close with the proffered bargain: "I will myself advance two hundred and fifty purses," he said; "do you take counsel among yourselves, and subscribe the other five hundred; and when the sum is ready, a deputation of you shall carry it to Cairo, and I will come with my share; and we will lay the whole at the feet of his Highness." So the grey-bearded ones of the village advised with one another; and those who had been inaccessible to bastinadoes, somehow found money at the calling of interest; and the sheikh, and they, and the five hundred purses, set off on the road to the capital.

When they arrived, Skinflint Beg and the elders of El Muddee sought admission to the royal throne, and there laid down their purses. "Here is your humble servant's contribution," said Skinflint, producing his share; "and here is the offering of your loyal village of El Muddee. Did I not before say that enemies and deceivers had maligned me before the august presence, pretending that not a piastre was left in my village, and that my extortion had entirely denuded the peasantry? See! here is proof that there is plenty of money still in El Muddee: in twelve hours the elders have subscribed five hundred purses, and lay them at the feet of their lord."

Instead of the bastinado, Skinflint Beg was instantly rewarded with the royal favor, and the former mark of attention was bestowed upon the fellahs who had maligned him: Skinflint Beg was promoted to the rank of Skinflint Bey; and his manner of extracting money from his people, may be studied with admiration in a part of the United Kingdom.\*

At the time of the Syrian quarrel, and when, apprehending some general rupture with England, the Pasha wished to raise the spirit of the fellahs, and *relever la morale nationale*, he actually made one of the astonished Arabs a colonel. He degraded him three days after peace was concluded. The young Egyptian colonel, who told me this, laughed and enjoyed the joke with the utmost gusto. "Is it not a shame," he said, "to make me a colonel at three-and-twenty; I, who have no particular merit, and have never seen any service?" Death has since stopped the modest and good-natured young fellow's further promotion. The death of — Bey was announced in the French papers, a few weeks back.

My above kind-hearted and agreeable young informant used to discourse, in our evenings in the Lazaretto at Malta, very eloquently about the beauty of his wife, whom he had left behind him at Cairo—her brown hair, her brilliant complexion, and her blue eyes. It is this Circassian blood, I suppose, to which the

\* At Derrynane Beg, for instance.

Turkish aristocracy that governs Egypt, must be indebted for the fairness of their skin. Ibrahim Pasha, riding by in his barouche, looked like a bluff, jolly-faced English dragoon officer, with a grey mustache and red cheeks, such as you might see on a field-day at Maidstone. All the numerous officials riding through the town, were quite as fair as Europeans. We made acquaintance with one dignitary, a very jovial and fat pasha, the proprietor of the inn, I believe, who was continually lounging about the Ezbekieh garden, and who, but for a slight Jewish cast of countenance, might have passed any day for a Frenchman. The ladies whom we saw were equally fair; that is, the very slight particles of the persons of ladies which our lucky eyes were permitted to gaze on. These lovely creatures go through the town by parties of three or four, mounted on donkeys, and attended by slaves holding on at the crupper, to receive the lovely riders lest they should fall, and shouting out shrill cries of Schmaalek, Ameenek (or however else these words may be pronounced), and flogging off the people right and left with the buffalo thong. But the dear creatures are even more closely disguised than at Constantinople: their bodies are enveloped with a large black silk hood, like a cab-head; the fashion seemed to be to spread their arms out, and give this covering all the amplitude of which it was capable, as they leered and ogled you from under their black masks with their big rolling eyes.

Everybody has big rolling eyes here (unless to be sure they lose one of ophthalmia). The Arab women are some of the noblest figures I have ever seen. The habit of carrying jars on the head always gives the figure grace and motion; and the dress the women wear certainly displays it to full advantage. I have brought a complete one home with me, at the service of any lady for a masqued ball. It consists of a coarse blue dress of calico, opened in front, and fastened with a horn button. Three yards of blue stuff for a veil; on the top of the veil a jar to be balanced on the head; and a little black strip of silk to fall over the nose, and leave the beautiful eyes full liberty to roll and roam. But such a costume, not aided by any stays or any other articles of dress whatever, can be worn only by a very good figure. I suspect it won't be borrowed for many balls next season.

The men, a tall handsome noble race, are treated like dogs. I shall never forget riding through the crowded bazaars, my interpreter, or laquais-de-place, a-head of me to clear the way—when he took his whip, and struck it over the shoulders of a man who could not or would not make way!

The man turned round—an old, venerable, handsome face, with awfully sad eyes, and a beard long and quite grey. He did not make the least complaint, but slunk out of the way, piteously shaking his shoulder. The sight of that indignity gave me a sickening feeling of disgust. I shouted out to the lackey to hold his hand, and forbade him ever in my presence to strike old or young more; but everybody is doing it. The whip is in everybody's hands: the pasha's running footmen, as he goes bustling through the bazaar; the doctor's attendant, as he soberly threads the crowd on his mare; the negro slave, who is riding by himself, the most insolent of all, strikes and slashes about without mercy, and you never hear a single complaint.

How to describe the beauty of the streets to you!—the fantastic splendor; the variety of the houses, and archways, and hanging roof, and balconies, and porches; the delightful accidents of light and shade which chequer them; the noise, the bustle, the brilliancy of the crowd; the interminable vast bazaars with their barbaric splendor! There is a fortune to be made for painters in Cairo, and materials for a whole Academy of them. I never saw such a variety of architecture, of life, of picturesqueness, of brilliant color, and light and shade. There is a picture in every street, and at every bazaar stall. Some of these, our celebrated water-color painter, Mr. Lewis, has produced with admirable truth and exceeding minuteness and beauty; but there is room for a hundred to follow him; and should any artist (by some rare occurrence) read this, who has leisure, and wants to break new ground, let him take heart, and try a winter in Cairo, where there is the finest climate and the best subjects for his pencil.

A series of studies of negroes alone, would form a picture-book delightfully grotesque. Mounting my donkey to-day, I took a ride to the desolate, noble old buildings outside the city, known as the Tombs of the Caliphs. Every one of these edifices, with their domes, and courts, and minarets, is strange and beautiful.

In one of them there was an encampment of negro slaves newly arrived: some scores of them were huddled against the sunny wall; two or three of their masters lounged about the court, or lay smoking upon carpets. There was one of these fellows, a straight-nosed ebony-faced Abyssinian, with an expression of such sinister good humor in his handsome face, as would form a perfect type of villainy. He sat leering at me, over his carpet, as I endeavored to get a sketch of that incarnate rascality. "Give me some money," said the fellow. "I know what you are about. You will sell my picture for money when you get back to Europe; let me have some of it now?" But the very rude and humble designer was quite unequal to depict such a consummation and perfection of roguery; so flung him a cigar, which he began to smoke, grinning at the giver. I requested the interpreter to inform him, by way of assurance of my disinterestedness, that his face was a great deal too ugly to be popular in Europe, and that was the particular reason why I had selected it.

Then one of his companions got up and showed us his black cattle. The male slaves were chiefly lads, and the women young, well formed, and abominably hideous; the dealer pulled her blanket off one of them and bade her stand up, which she did with a great deal of shuddering modesty. She was coal black, her lips were the size of sausages, her eyes large and good-humored; the hair or wool on this young person's head was curled and greased into a thousand filthy little ringlets. She was evidently the beauty of the flock.

They are not unhappy; they look to being bought, as many a spinster looks to an establishment in England; once in a family they are kindly treated and well clothed, and fatten, and are the merriest people of the whole community. These were of a much more savage sort than the slaves I had seen in the horrible market at Constantinople where I recollect, whilst I was looking at one and forming pathetic conjectures regarding her fate—that she smiled very good-humoredly, and bid the interpreter ask me to buy her for twenty pounds.

From these Tombs of the Caliphs the Desert is before you. It comes up to the walls of the city, and stops at some gardens which spring up all of a sudden at its edge. You can see the first

Station-house on the Suez Road ; and so from distant point to point, could ride thither alone without a guide.

Asinus trotted gallantly into this desert for the space of a quarter of an hour. There we were (taking care to keep our backs to the city walls), in the real actual desert : mounds upon mounds of sand, stretching away as far as the eye can see, until the dreary prospect fades away in the yellow horizon ! I had formed a finer idea of it out of Eothen. Perhaps in a simoom it may look more awful. The only adventure that befel in this romantic place was, that asinus's legs went deep into a hole : whereupon his rider went over his head, and bit the sand, and measured his length there ; and upon this hint rose up, and rode home again. No doubt one should have gone out for a couple of days' march—as it was, the desert did not seem to me sublime, only *uncomfortable*.

Very soon after this perilous adventure the sun likewise dipped into the sand (but not to rise therefrom so quickly as I had done) ; and I saw this daily phenomenon of sunset with pleasure, for I was engaged at that hour to dine with our old friend J——, who has established himself here in the most complete Oriental fashion.

You remember J——, and what a dandy he was, the faultlessness of his boots and cravats, the brilliancy of his waistcoats and kid gloves ; we have seen his splendor in Regent Street, in the Tuileries, or on the Toledo. My first object, on arriving here, was to find out his house, which he has taken far away from the haunts of European civilisation, in the Arab quarter. It is situated in a cool, shady, narrow alley ; so narrow, that it was with great difficulty—his Highness Ibrahim Pasha happening to pass at the same moment—that my little procession of two donkeys mounted by self and valet-de-place, with the two donkey-boys, or attendants, could range ourselves along the wall, and leave room for the august cavalcade. His Highness having rushed on (with an affable and good-humored salute to our imposing party), we made J.'s quarters ; and, in the first place, entered a broad covered court or porch, where a swarthy tawny attendant, dressed in blue, with white turban, keeps a perpetual watch. Servants in the east



lie about all the doors, it appears ; and you clap your hands, as they do in the dear old Arabian Nights, to summon them.

This servant disappeared through a narrow wicket, which he closed after him ; and went into the inner chambers to ask his lord if he would receive us. He came back presently, and rising up from my donkey, I confided him to his attendant (lads more sharp, arch, and wicked than these donkey-boys, don't walk the pavé of Paris or London), and passed the mysterious outer door.

First we came into a broad open court, with a covered gallery running along one side of it. A camel was reclining on the grass there ; near him was a gazelle to glad J. with his dark blue eye ; and a numerous brood of hens and chickens, who furnish his liberal table. On the opposite side of the covered gallery rose up the walls of his long, queer, many-windowed, many-galleried house. There were wooden lattices to those arched windows, through the diamonds of one of which I saw two of the most beautiful, enormous, ogling, black eyes in the world, looking down upon the interesting stranger. Pigeons were flapping, and hopping, and fluttering, and cooing about. Happy pigeons you are, no doubt, fed with crumbs from the henna-tipped fingers of Zuleikah ! All this court, cheerful in the sunshine, cheerful with the astonishing brilliancy of the eyes peering out from the lattice bars, was as mouldy, ancient, and ruinous, as any gentleman's house in Ireland, let us say. The paint was peeling off the rickety, old, carved galleries ; the arabesques over the windows were chipped and worn ;—the ancientness of the place rendered it doubly picturesque. I have detained you a long time in the outer court. Why the deuce was Zuleikah there, with the beautiful black eyes !

Hence we passed into a large apartment, where there was a fountain ; and another domestic made his appearance, taking me in charge, and relieving the tawny porter of the gate. This fellow was clad in blue too, with a red sash and a grey beard. He conducted me into a great hall, where there was a great, large Saracenic oriel window. He seated me on a divan ; and stalking off, for a moment, returned with a long pipe and a brass chafing dish : he blew the coal for the pipe, which he motioned me to smoke, and left me there with a respectful bow. This delay, this mys-

tery of servants, that outer court with the camels, gazelles, and other beautiful-eyed things, affected me prodigiously all the time he was staying away ; and while I was examining the strange apartment and its contents, my respect and awe for the owner increased vastly.

As you will be glad to know how an Oriental nobleman (such as J. undoubtedly is) is lodged and garnished, let me describe the contents of this hall of audience. It is about forty feet long, and eighteen or twenty high. All the ceiling is carved, gilt, painted, and embroidered with arabesques, and choice sentences of Eastern writing. Some Mameluke Aga, or Bey, whom Mehemet Ali invited to breakfast and massacred, was the proprietor of this mansion once ; it has grown dingier, but, perhaps, handsomer, since his time. Opposite the divan is a great bay-window, with a divan likewise round the niche. It looks out upon a garden about the size of Fountain-court, Temple ; surrounded by the tall houses of the quarter. The garden is full of green. A great palm-tree springs up in the midst, with plentiful shrubberies, and a talking fountain. The room, besides the divan, is furnished with one deal-table, value, five shillings ; four wooden chairs, value, six shillings ; and a couple of mats and carpets. The tables and chairs are luxuries imported from Europe. The regular Oriental dinner is put upon copper trays, which are laid upon low stools. Hence J—— Effendi's house may be said to be much more sumptuously furnished than those of the Beys and Agas his neighbors.

When these things had been examined at leisure, J—— appeared. Could it be the exquisite of the Europa and the Trois Frères ? A man—in a long yellow gown, with a long beard, somewhat tinged with grey, with his head shaved, and wearing on it, first, a white wadded cotton night-cap, second, a red tarboosh—made his appearance and welcomed me cordially. It was some time, as the Americans say, before I could “realize” the *semillant* J. of old times.

He shuffled off his outer slippers before he curled up on the divan beside me. He clapped his hands, and languidly called “Mustapha.” Mustapha came with more lights, pipes, and coffee ; and then we fell to talking about London, and I gave him

the last news of the comrades in that dear city. As we talked, his Oriental coolness and languor gave way to British cordiality; he was the most amusing companion of the — club once more.

He has adopted himself outwardly, however, to the Oriental life. When he goes abroad he rides a grey horse with red housings, and has two servants to walk beside him. He wears a very handsome grave costume of dark blue, consisting of an embroidered jacket and gaiters, and a pair of trowsers, which would make a set of dresses for an English family. His beard curls nobly over his chest, his Damascus scimitar on his thigh. His red cap gives him a venerable and Bey-like appearance. There is no gewgaw or parade about him, as in some of your dandified young Agas. I should say that he is Major-General of Engineers, or a grave officer of State. We and the Turkified European, who found us at dinner, sat smoking in solemn divan.

His dinners were excellent; they were cooked by a regular Egyptian female cook. We had delicate cucumbers stuffed with forced meats; yellow smoking pilaffs, the pride of the Oriental Cuisine; kid and fowls à l' Aboukir and à la Pyramide; a number of little savory plates of legumes of the vegetable-marrow sort; kibobs with an excellent sauce of plums and piquant herbs. We ended the repast with ruby pomegranates, pulled to pieces, deliciously cool and pleasant. For the meats, we certainly ate them with the Infidel knife and fork; but for the fruit, we put our hands into the dish and flicked them into our mouths in what cannot but be the true Oriental manner. I asked for lamb and pistachio nuts, and cream-tarts *au poivre*; but J.'s cook did not furnish us with either of those historic dishes. And for drink, we had water freshened in the porous little pots of grey clay, at whose spout every traveller in the East has sucked delighted. Also it must be confessed, we drank certain sherbets, prepared by the two great rivals, Hadji Hodson and Bass Bey — the bitterest and most delicious of draughts! O divine Hodson! a camel's load of thy beer came from Beyrout to Jerusalem while we were there. How shall I ever forget the joy inspired by one of those foaming cool flasks!

We don't know the luxury of thirst in English climes. Seden-

tary men in cities at least have seldom ascertained it ; but when they travel, our countrymen guard against it well. The road between Cairo and Suez is *jonché* with soda-water corks. Tom Thumb and his brothers might track their way across the desert by those land-marks.

Cairo is magnificently picturesque: it is fine to have palm-trees in your gardens, and ride about on a camel ; but, after all, I was anxious to know what were the particular excitements of Eastern life, which detained J., who is a town-bred man, from his natural pleasures and occupations in London ; where his family don't hear from him, where his room is still kept ready at home, and his name is on the list of his Club ; and where his neglected sisters tremble to think that their Frederick is going about with a great beard and a crooked sword, dressed up like an odious Turk. In a "lark" such a costume may be very well ; but home, London, a razor, your sister to make tea, a pair of moderate Christian breeches in lieu of those enormous Turkish shulwars, are vastly more convenient in the long run. What was it that kept him away from those decent and accustomed delights ?

It couldn't be the black eyes in the balcony—upon his honor she was only the black cook, who has done the pilaff, and stuffed the cucumbers. No, it was an indulgence of laziness such as Europeans, Englishmen at least, don't know how to enjoy. Here he lives like a languid Lotus-eater—a dreamy, hazy, lazy, tobaccofied life. He was away from evening parties, he said ; he needn't wear white kid gloves, or starched neckcloths, or read a newspaper. And even this life at Cairo was too civilized for him ; Englishmen passed through ; old acquaintances would call : the great pleasure of pleasures was life in the desert,—under the tents, with still *more* nothing to do than in Cairo ; now smoking, now cantering on Arabs, and no crowd to jostle you ; solemn contemplations of the stars at night, as the camels were picketed, and the fires and the pipes were lighted.

The night scene in the city is very striking for its vastness and loneliness. Everybody has gone to rest long before ten o'clock. There are no lights in the enormous buildings ; only the stars blazing above, with their astonishing brilliancy, in the blue,

peaceful sky. Your guides carry a couple of little lanterns, which redouble the darkness in the solitary, echoing street. Mysterious people are curled up and sleeping in the porches. A patrol of soldiers passes, and hails you. There is a light yet in one mosque, where some devotees are at prayers all night; and you hear the queerest nasal music proceeding from those pious believers. As you pass the mad-house, there is one poor fellow still talking to the moon—no sleep for him. He howls and sings there all the night—quite cheerfully, however. He has not lost his vanity with his reason; he is a Prince in spite of the bars and the straw.

What to say about those famous edifices, which has not been better said elsewhere?—but you will not believe that we visited them, unless I bring some token from them.

A white-capped lad skipped up the stones with a jug of water in his hand, to refresh weary climbers; and squatted himself down on the summit. The vast, flat landscape stretched behind him; the great winding river; the purple city, with forts, and domes, and spires; the green fields, and palm groves, and speckled villages; the plains still covered with shining inundations—the landscape stretches far, far away, until it is lost and mingled in the golden horizon. It is poor work this landscape-painting in print. Shelley's two sonnets are the best views that I know of the Pyramids—better than the reality; for a man may lay down the book, and in quiet fancy conjure up a picture out of these magnificent words, which shan't be disturbed by any pettinesses or mean realities,—such as the swarms of howling beggars, who jostle you about the actual place, and scream in your ears incessantly, and hang on your skirts, and bawl for money.

The ride to the Pyramids is one of the pleasantest possible. In the fall of the year, though the sky is almost cloudless above you, the sun is not too hot to bear; and the landscape, refreshed by the subsiding inundations, delightfully green and cheerful. We made up a party of some half dozen from the hotel, a lady (the kind soda-water provider, for whose hospitality the most grateful compliments are hereby offered) being of the company, bent like

the rest upon going to the summit of Cheops. Those who were cautious and wise, took a brace of donkeys. At least five times during the route did my animals fall with me, causing me to repeat the Desert experiment over again, but with more success. The space between a moderate pair of legs and the ground, is not many inches. By eschewing stirrups, the donkey could fall, and the rider alight on the ground, with the greatest ease and grace. Almost everybody was down and up again in the course of the day.

We passed through the Ezbekieh and by the suburbs of the town, where the garden-houses of the Egyptian noblesse are situated, to old Cairo, where a ferry boat took the whole party across the Nile, with that noise and bawling volubility in which the Arab people seem to be so unlike the grave and silent Turks; and so took our course for some eight or ten miles over the devious tract which the still outlying waters obliged us to pursue. The pyramids were in sight the whole way. One or two thin, silvery clouds were hovering over them, and casting delicate, rosy shadows, upon the grand, simple, old piles. Along the track, we saw a score of pleasant pictures of Eastern life:—The Pacha's horses and slaves stood caparisoned at his door; at the gate of one country house, I am sorry to say, the Bey's *gig* was in waiting,—a most unromantic chariot: the husbandmen were coming into the city, with their strings of donkeys, and their loads; as they arrived, they stopped and sucked at the fountain: a column of red-capped troops passed to drill, with slouched gait, white uniforms, and glittering bayonets. Then we had the pictures at the quay: the ferry-boat, and the red-sailed river boat, getting under weigh, and bound up the stream. There was the grain-market, and the huts on the opposite side; and that beautiful woman, with silver armlets, and a face the color of gold, which (the nose-bag having been luckily removed) beamed solemnly on us Europeans, like a great, yellow harvest moon. The bunches of purpling dates were pending from the branches; grey cranes or herons were flying over the cool, shining lakes, that the river's overflow had left behind; water was gurgling through the courses by the rude locks and barriers formed there, and overflowing this patch of ground; whilst the neighboring field was

fast budding into the more brilliant fresh green. Single dromedaries were stepping along, their riders lolling on their hunches; low sail boats were lying in the canals: now, we crossed an old marble bridge; now, we went, one by one, over a ridge of slippery earth; now, we floundered through a small lake of mud. At last, at about half-a-mile off the Pyramid, we came to a piece of water some two score yards broad, where a regiment of half-naked Arabs, seizing upon each individual of the party, bore us off on their shoulders, to the laughter of all, and the great perplexity of several, who every moment expected to be pitched into one of the many holes with which the treacherous lake abounded.

It was nothing but joking and laughter, bullying of guides, shouting for interpreters, quarrelling about sixpences. We were acting a farce, with the Pyramids for the scene. There they rose up enormous under our eyes, and the most absurd, trivial things were going on under their shadow. The sublime had disappeared, vast as they were. Do you remember how Gulliver lost his awe of the tremendous Brobdingnag ladies? Every traveller must go through all sorts of chaffering, and bargaining, and paltry experiences, at this spot. You look up the tremendous steps, with a score of savage ruffians bellowing round you; you hear faint cheers and cries high up, and catch sight of little reptiles crawling upwards: or, having achieved the summit, they come hopping and bouncing down again from degree to degree—the cheers and cries swell louder and more disagreeable; presently the little jumping thing, so bigger than an insect a moment ago, bounces down upon you expanded into a panting major of Bengal cavalry. He drives off the Arabs with an oath,—wipes his red, shining face, with his yellow handkerchief, drops puffing on the sand in a shady corner, where cold fowl and hard eggs are awaiting him, and the next minute you see his nose plunged in a foaming beaker of brandy and soda-water. He can say now and for ever, he has been up the Pyramid. There is nothing sublime in it. You cast your eye once more up that staggering perspective of a zigzag line, which ends at the summit, and wish you were up there—and down again. Forwards! Up with you! It must be done. Six Arabs are behind you, who wo'n't let you escape if you would.

The importunity of these ruffians is a ludicrous annoyance to which a traveller must submit. For two miles before you reach the Pyramids, they seize on you, and never cease howling. Five or six of them pounce upon one victim, and never leave him until they have carried him up and down. Sometimes they conspire to run a man up the huge stair, and bring him, half-killed and fainting, to the top. Always a couple of brutes insist upon impelling you sternwards; from whom the only means to release yourself is to kick out vigorously and unmercifully, when the Arabs will possibly retreat. The ascent is not the least romantic, or difficult, or sublime: you walk up a great broken staircase, of which some of the steps are four feet high. It's not hard, only a little high. You see no better view from the top than you beheld from the bottom; only a little more river, and sand, and rice field. You jump down the big steps at your leisure; but your meditations you must keep for after times,—the cursed shrieking of the Arabs prevents all thought or leisure.

—And this is all you have to tell about the Pyramids? O! for shame! Not a compliment to their age and size? Not a big phrase,—not a rapture? Do you mean to say that you had no feeling of respect and awe? Try, man, and build up a monument of words as lofty as they are—they, whom “*imber edax*,” and “*aquilo impotens*,” and the flight of ages, have not been able to destroy!

—No: be that work for great geniuses, great painters, great poets! This quill was never made to take such flights; it comes of the wing of an humble domestic bird, who walks a common; who talks a great deal (and hisses sometimes); who can't fly far or high, and drops always very quickly; and whose unromantic end is, to be laid on a Michaelmas or Christmas table, and there to be discussed for half an hour—let us hope, with some relish.

Another week saw us in the Quarantine Harbor at Malta, where seventeen days of prison and quiet were almost agreeable, after the incessant sight-seeing of the last two months. In the interval, between the 23d of July and the 27th of October, we may boast of having seen more men and cities than most travellers have seen in such a time:—Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta,



Athens, Smyrna, Constantinople, Jerusalem, Cairo. I shall have the carpet-bag, which has visited these places in company with its owner, embroidered with their names; as military flags are emblazoned, and laid up in ordinary, to be looked at in old age. With what a number of sights and pictures,—of novel sensations, and lasting and delightful remembrances, does a man furnish his mind after such a tour! You forget all the annoyances of travel; but the pleasure remains with you, after that kind provision of nature by which a man forgets being ill, but thinks with joy of getting well, and can remember all the minute circumstances of his convalescence. I forget what sea-sickness is now; though it occupies a woful portion of my Journal. There was a time on board when the bitter ale was decidedly muddy; and the cook of the ship deserting at Constantinople, it must be confessed his successor was for some time before he got his hand in. These sorrows have passed away with the soothing influence of time: the pleasures of the voyage remain, let us hope, as long as life will endure. It was but for a couple of days that those shining columns of the Parthenon glowed under the blue sky there; but the experience of a life could scarcely impress them more vividly. We saw Cadiz only for an hour; but the white buildings, and the glorious blue sea, how clear they are to the memory!—with the tang of that gipsy's guitar dancing in the market-place, in the midst of the fruit, and the beggars, and the sunshine. Who can forget the Bosphorus, the brightest and fairest scene in all the world; or the towering lines of Gibraltar; or the great piles of Mafra, as we rode into the Tagus? As I write this, and think, back comes Rhodes, with its old towers and artillery, and that wonderful atmosphere, and that astonishing blue sea which environs the island. The Arab riders go pacing over the plains of Sharon, in the rosy twilight, just before sunrise; and I can see the ghastly Moab mountains, with the Dead Sea gleaming before them; from the mosque, on the way towards Bethany. The black, gnarled trees of Gethsemane lie at the foot of Olivet, and the yellow ramparts of the city rise up on the stony hills beyond.

But the happiest and best of all the recollections, perhaps, are those of the hours passed at night on the deck, when the stars

were shining overhead, and the hours were tolled at their time, and your thoughts were fixed upon home far away. As the sun rose I once heard the priest, from the minaret of Constantinople, crying out "Come to prayer," with his shrill voice ringing through the clear air ; and saw, at the same hour, the Arab prostrate himself and pray, and the Jew Rabbi, bending over his book, and worshipping the Maker of Turk and Jew. Sitting at home in London, and writing this last line of farewell, those figures come back the clearest of all to the memory, with the picture, too, of our ship sailing over the peaceful Sabbath sea, and our own prayers and services celebrated there. So each, in his fashion, and after his kind, is bowing down, and adoring the Father, who is equally above all. Cavil not, you brother or sister, if your neighbor's voice is not like yours ; only hope, that his words are honest (as far as they may be), and his heart humble and thankful.

THE END.



